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## P R E F A C E.

DOCTOR PUNCH, the great International Hakim, was at the International Health Exhibition.

He had received (of course) an "ovation," as the sporting scribes love to call it, compared with which that given to ARCHER after a great win, GRACE after a gigantic score, or HANLAN after a twenty-length triumph, were a mere hushed whisper. All other attractions of the colossal Show were for the time as completely eclipsed as ANTONY, enthroned in the market-place, at the approach of CLEOPATRA in her Nile-borne barge. But now he had courteously waved his worshippers away for awhile, and retired with TOBY to a quiet nook of the Old London Street, for observation and reflection.

"Tremendous spectacle, TOBY!" soliloquised the Illustrious One. "He whom men called DIZZY should have lived to see it. It might perhaps have pleased him even more than the Primrose League. His improvised maxim, *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*, is here substantially set forth. Here is the apotheosis of what he mystically adumbrated in his celebrated triad, 'the Tank, the Oven, and the Porch.' 'A Policy of Sewage' is here matter not for light ridicule, but for practical illustration. 'Twas vastly different in 1866!"

TOBY, with a recollection of his Master's Fleet Street *sanctum*, and a comparative eye cocked at the "Three Squirrels," yapped an emphatic assent.

"HYGEIA! HYGEIA!  
My popular one!  
This splendid idea  
Will have a big run!"

murmured Dr. PUNCH, parodying Poe's song to the Siren with ready neatness.

"Adsum!" said a voice at his elbow, soft and low, indeed, yet clear as a Belgian bell-note, and "musical as is Apollo's lute." The very voice of Health!

Dr. PUNCH bowed profoundly. He recognised the Health-Goddess at a glance, though she bore not the classic insignia of the Serpent and Cup. Dr. PUNCH noticed also that she bore not the Harbertonian Divided Skirt!

"Daughter of ancient ÆSCULAPIUS, and pet divinity of his modern representative, RICHARDSON, this scene must be a triumph for the Sire, the Goddess, and the faithful Votary!" said the smiling Sage, sententiously.

HYGEIA stooped to pat the astonished TOBY, who, "gazing on divinity" (though not "disrobed"), seemed for once to have lost his usually dogged hold of the categorical imperative.

"The Greeks," said she—as it seemed a little irrelevantly—"had a fine sense of congruity and proportion in Art. I do not mean the Art of Advertisement, which I doubt if they understood so thoroughly as you Moderns seem to do."

"Had they done so," said Dr. PUNCH, promptly, "they would doubtless have had a God of Hoardings, or a Tutelary Divinity of Bill-stickers. You will admit, however, my dear Goddess, that your own votaries are more numerous and more devoted than in the days, say, of Old London."

"Doubtless," replied HYGEIA. "But they have not always that *mens sana in corpore sano* which they are so fond of talking about."

"You mean that Sanitation, like Art, is dreadfully fad-ridden," rejoined Dr. PUNCH.

"Exactly," said HYGEIA. "And fads mean mental disease and debility. Healthy minds throw them off as healthy bodies throw off colds and megrims."

"Hurroo!" ejaculated the Sage, jubilantly. "You're something like a Goddess, *you* are! Haven't heard sounder doctrine—from other lips than my own—for a long time. Your health, my dear HYGEIA,—if that toast isn't tautological!"

"Libbaty's a kind o' thing That don't agree with—*interviewers*," interjected his host, pleasantly. "My good friend LOWELL—his health!—will pardon the adaptation, I'm sure."

"But," continued the pertinacious Yankee, "if you travelled with me, you could have your own special 'Interviewer' and Opinion Collector. *Fox stellarum*—the Voice of the 'Stars,' as Old MOORE hath it—can now be transmitted to the Public through the 'Star's' private phonograph, as it were. And just fancy what a dazzling sensation you would be! NORMAN LOCKYER's wonderful sunrises wouldn't be in it with your auroral avatar!"

"You will not get that particular 'rise' out of *me*," responded MR. PUNCH, with decision. "There 's a flavour of BARNUM about the whole business uncongenial to the soul of PUNCH."

"Himself the great original Showman!" subjoined Brother JONATHAN, sily.

"And, therefore, not requiring to be 'run' by any other 'Boss,'" added MR. PUNCH, quietly. "TOBY, another tumbler!"

"Sounds as if he were in the acrobatic line."—(TOBY gave a sly pug-chuckle all to himself.)—"Would *he* come?" inquired the American, gazing admiringly upon the Dog of Dogs.

"TOBY," said MR. PUNCH, "is as Cosmopolitan as his Master, and as indisposed to be *exploité*. TOBY loves your country, as I do. Witty LOWELL, and delightful ABBEY, and beautiful MARY ANDERSON share MR. PUNCH's warmest regards with classic ARNOLD, and honeyed COLERIDGE, and weird IRVING, and witching ELLEN TERRY. But I cannot follow them to the platform or the Stage."

"I guess, Siree, you're just tarnation particular, the platform has already had a pretty fair show. It has been brushed by the wing of PEGASTS. It has been graced by the sock of MELPOMENE and the buskin of THALIA. Even the wig of TRIMTS has disported thereon. I *con*-clude that in time it will have trotted out all the Graces, and most of the Muses, with a good square contingent from the Olympian Upper Circles. But the *bâton* and bells of the modern MOMUS are, it appears, to be——"

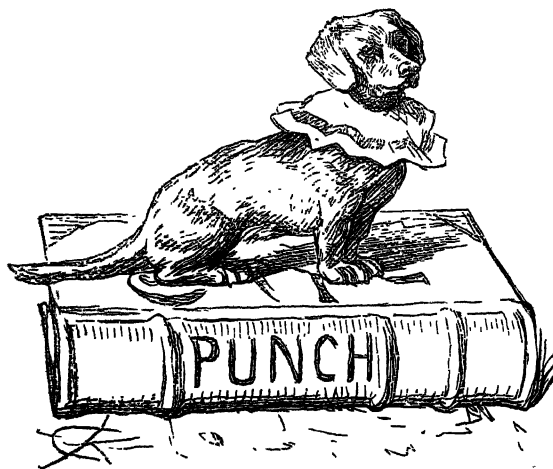
"Conspicuous by their absence. Precisely so," completed MR. PUNCH, politely.

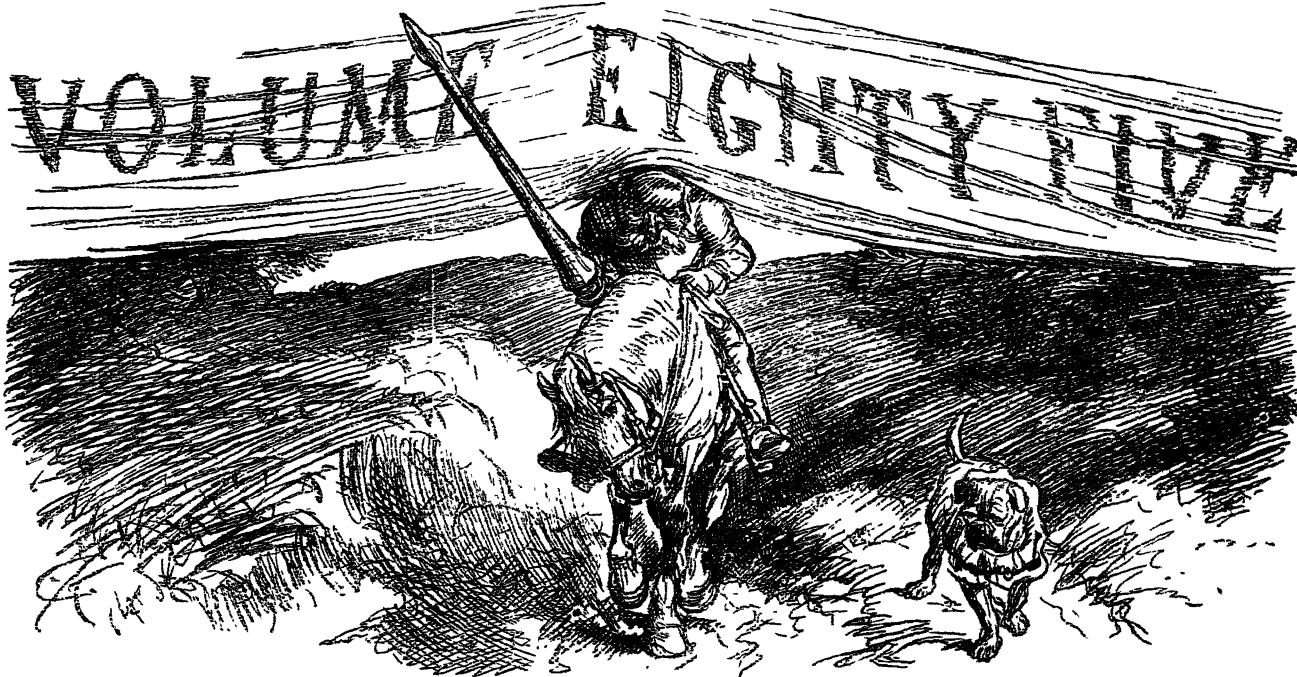
"Wal," said the American, rising reluctantly, "what must be, must be. But our people will be disappointed, you bet. You'll send 'em your love, and—well, no—not a lock of your hair, I suppose," added JONATHAN, airily.

"I will do *more*, Sir," said the affable Sage, beaming effulgently upon his wistful guest. "I will send them my best representative, my spirit's quintessence, my voice of voices, my *alter ego*. Take it! it will brighten your voyage home! It will not disappoint you as the Atlantic did OSCAR! You will find it pleasanter than pop-corns, and more exhilarating than Hop Bitters. It is more portable than JUMBO, and brighter than a Fashionable Beauty. It will give you more sound judgments than COLERIDGE, and more sweetness and light than the Gospel according to MATTHEW ARNOLD. It will make your peace with the insatiable 'Platform,' and save you from the Interviewing ERINNYES. Finally, it will bless you and all men, without Barnumising them. Take it, and be happy!!"

And MR. PUNCH presented to the delighted American his

## Eighty-Fifth Volume!





## ALL AT SEA;

OR, THE PILOT, THE PEER, AND THE PREDICAMENT!

(A Story dedicated, without their permission, to the Lords of the Admiralty.)

HER Majesty's steam-ship *Joyful* was gaily careering before the wind, off the coast of Ireland, in a chopping sea.

"If I can but escape the Sow and Piggies," murmured the Admiralty-elected Pilot, "all may yet be well. The dreaded rocks in question should be here—that is, if I understand the chart rightly."

And the mariner anxiously regarded the horizon, and gave a new order to the eager crew.

"I must speak with you at once," cried a person who had ascended from below. "You must immediately hug the shore."

"Hug the shore!" echoed the Pilot (who was somewhat inexperienced), doubtfully. "Why should I hug the shore?"

"Because it is his Lordship's wish," continued his visitor. "You understand—his Lordship's wish, conveyed to you by his Lordship's Hairdresser."

The Pilot bowed respectfully, and nervously gave fresh orders to the crew. Still the ship rocked to and fro, and was anything but steady. The Hairdresser had retired, but his place had been taken by a second official.

"My fellow, why you not do what Milord he vant?" asked the new-comer, sternly. "Milord he say you not hug the shore enough."

"What have you to do with it?" asked the Pilot, angrily. "Who are you?"

"Who am I? *Ma foi!* How it please me! Who am I? Why, of Milord his French Cook!"

On hearing this, the respectful mariner dropped upon his knees, and gave fresh orders to the crew, which were obeyed with alacrity.

But soon the place of the "cordon bleu" was taken by another of his Lordship's household. In turns the Valet, the Coachman, the Librarian, the Chaplain, the Travelling Tailor, the Consulting Dentist, and the Cigarette-Maker put in an appearance to make the same request—"His Lordship was most anxious to get nearer to the shore, and trusted that the Pilot would be able to oblige him." Accordingly, again and again the *Joyful* changed her course, and turned her bows towards dry land.

"Sir, you are trifling with us!" at length said a young man of commanding appearance who had taken the place of the others.

"You are trifling with us! His Lordship is still suffering inconvenience. Yes, listen and tremble. I am his Private Secretary, and I tell you so. He is absolutely suffering inconvenience!"

"No, not!" cried the Pilot, with his hands before his tear-dimmed eyes.

"But I say, Yes, yes. You have not hugged the shore nearly enough."

"With the Sow and Piggies before us, it would be unwise to go nearer—there might be danger," and the Pilot wrung his hands in despair.

"If you didn't there would be danger of his Lordship being—and the young man of commanding appearance whispered the rest.

"Anything rather than that!" shrieked the Pilot, beside himself with respectful horror. "Ease her! Stopper! Turn her astern, and port your helm!"

These orders were promptly obeyed, and five minutes later there was a crash, and the *Joyful* lay wrecked upon some jagged rocks. Clinging to a masthead appeared the Pilot talking to a Peer of the Realm.

"Oh, my Lord; this is too much! I am not worthy of such an honour!" and the Pilot actually blushed with pleasure.

"Pardon me; you *are* worthy of the honour," replied the Peer of the Realm, firmly; and he shook hands for the second time with his untitled companion. "I repeat, I am personally obliged to you."

"No, no—my Lord, my Lord, how *can* I thank you?"

"I require no thanks; on the contrary, you have deserved my respect—nay, gratitude—yes, gratitude," and the eyes of the noble filled with tears. Mastering his emotion, he continued, "Yes; the gratitude of the whole world is most justly your due; for, had you not lost your ship by hugging the shore, the Earl of HACKNEY DOWNS might have been—sea-sick!"

## A BLOW FOR THE BLOWHOLES.

THE RAILWAY VENTILATORS.—Before the Select Committee, Mr. SPINNIDGE examined: Is a practical chemist, and a Shareholder of a Railway Company; also a frequenter of the Thames Embankment. In relation to that magnificent Terrace, considers the Ventilators vast improvements. Thinks them both useful and ornamental at the same time. Ornamental not only in an architectural sense, but also by reason of the products of combustion of coke and coal, which issue from them in steam and smoke, and in so doing so gracefully curl, as the poet sings. Useful, too, in virtue of those same ingredients—the disinfecting gases and vapours they exhale, which include fumes of carbonic acid as well as carbonic oxide, and sulphurous acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen. Believes that their exhalations likewise contain a very considerable proportion of ozone, an æriform substance of acknowledged remedial agency in bronchitis and asthma. Is aware of the meaning of the Virgilian word, "Mephitis;" supposes it meant *Mephistopheles*, and considers that expression, applied to the sanitary and odoriferous effluvia of the Ventilators of the Thames Embankment, a reckless calumny. Is accustomed to send his children to that open space for change of air.





### SIC VOS NON VOBIS DRAMATISATIS, WRITERS!

*Wife of his Bosom (just home from the Play).* "AND THEN THAT DARLING WALTER LISSON, LOOKING LIKE A GREEK GOD, DREW HIS STILETTO, AND DELIVERED, OH! SUCH AN EXQUISITE SOLILOQUY OVER HER TOMB—ALL IN BLANK VERSE—LIKE HEAVENLY MUSIC ON THE ORGAN!"

*He.* "WHY, HE'S GOT A VOICE LIKE A RAVEN, AND CAN NO MORE DELIVER BLANK VERSE THAN HE CAN FLY."

*She.* "AH, WELL—IT WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL, ALL THE SAME—ALL ABOUT LOVE AND DEATH, YOU KNOW!"

*He.* "WHO WROTE THE PIECE, THEN?"

*She.* "WHO WROTE THE PIECE? OH—ER—WELL—HIS NAME'S SURE TO BE ON THE BILL SOMEWHERE—AT LEAST I SUPPOSE IT IS!"

### THE REAL "BIRKBECK" INSTITUTION.

THIS should be the title of the Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, where Messrs. BIRKBECK have done so much for the general good. When our young man had finished compiling his Official Guide, we went to see the show, and have no hesitation in recommending it to everybody as the place *par excellence* where to spend a Happy Day.

On entering, you will see something "lent by the Princess of WALES"—we forget exactly what it is, but it is very kind of Her Royal Highness, and we hope it will be returned all safe and sound—"safe and sound" like a cod in a refrigerator]—and that the children will not have missed it very much.

The pictures are, of course, rather piscatorial, but they are to the purpose, and that's something. Pass on—do all the models—and all the departments, not staying too long in the waterproof and oil-skin-fishing-wrappers' place, which, like the skull in *Hamlet*, "smells so! pah!" and made us feel so ill, as it conjured up reminiscences of a "dusty passage" and the sailors bringing unpleasantly odoriferous waterproofs, &c., that we could only just stagger across to the refreshment room, and call faintly for an American drink. Then, like an enfeebled giant slightly the better for a glass of anti-Lawson beverage, we lighted a cigarette, with a Sir-Henry-Thompson holder (our own patent, about which we shall make a great cry, but there's "no wool" in it), and strolled out into the Horticultural Gardens, where the Grenadier Guards' Band was playing, and the people—the

### LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

#### A RIVERSIDE LUNCHEON.

OUR Crew it is stalwart, our Crew it is smart,  
But needeth refreshment at noon;  
Let's land at the lawn of the cheery "White Hart,"  
Now gay with the glamour of June!  
For here can we lunch to the music of trees—  
In sight of the swift river running—  
Off cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

The garden is lovely, the host is polite,  
His rose-trees are ruddy with bloom,  
The snowy-clad table with tankards bedight,  
And pleasant that quaint little room;  
So sit down at once, at your inn take your ease—  
No man of our Crew will be shunning—  
A cut of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

We've had a long pull, and our hunger is keen,  
We've all a superb appetite!  
The lettuce is crisp, and the cresses are green,  
The ale it is beady and bright;  
New potatoes galore, and delicious green peas—  
The Skipper avers they are "stunning"—  
With cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

The windows are open, the lime-scented breeze  
Comes mixed with the perfume of hay;  
We list to the weir and the humming of bees  
As we sit and we smoke in the bay!  
Then here's to our host, ever anxious to please,  
And here's to his brewers so cunning!  
The cuts of cold beef and the prime Cheddar cheese,  
And the tankards of bitter at Sonning!

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, potted meat manufacturer, was, on Tuesday last week, sent to prison for two months, for preparing to use horse-flesh in the composition of his potted meats. BENJAMIN'S mess this! Serve him right. The case ought to have been heard before the LORD MARE.

CRICKETING QUESTION SENT UP TO COUNSEL.—What is the difference between a Westminster Senior briefly bowling a maiden over, and a Temple Junior being bowled over by a maiden brief?

"COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—Names will now be taken of Members wishing to join the "Lords' Preservation Society." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will, of course, be at the head of the list.

real people—thoroughly enjoying themselves. They applauded discriminatingly, and encored heartily. There were our Country Cousins and our Sisters and our Aunts, all looking hot and happy in the Sun, or cool and comfortable under the shade of the wide-spreading trees.

Here the old glories of the Polytechnic are revived, and there is a real Old Diver going down in at least four feet of water. I fancy he is stooping to hide himself, and then standing up erect to appear as if he were coming up again, with a great deal of trouble, from the vasty deep. The effect is good, and safety is an object. So is the Diver an extraordinary object. But we love him, and next time we can get near him we will be Polytechnic boys again, and chuck him a copper. An immense crowd was gathered round the basin where the Diver was washing,—we mean bathing,—and the junior portion evinced a strong tendency to throw him buns, under the impression that he was either a seal or a bear. Ah! the Children's Education is sadly neglected now that there is no longer a Polytechnic!

The diving operations were most interesting as long as an official in charge of the man in the iron mask—we mean steel helmet—was tying him up as if he were a Davenport brother, but the excitement cooled down when the enterprising operator had disappeared from view, and his helmet had ceased to afford a clear mark for the surreptitious nut. There was a sort of half-expressed hope that the Diver might not come up again, which gave a languid interest to what would have been otherwise a very dull five minutes while the Diver was under water. The Band and the lounge, however, are, and will be, the great attraction.

Now, why on earth cannot these Gardens be continued just as they

## A CHRISTMAS CHAPTER ON "OLD FRIENDS." (By Our Pet Cynic.)



"MR. MIVERS AND MR. BLATT ARE GOING ON A SKETCHING TOUR, PAPA. WHY NOT JOIN THEM?"—"OH, WHENEVER I'M ALONE WITH BLATT, HE PITCHES INTO MIVERS! AND WHENEVER I'M ALONE WITH MIVERS, HE PITCHES INTO BLATT; AND WHENEVER THEY'RE ALONE, THEY PITCH INTO ME!"—"YOU MIGHT ALL THREE KEEP TOGETHER!"—"WHY, WHAT ON EARTH SHOULD WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT?"



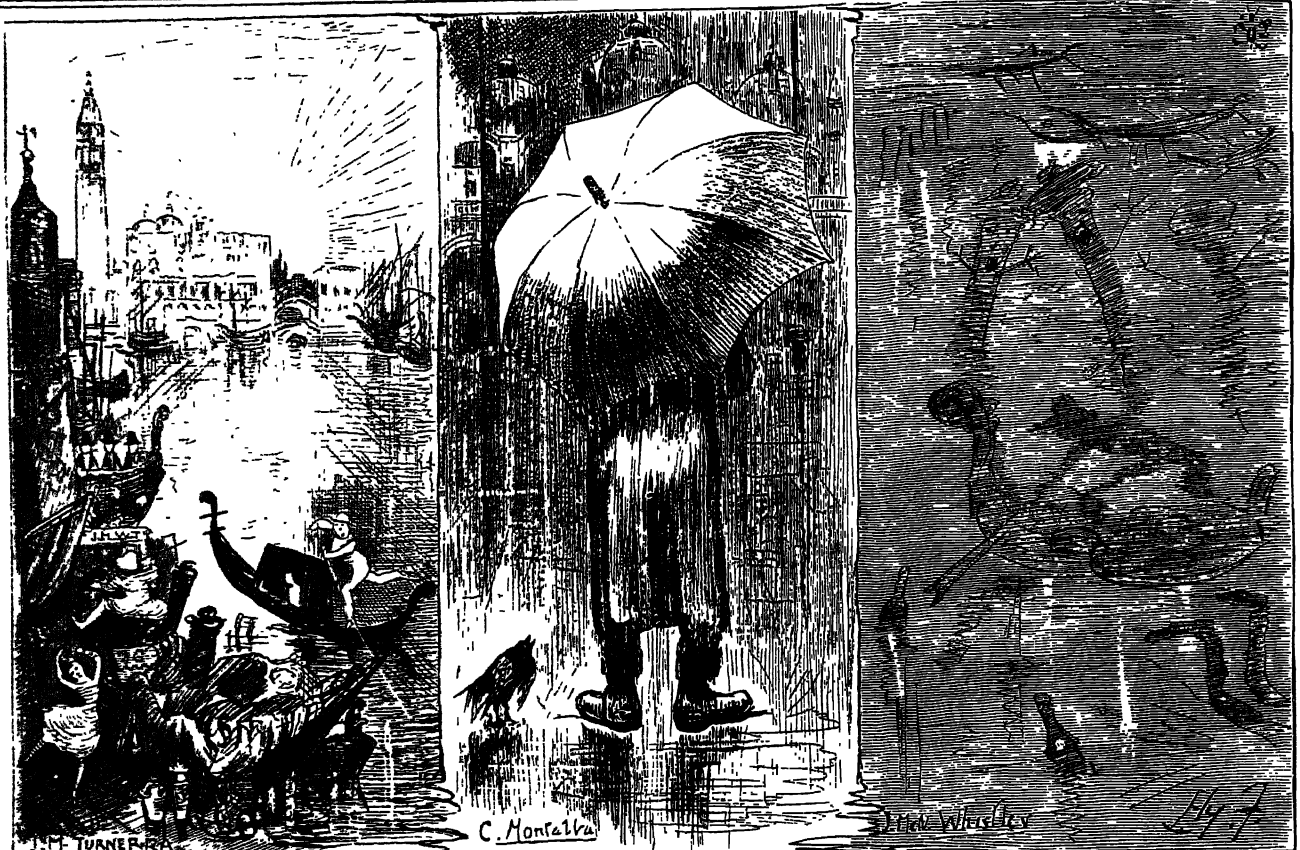
"WHY NOT GO AND SEE SMITH, JOHN, AS YOU SEEM SO DULL?"—"OH, HE'S A BORE! HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY INTEREST IN MY AFFAIRS, AND DOESN'T CARE TO TALK ABOUT HIS OWN!"—"WELL, GO AND SEE JONES, THEN!"—"OH, HE'S SO BEASTLY INQUISITIVE!"—"WELL, ROBINSON!"—"OH, HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF!"



"LOOK HERE, OLD MAN! YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME ABOUT H.R.H., AND ALL THE DUKES YOU GO SHOOTING WITH, AND ALL THE DUCHESSES WHO CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT YOU!—AND WHEN I TRY TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE BARONET WHO LEFT HIS CARD ON ME BY MISTAKE, AND THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS WHO CALLED ON MY MOTHER-IN-LAW ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF A COOK, YOU SUDDENLY TURN ROUND AND ASK AFTER THE HEALTH OF MY UNCLE THE PORK-BUTCHER!"



"ONE NEVER SEES ANYTHING OF YOU, NOW YOU'VE GROWN SO SUCCESSFUL, JONES! I SUPPOSE YOU PREFER NEW FRIENDS WHO FLATTER, TO OLD FRIENDS, WHO TELL YOU THE TRUTH!"—"WELL, YOU SEE, OLD MAN, FLATTERY'S WORTHLESS, WHEREAS TRUTH IS SO RARE AND VALUABLE AN ARTICLE, THAT I CAN'T BEAR TO ENCOURAGE THE LAVISH RECKLESSNESS WITH WHICH YOU ALWAYS SEEM SO READY TO SQUANDER IT—ESPECIALLY ON MYSELF!"



DIFFERENT PEOPLE TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS.—VENICE ACCORDING TO THREE ARTISTS.

A VENAL VALENTINE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DAY.

"LADY, may I call you mine?  
Fair you are in form and face,  
And your singing is divine,  
While you dance with perfect  
grace;  
You would make a winsome  
wife,  
Tell me, will you crown my  
life?"

"Sir, I'm honoured by your  
thought,  
And the pleasant words you've  
said;  
I've been fashionably taught,  
Or such talk might turn my  
head;  
I don't ask for brains or birth,  
Only tell me what you're  
worth."

"I've a competence, my dear.  
What's enough for one fits  
two;  
Just a thousand pounds a year.  
Or I would not dare to woo:  
Love within a cot, *ma belle*,  
But it shall be furnished well."

"One poor thousand! Fie! for  
shame!  
You presume like other men.  
I can't change my maiden name  
Under twenty 'thou' or ten.  
Fifty would be better: so,  
Gentle Sir, I must say 'No!'"

"But I love you, oh, my sweet!  
Has not that a potent spell?"



THE FISHERIES.

First Old Chappie. "AW—AWFLY JOLLY—THE MUSIC, EH?"  
Second Old Chappie. "YES. WOND'AW HOW IT WILL AFFECT THE PRICE OF FISH!"

See, I vow before your feet,  
In all years to love you well.  
Put my love into the scale  
'Gainst the gold, and list my  
tale."

"Love 'gainst gold! It kicks  
the beam.

'Tis a fancy of old time.  
I'm too well brought up to  
dream

As the poets do in rhyme:  
And the Valentine for me  
Need bring only £. s. d.!"

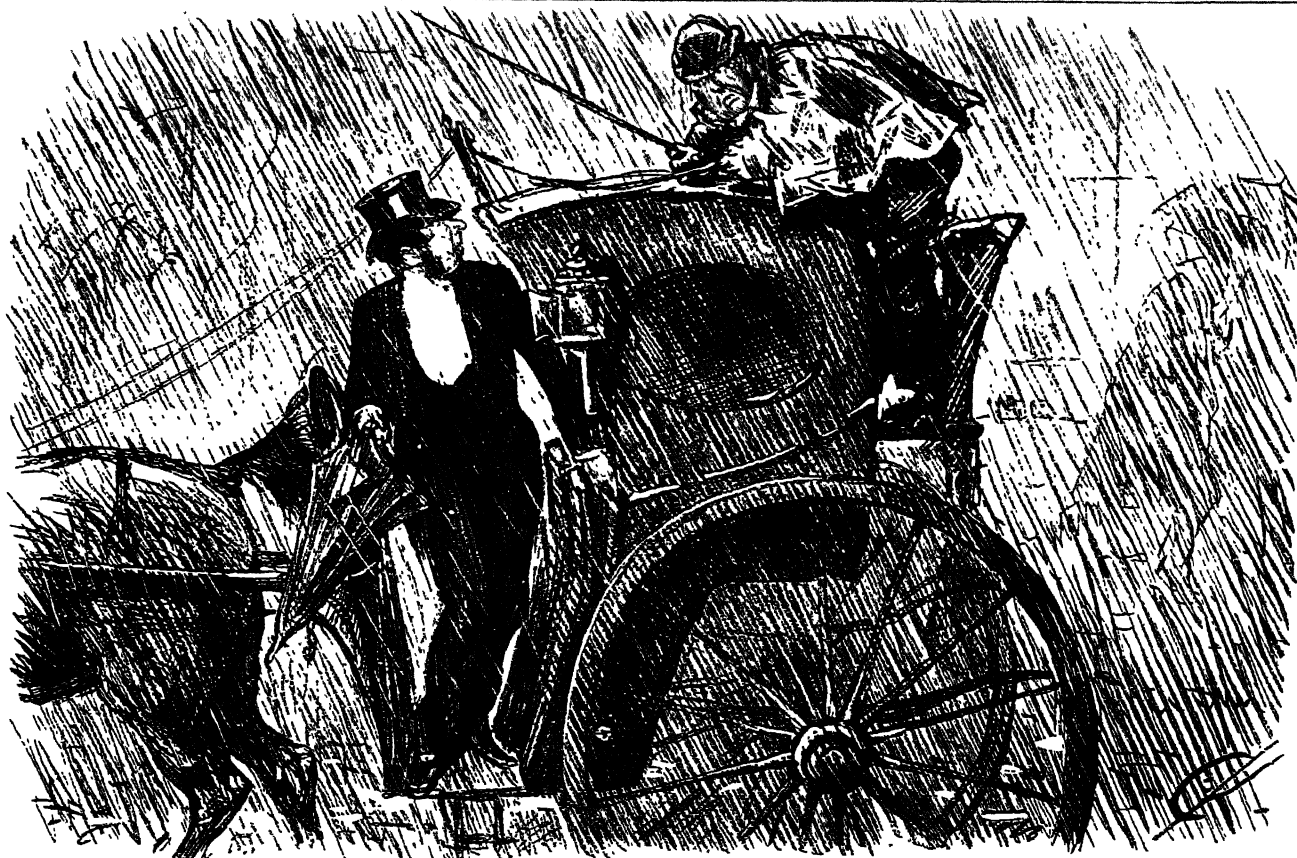
ON DIT.—HIS Royal High-  
ness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE,  
in compliance with the request  
of General BOOTH, will shortly  
review the Salvation Army.

THERE's many a slip  
'Twixt the boy and the "tip."  
A stitch in the side  
Spoils the "sprinter's" pride.  
When the "Cat" is away  
The Garotter will play.  
A "big pot"  
May catch it hot.

CON. FOR SCIENTISTS.—Why  
is a decapitated criminal like a  
Chinaman?—Because he is at  
once be(e)headed and cur-  
tailed.

WHY can Venison never be  
a cheap article of diet?—Be-  
cause it is Deer at any price.

WHY are Irish Debates like  
Cook's Tours?—Because they  
are "personally" conducted.



### "ARCADES AMBO."

*New M.P. (grandly). "THE HOUSE!"* *Cobby (late from the Provinces also). "'OUSE!—WHAT 'OUSE?'"*  
*[Explanations in the coin! Cobby said, when he returned to the Shelter, "The language that Ge'tleman give 'im was that ch'ice, he thought he must 'a' been one o' the Irish lot!"]*

### MERRY ENGLAND IN THE MODERN TIME.

THE phraseology of the period (some of it) seems decidedly to signify a revival of the days of Chivalry. Recently the papers reported a grand "Lawn Tennis Tournament." A little before that, they published accounts of a "Chess Tournament;" and various other contests of all kinds are likewise described as "Tournaments." What next? A Billiard Tournament, perhaps, a Backgammon Tournament, and a Pool Tournament. If a Chess Tournament, why not also a Whist Tournament, and then a Loo Tournament and a Vingt-et-un Tournament as well? Moreover, the boys may have their innings at a Cricket Tournament, and a series of games at Football, dignified with the title of a "Football Tournament," might be placed on the same footing.

Besides "Tournaments" going on in every direction, there are also advancing on all hands to the front large numbers of daring "Champions." The humblest crafts and callings have their Champions now. There is a Champion Bill-Sticker; possibly, too, a Champion Ratcatcher. These bold Knights are understood to advertise and proclaim that they invite and defy competition in their respective industries. To that effect they, as it were, blow their own trumpets. No end of Challenges offered and accepted, and fought out in matches for Challenge Cups, Plates, and similar prizes of victory, appear to bespeak a return to the martial manners of the Middle Ages.

### ZODIACAL EQUATIONS.

JANUARY— <i>Aquarius</i> , the Water-bearer . . .	= Man Mackintosh-wearer.
FEBRUARY— <i>Pisces</i> , the Fishes . . .	= Sleet cuts us like swishes.
MARCH— <i>Aries</i> , the Ram . . .	= Panes rattle, doors slam.
APRIL— <i>Taurus</i> , the Bull . . .	= The gutters all full.
MAY— <i>Gemini</i> , the Twins . . .	= Mankind requires fins.
JUNE— <i>Cancer</i> , the Crab . . .	= Skies a dull drab.
JULY— <i>Leo</i> , the Lion . . .	= The pavement we fry on.
AUGUST— <i>Virgo</i> , the Virgin . . .	= Autumnal mists merge in.
SEPTEMBER— <i>Libra</i> , the Scales . . .	= Blows thundering gales.
OCTOBER— <i>Scorpio</i> , the Scorpion . . .	= Gut Tennis-bats warpy on.
NOVEMBER— <i>Sagittarius</i> , the Archer . . .	= Night frost, day a parcher.
DECEMBER— <i>Capricornus</i> , the Goat . . .	= World a funeral afloat.

A DOUBLE DONKEY.—An Assassin.

### THE TREACHEROUS TIDE.



I SAT on a slippery rock,  
 In the grey cliff's opal shade,  
 And the wanton waves went curvetting by  
 Like a roysistering cavalcade.  
 And they doffed their crested plumes,  
 As they kissed the blushing sand,  
 Till her rosy face dimpled over with smiles  
 At the tricks of the frolicsome band.

Then the kittywake laughed, "Ha! ha!"  
 And the sea-mew wailed with pain,  
 As she sailed away on the shivering wind  
 To her home o'er the surging main.  
 And the jelly-fish quivered with rage,  
 While the dog-crabs stood by to gaze,  
 And the star-fish spread all her fingers  
 abroad,  
 And sighed for her grandmothers' days.

And the curlew screamed, "Fie!  
 fie!"  
 And the great gull groaned at  
 the sight,  
 And the albatross rose and fled  
 with a shriek  
 To her nest on the perilous  
 height.

\* \* \*  
 Good gracious! the place where I  
 sat  
 With sea-water was rapidly  
 filling,  
 And a hoarse voice cried, "Sir,  
 you're caught by the tide!  
 And I'll carry ye off for a  
 shilling!"



AN UNRECOGNISED EMPLOYÉ.—Cobbler to the QUEEN.





# PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

*How to make Fowls Pay.*—Take a house next door to a poultry-yard, where there are at least half-a-dozen cocks shrill and long in the crow, and warranted fine early risers. Now, ask a lot of invalid relatives, all light sleepers, on a visit, and give them back-rooms. In a few days they will be in a state of such dangerous nervous exhaustion that you will be compelled to have recourse to medical aid, call in a local solicitor, employ a night attendant, demand compensation, take

out a summons at the local police-court, and appear yourself in the witness-box in hysterics. Take care to compliment the Magistrate on his personal appearance, and he will suggest a compromise, awarding you substantial damages. By a judicious change of your neighbourhood, from time to time, you will in this way be frequently able to make fowls pay.

“LITTLE PITCHERS.”—Two street-boys tossing for farthings.

## MARCH.

O, Wind of March! O,  
biting breeze!  
It nips the nose and nips  
the trees:  
It whirls with fury down  
the street,  
It makes us flee in quick  
retreat,  
And gives us cold and  
makes us sneeze!  
It makes us cough and  
choke and wheeze,  
With painful back and  
aching knees;  
With dire discomfort 'tis  
replete,  
O, Wind of March!  
It flusters folk of all de-  
grees;  
E'en pretty girls and  
K.C.B.'s  
Are not allowed to keep  
their feet.  
It blows Policemen off  
their beat,  
And brings the Doctor lots  
of fees—  
O, Wind of March!

**CHRISTMAS CHIMES.**—*Simpkins (with a soul for harmony).* What can be more pleasing than a merry peal of bells? *Stubbs (who considers all music a noise).* I prefer a knell. Minimum of nuisance.

**SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.**—*Jaded Epicure exclaims:* “Feed the hungry! Well, of course. Rather, feed those that have lost their appetite!”



## ANTIQUITIES.

*Antiquary (showing his Treasures).* “COLT’S REVOLVER, FOUND ON THE FIELD O’ WATERLOO!”  
*Friend.* “EH! BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT—I D’D NO IDEA THEY—”  
*Antiquary.* “NO—I DARE SAY!” (*With emulation.*) “OH, THEY’RE DOOSED RARE, I CAN TELL YOU!”

## APRIL.

AN April Day, so fresh and  
bright—  
(*’Twill rain, I’m sure, before  
the night!*)  
We’ve done with Winter  
blasts unkind—  
(*Don’t leave your mackin-  
tosh behind,  
’Twould be a fatal over-  
sight!*)  
In Spring-like garb we’ll  
go bedight—  
(*’Tis sure to rain, just out of  
spite!*  
And most perplexing you  
will find,  
An April Day!)  
The sky is blue, the clouds  
are light—  
(*I trust your Gamp is  
water-tight!*)  
To sing and laugh we  
feel inclined—  
(*Here comes a storm of  
rain and wind!*  
And hail, that’s quite  
enough to blight,  
An April Day!)

**CONTEMPLATION.**—Ob-  
serve how *Tray* runs along  
with his nose to the ground.  
Happy dog! His path is  
strewn with roses.

**CRY OF A CHOPHOUSE  
WAITER.**—“Stewed Che-  
shire for One.” What, a  
County at a meal!

**PRECURSOR OF HARVEY.**  
—Whoever it was that dis-  
covered the Circulation of  
the Bottle.



## GUSH NO MORE!

(Lines for a Lady's Album. By an unfeeling old Gentleman.)

DON'T gush, Ma'am, don't gush; though perhaps you're sincere,  
You give cynical wretches occasion to sneer,  
For they cannot suppose you to mean what you say,  
And they don't understand that 'tis only your way.  
To a hasty conclusion although they may rush,  
They count gushing all humbug. Don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush.  
Don't gush, Ma'am. Did hearers express half they think,  
They'd say "Gammon," and "Walker," make faces, grin, wink;

Raise their hands to their noses, thumb-tip to nose-end,  
And four fingers the while in vibration extend.  
Eh, then what would you do but look foolish and blush?  
Pooh! desist from effusion! Don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush.

Gush not, Lady, oh, gush not! Do gushing give o'er.  
Oh, pray gush no longer! Gush never, no more.  
Cease to talk in so tender and touching a strain,  
And, oh, from too flowery language refrain!  
Repress mimic raptures, and, e'en though you crush  
Unaffected emotions, don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush!

## MAY.

A PRIVATE View? 'Tis plain to you  
'Tis neither "private" nor a "view"!—  
And yet for tickets people rush,  
To mingle in the well-dressed crush,  
And come and wonder who is who.

The beauties, poets, actors, too,  
With patrons, painters—not a few,  
Are elements that help to flush  
A Private View.

The pictures you can't hope to do;  
You're angered by the "precious" crew,  
And pallid maids who flap and gush.  
While carping critics who cry "Tush!"  
And wildly wrangle, make you rue  
A Private View.

PUNISHMENT FOR FRAUDULENT BROKERS. — Put 'em in the stocks. Bonds and good securities to follow.

INADEQUATE OFFER. — Edwin. A penny for your thoughts. Emma. Not enough by ever so much. Thinking of a new dress.



## IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE.

"THE TELESMELEMICROPHONOSCOPE."

(MAGNIFIES NICE SMELLS AND MINIMISES NASTY ONES.)

## JUNE.

IN Rotten Row, 'tis nice, you know,  
To watch the tide of Fashion flow!  
Though hopeless cynics carp and croon—  
I do not care one macaroon—  
But love to watch the passing show!  
You'll find it anything but slow  
To laugh and chaff with those you know;  
And pleasant then to sit at noon,

In Rotten Row!  
When Summer breezes whisper low,  
And countless riders come and go;  
Beneath the trees in leafy June,  
I love to sit and muse and moon—  
While beauties canter to and fro—  
In Rotten Row!

CAUTION TO THE CARELESS.—Never tread upon a worm unless you are quite sure that it can't turn on you to your grief.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Afternoon attendance for lecture—"two-four time." Dinner in Hall—Common time. Rule for refreshment—Never more than two in a bar allowed.



THE ENEMY.

Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteers Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). 'Sit further back, General! You 'll make his 'ead ache!'

**PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**—How to render an ill-drained House thoroughly habitable.—Having satisfied yourself by the deaths of the three previous tenants, the caretaker, both house-agents, your own Solicitor and the Sanitary Inspector you have called in, that you have some grounds for suspecting the condition of the drainage of your house,—take off the roof, and supply its place with a level lead flat, surrounded by a neat balustrade. On this erect a large cricket-tent, the approach to which will be by a seventy-foot bricklayer's ladder, fastened below securely to the area railings. Now mount with your whole family, asking, as a mere precaution, your Medical Adviser, on a six weeks' visit, just to start you. There will, of course, be some slight inconveniences at first, but you will soon get accustomed to them, especially when reflecting that you have taken the only steps open to you, as the law now stands, of rendering your ill-drained house thoroughly habitable.

**PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**—How to ensure yourself a reliable town supply of pure Milk.—Fit up your back yard, scullery, or, if the accommodation on your premises is limited, even your back study, as an extempore manger. Now buy a cow,—a short-sighted one is best for your purpose,—at the Islington Cattle Market, and instal it in the quarters you have prepared for it. Begin to feed it at first on such shrubs and evergreens as may be growing in your own and the adjacent front gardens, and when these are finished, take it out after dusk to graze quietly in Hyde Park between 7 and 11 P.M. When detected in this, and warned home by the keepers, you will be able to keep the creature in fair condition for some time on tinned asparagus. By a little attention and tact, you will thus find that until your cow dies suddenly in a fit, or is removed by a peremptory order of the local Inspector of Nuisances, you will have ensured yourself a reliable, if moderate, supply of pure milk.

LAWN-TENNIS LOBS. (Served by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



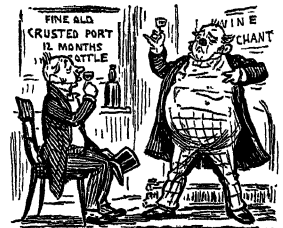
Line Ball.



Out of Court.



A Let.



'Vaunt-age.



Serving Caught.



Screw and Twister.



The "Wrencher (Renshaw) Smash."

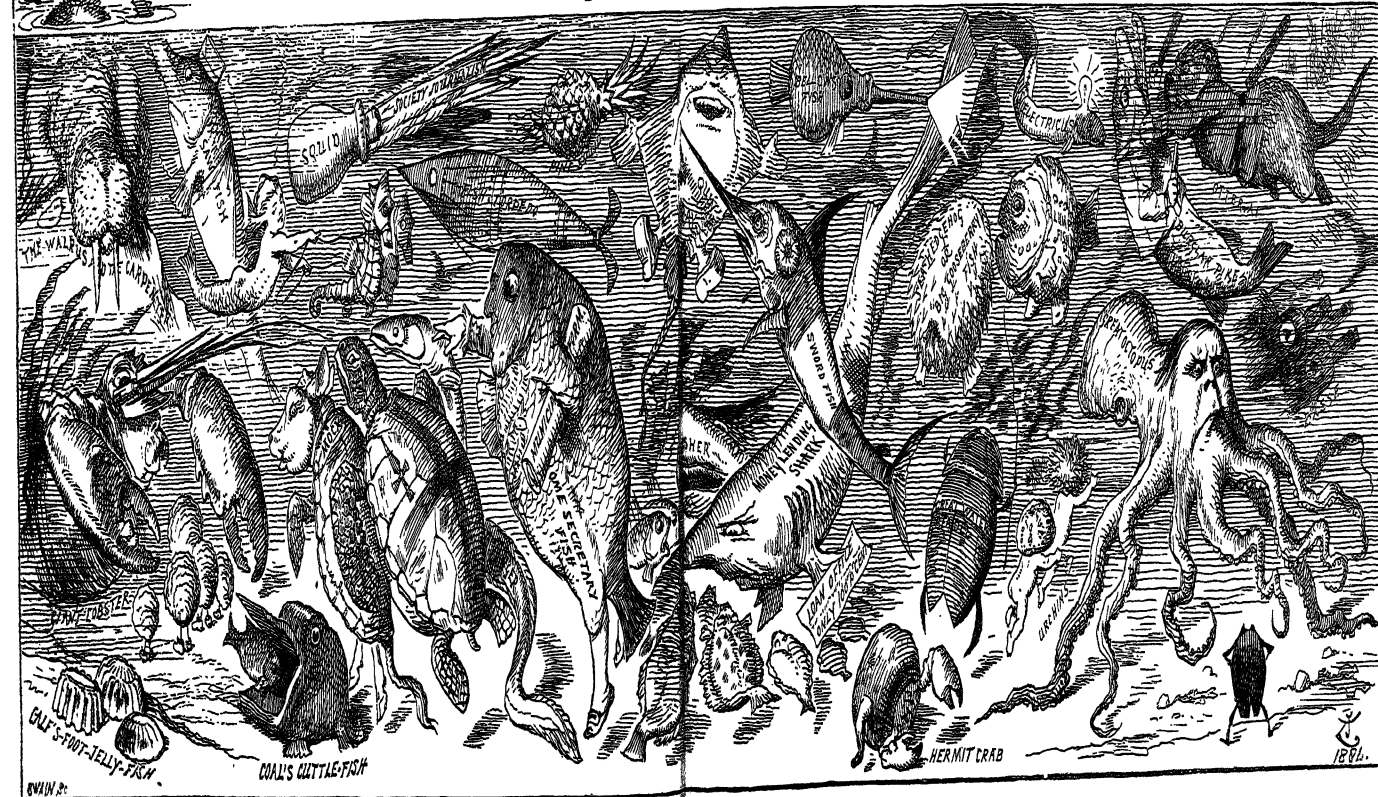


Smart Returns.



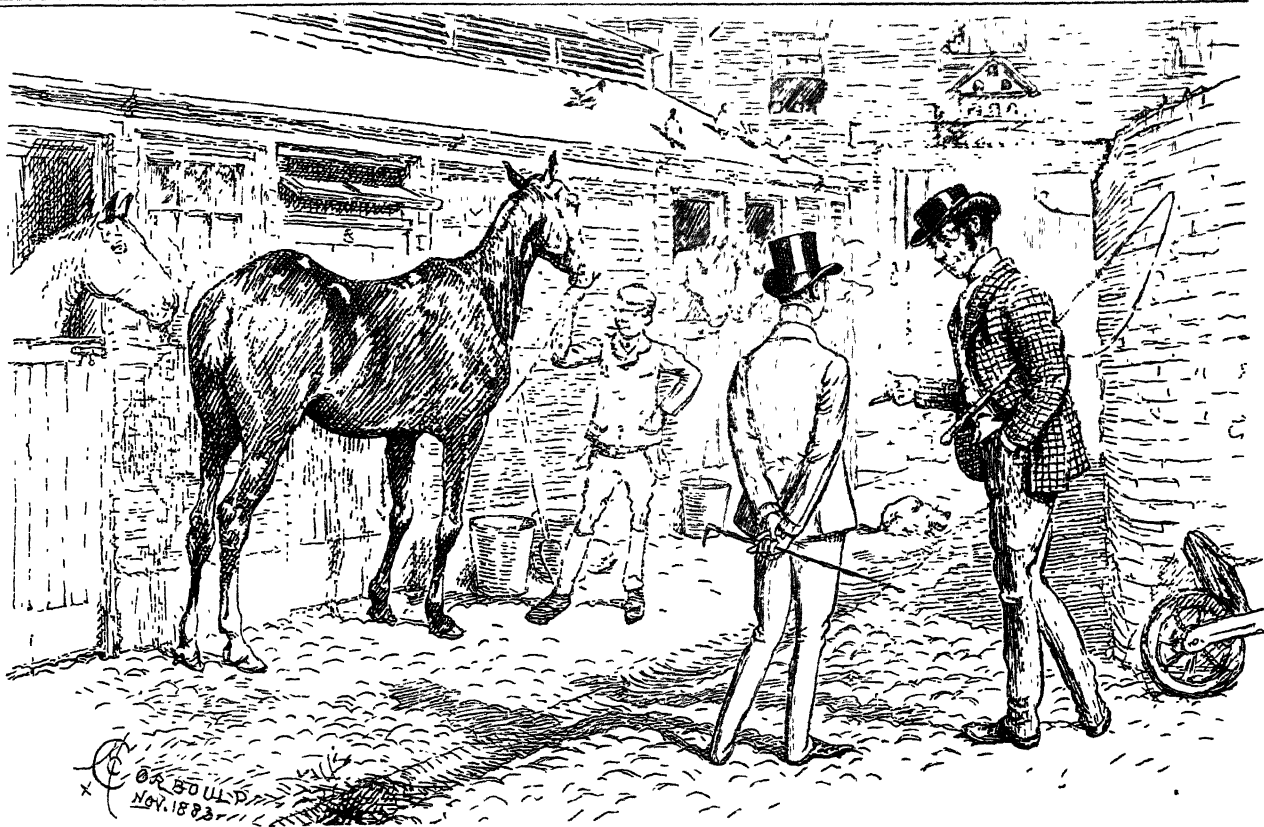






MR. PUNCH'S ODD-FISHERIES EXHIBITION FOR 1884.





## 'UNTIN' SEASON.

Dealer. "WHAT! THAT LITTLE 'OSS NOT JUMP! WHY, I PUT HIM IN A EMPTY SEVEN-STALL STABLE THIS MORNIN', AND WHEN I WENT TO FETCH 'IM OUT, THERE WAS A 'OPPIN' UP AND DOWN OVER THE PARTITIONS JUST TO AMUSE HIMSELF LIKE."

## THE TINKLING TRAM.

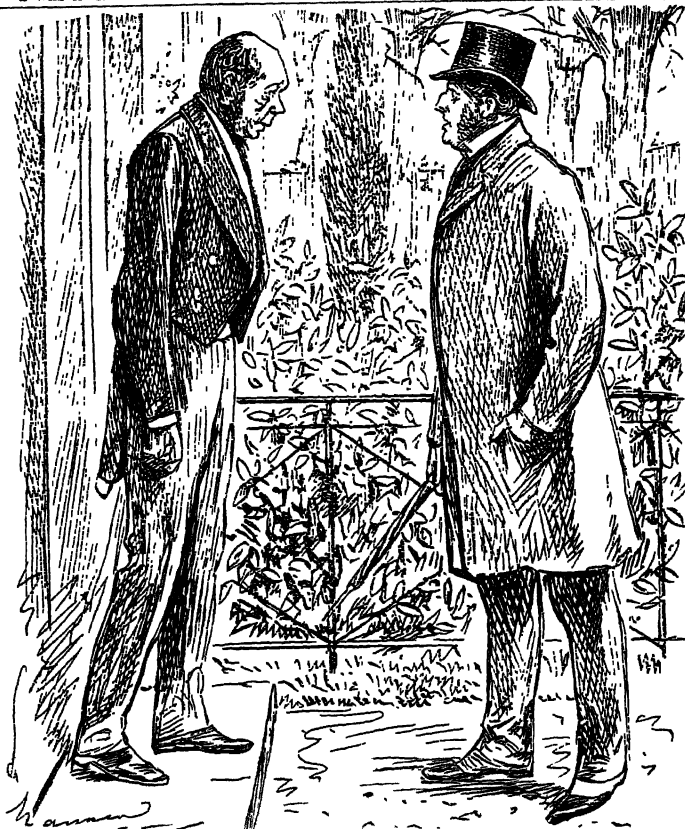
(By a Victim.)

TINKLE, tinkle, Tramway Car!  
Well I'm conscious where you are.  
Down below my study high,  
Like a demon ever nigh.  
When the morning opens wet,  
When in fog the sun hath set,  
Then you sound to left, to right,  
Tinkle, tinkle, day and night!  
When to sleep my eyes incline,  
Then your bell kicks up its shine;  
Up the street and down the street,  
'Mid the horse-hoofs' maddening beat.  
No—detested demon car,  
I don't "wonder what you are";  
But too well aware am I,  
Tinkling horror, ever nigh!

A MERE MOCKERY.—  
Talk of Progress—with  
Oysters at half-a-crown a dozen!

A "MOB CAP."—The  
Cap of Liberty.

A WIFE'S VOCATION.—  
Husbandry.



## DIAGNOSIS.

"IS THE RECTOR BETTER TO-DAY, JARVIS?"—"NO, SIR; NOT ANY BETTER, SIR!"  
"HAS HE GOT A LOCUM TENENS?"—"NO, SIR. SAME OLD PAIN IN THE BACK!"

## "TAKE YOUR HOOK!"

(The Straight Tip to Lovers of Peace.)

WHILST the Parties rage,  
Whilst the papers wrangle.  
Cut the House, don't cut the  
page;

"Take your hook"—and  
angle!

Whilst the Critics drub,  
Whilst the Artists wrangle.  
Shun the Studio, cut the  
Club;

"Take your hook"—and  
angle!

Shun the Sportsman's greed,  
Shun the Historian's  
spangle;

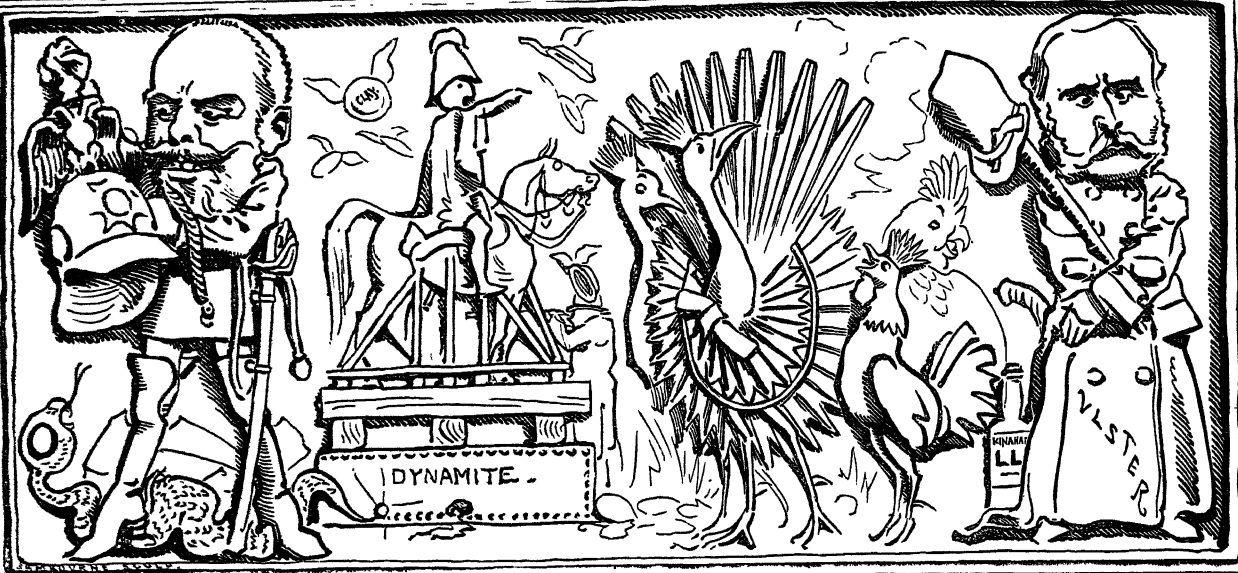
With your bird's-eye, or a  
weed,  
"Take your hook"—and  
angle!

Trust me, would you shun  
Worry's tensing tangle,  
There is one escape—but  
one:  
"Take your hook"—and  
angle!

## HAPPY HIBERNATION.

Do I wish to be a bird?  
No; I am not so absurd.  
Had, when frosts of winter  
come, Rather be a tortoise,  
numb.

"SUITED TO A HARE."  
—A Currant-Jelly-Fish.  
Hope to see one in next  
Fisheries' Show.



**PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**—How to give, at a small cost, an effective and impromptu Farewell Oyster Supper.—Having previously purchased a damaged lot of tinned oysters of an inferior quality, at an extremely low figure, in the City,—name your day, and ask all your friends and acquaintances, to whom you are secretly conscious of a desire to say farewell, to join you at supper. Now produce your

tinned oysters—and nothing else; at the same time bidding your guests “not to stint themselves.” Should they take or reject your advice, the result will be the same, as in either event you may rely on never seeing any one of them again. You will thus, at a small cost, have given a really most effective and thoroughly impromptu Farewell Oyster Supper.

#### JULY.

ON Henley Bridge, in sweet July,  
A gentle breeze, a cloudless sky!  
Indeed it is a pleasant place,  
To watch the oarsmen go the pace,  
As gasping crowds go roaring by.  
And, O, what dainty maids you spy,  
What tasteful toilets you descry,  
What symphonies in frills and lace,  
On Henley Bridge!  
But if you find a luncheon nigh—  
A mayonnaise, a toothsome pie—  
The chance you'll hasten to embrace!  
You'll soon forget about the Race,  
And take your Heidsieck cool and dry—  
On Henley Bridge!

#### LE SPORT ANGLAIS.

FRENCH readers of English sporting news will perhaps derive a bright idea from a recent notice of the first meeting this season of the “Southdown Hounds.” What are “Southdown Hounds?” Moscoo will think. “Southdown is not fox; Southdown is moutons. Southdown hounds, then, are mouton hounds. In Sussex they hunt sheep. Without doubt it is fine sport. Let us go do likewise!”



#### VESTRIED INTERESTS.

The Vicar (to obese and panting Vestryman). “THE OTHER GENTLEMEN ARE A LITTLE LATE, MR. MACORMORANT?”  
Mr. Macormorant (who has made a hasty meal and hurried off so as to be in time). “YES, SIR; AND I DON'T WONDER AT IT. SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY DON'T COME AT ALL. WHAT WITH TAKIN' AWAY OUR LUNCHEONS, ABOLISHIN' OUR DINNERS, AND CUTTIN' DOWN OUR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS, THE PERFECTION OF VESTRYMAN AIN'T WORTH THE NOTICE OF A MAN OF RESPECTABILITY AND STANDIN'.” It's a 'ARD THING, AND WERRY 'ARD THING, I SEN, THAT AFTER ALL WE DO FOR THE GOOD OF OUR FELLER-CREATURES, WE CAN'T GET SER MUCH AS A MILD CIGAR AND A GLASS O' BRANNYANWATER AT THE EXPENSE O' THE PARISH!”

#### AUGUST.

BESIDE the Sea, upon the strand  
The sun is hot, the day is grand:  
I think you will agree with me,  
Upon the shore 'tis nice to be,  
Amid the shingle and the sand.  
Your hands get brown, your face is tanned,  
You bathe or noddle to the band;  
Or slowly ride a solemn “gee”  
Beside the Sea.  
You pace the pier, you idle and  
The offing never leave un-scanned:  
And study, 'neath some grateful lee,  
The “blue, the fresh, the ever free”!  
The air is pure, your lungs expand,  
Beside the Sea!

#### A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN.

THOUGH born far asunder, who says they are *not* kin, Bumptious LESSEPS and bellicose WATKIN? Each his pet hobby is hot to drive faster. “The Great Engineer” all the world must admire, But is much of opinion that he is—like Fire—A capital servant, but dangerous master.

A POST OF DANGER.—That of crossing-sweeping on a level crossing.



## ORDERS FOR TRADESMEN.

As the Aristocracy is now "going into Trade," it may become convenient to fit Titles to our various Commercial Callings and Crafts. Here are a few suggestions :—

For a *Hosier*.—K.G. Knight of the Garter. For a *Soap-Boiler*.—C.B. Companion of the Bath. For an *Armourer*.—K.S. Knight of the Sword. For a *Brewer*.—K.M. Knight of Malt-a. For a *Playwright*.—J.P. Justice of the "Piece." For a *Money-Lender*.—K.G.F. Knight of the Golden "Fleece." For an *Adulterating Druggist*.—M.D.

*"Doctor" of Medicine. For ANY Tradesman who has turned Vestryman, and developed the typical "Porechial" Characteristics.—K.T. Knight of the Thistle.*

OH !

"*In Native Worth*," she sang, and her sweet eye,  
Turned for approval on her listening cousin.  
"Ah! native worth," said he, with a long sigh,  
"Is—three-and-six a dozen."

SEPTEMBER.

A FOREIGN Tour ? I apprehend  
A hand-bag I should recommend ;  
A roll of useful notes from  
COTTES,  
A pocketful of good che-  
roots,  
And *Murray* for your faithful  
friend.

Some French, on which you  
can depend,  
A chosen chum, you can't  
offend ;  
Are things to make—with  
tourist-suits—  
A Foreign Tour.

You'll visit "lions" without end;  
And all the snowy peaks ascend;  
With *alpenstocks* and hob-nailed boots:  
Or ride on mules—the sullen brutes—  
There's lots of sport, if you intend  
A Foreign Tour!

TO WHOM IT MAY  
CONCERN.

INTERROGATION is the thief of time! True, tart Thersites, an ingenious plan, Sir. Time's whirligig mayshow, malignant mime, A policy of questions does not answer; And that, as aggravation of our Babel. Even able question may be questionable.



**FROM DEE-SIDE**

PISCATOR. "YES, MY BOY, AIN'T HE A BEAUTY? FORTY POUNDS—THREE FOOT EIGHT FROM TAIL TO SNOUT—FRESH EEN! I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM PHOTOGRAPHED, WITH A FULL-GROWN MAN STANDING BY, TO SHOW THE PROPORTIONS. BY THE WAY"—(faintly)—"WOULD-ER-WOULD YOU MIND BEING THE MAN?"

OCTOBER.

ONCE more at Home !  
We've ploughed the  
main,  
We've growled in *diligence*  
and train ;  
Endured the cold official  
snub,  
And insolence of foreign  
cub—  
In Switzerland, in France,  
and Spain.

For weeks we've struggled,  
all in vain,  
Some toilet comforts to  
obtain ;  
But *now* we hail our  
roomy "tub"  
Once more at Home.

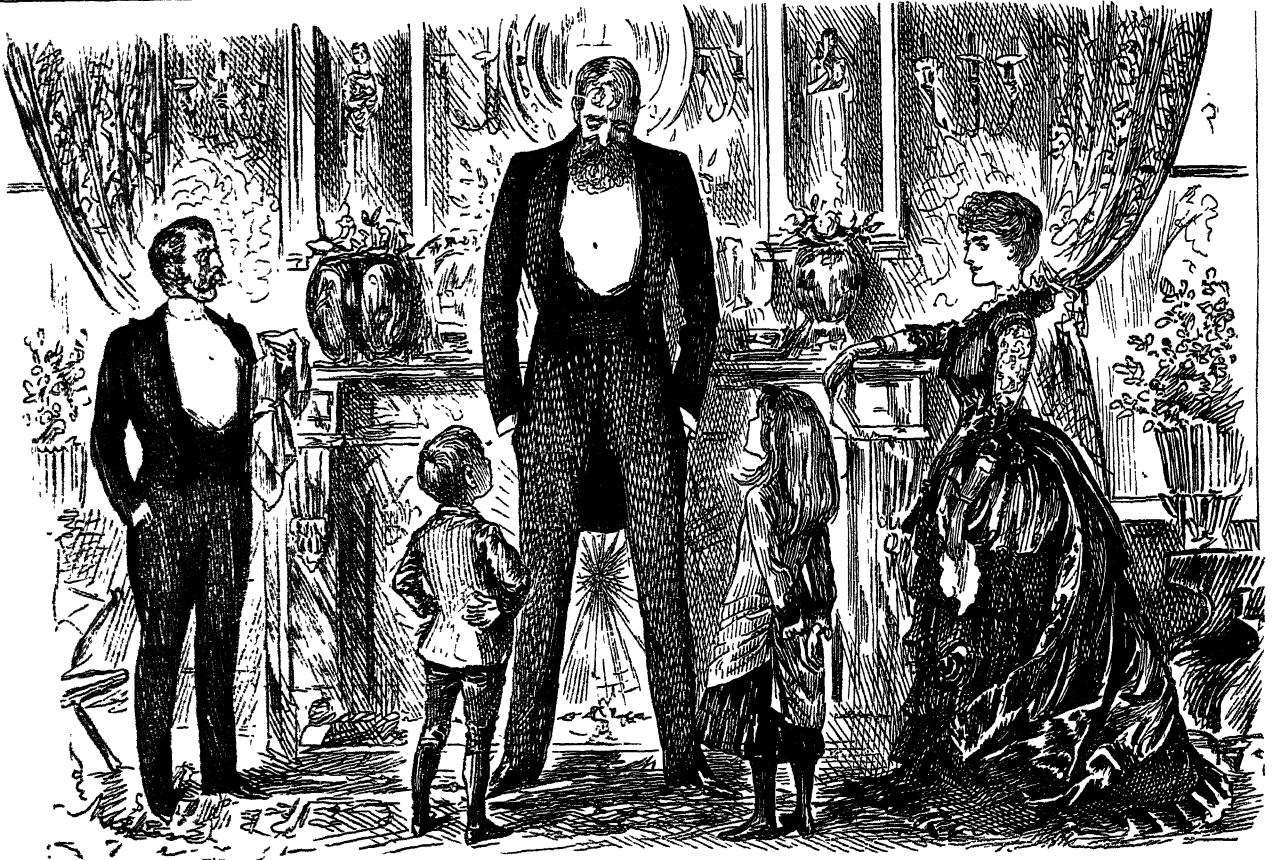
Though back we come to  
fog and rain,  
And chills and bills, we  
don't complain!  
We've heaps of friends,  
a quiet "rub"  
A pleasant dinner at the  
Club—  
True happiness we now  
regain,  
Once more at Home!

## RECIPROCITY.

EH? State support to Doctors? That seems fair enough; *Mene quid pro quo*, if reason rules the rate. One turn deserves another, and 'tis clear enough That Doctors are great *pillers* of the State!

THE SIGN "PISCES."—A  
"Mackerel Sky."





## NIL DESPERANDUM.

Tommy. "DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER GROW AS TALL AS YOU, MAJOR LONGLEY?"  
 The Major. "I HOPE NOT, TOMMY, FOR YOUR SAKE. INDEED, CONSIDERING ALL THINGS, I THINK IT VERY UNLIKELY!"  
 Effie. "OH, AS TO THAT, WE'VE NOT YET QUITE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF PAPA AND MAMMA STILL GROWING A LITTLE MORE!"

## THE BAFFLED ICEBERG.

## A LAY FOR THE HORSE-MARINES.

It was the good ship, *Heart's Content*,  
 That sailed the stormy sea;  
 And our Skipper had taken no instrument  
 To bear him companiee.

"For I," he said, "am a sailor born,  
 And tricks of the sea I know;  
 Your lubberly sextants I view with scorn,  
 Though the howling winds do blow."

So we sailed away to the Northern Sea,  
 My dear eyes! that ship *did* sail;  
 She went round and round, as it seemed to  
 me.

Like a dolphin chasing his tail.

And at last we came where the icebergs  
 frown'd,

And should have turned us back,  
 But the Captain swore that he knew the  
 ground.

And steered right into the pack.

We stuck there till we were short of prog,  
 And it came to shoes and boots;  
 With sticks of rum—that was frozen grog—  
 And we ate up our Sunday suits.

I may have been pampered when a boy,  
 But I don't consider a button,  
 With two square inches of corduroy,  
 A substitute for mutton.

Then we'd no handkerchiefs, which warn't  
 nice,

And you may well suppose  
 That even a slab of the purest ice  
 Is cold for a sailor's nose.

And the polar bears they seemed to say,  
 "We ain't in a bloomin' hurry;  
 A *salami* of sailors will come one day,  
 And likewise a bo'sun curry."

So we went to the Captain then, and said,  
 "On you we place reliance;  
 You ain't got much of a figure-head,  
 And you don't go in for science:

"But get us out of this awful mess,  
 Or we shall have to kill  
 And eat up your noble self." "I guess,  
 My boys," he said, "I will."

So he took the ship by the bow and stern—  
 For his strength was our Captain's pride—  
 And he hoisted her over the whole concern,  
 Right clean to the other side!

Thus the ship was saved, and I oft repeat  
 That I'll take my affidavit,  
 There's never a man who could do that feat,  
 In the whole of the British Navy.

And this is the tale I always tell,  
 Whenever my messmates bid,  
 For it makes a stranger cry out, "Well,  
 I'm jiggered!"—and shift his quid.

VEXED QUESTIONS.—Why *will* that boy  
 not bring my shaving-water?—Why *won't*  
 the Guv'nor raise my "screw" this quarter?  
 Why *is* that door continually shaken so?—  
 What *do* you mean by frizzling up my bacon  
 so? What *is* the use of trying to please  
 Missis?—Why *did* he go without the usual  
 kisses? Why *must* it rain on *this* day of all  
 others?—How *can* girls live in quiet with  
 such brothers?

## BON-VIVANT BALLADS.—No. I.

I CARE not whether you're the fry  
 Of herring, or a true fish,  
 Or if in thee experts desory  
 An ancient or a new fish.  
 I only swear a man could wish  
 No finer thing for sketching,  
 And you should figure, fairest fish,  
 In EVERSHED'S Thames etching.

On many an evening we know well  
 You crown the pleasant revel;  
 You're charming cooked *au naturel*  
 Delightful as a "devil."  
 You come in crowds upon the plate,  
 In glad conglomeration,  
 And aid sometimes the high debate  
 Of men who rule the nation.

You ask but little here below,  
 But plain brown bread in slices—  
 Well butter'd, lemon too we know,  
 And cayenne pepper, nice is.  
 Oh, winsome White Bait, dear thou art  
 When on the platter lying:  
 This tribute of a grateful heart  
 May recompense for frying!

VEXED QUESTIONS.—Why didn't I put it  
 on *Pope Joan* a bit?—Why *can't* he let that  
 bloomin' bell alone a bit? What *does* she  
 mean by being so dashed flirty?—Why *will*  
 Mamma not let me dance with BERTIE?  
 How *can* the Public like his jokes Joe  
 Millery?—Why *did* I drink that last half  
 pint of Sillery? How *could* I trust in that  
 Jew money-lender?—Why *did* I talk to her  
 in tones so tender?







MUSIC AT HOME. I.

LAMENTABLE RESULT OF INSISTING ON STRICT SILENCE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD MUSIC.

NOVEMBER.

A LONDON Fog, 'tis always here  
At this inclement time of year!  
When people hang themselves or drown,  
And Nature wears her blackest frown,  
While all the world is dull and drear.

All form and colour disappear  
Within this filthy atmosphere:  
'Tis sometimes yellow, sometimes brown,  
A London Fog!

It chokes our lungs, our heads feel queer,  
We cannot see, can scarcely hear:  
So when this murky pall drops down—  
Though dearly loving London town—  
We feel we cannot quite reverse  
A London Fog!

**VEXED QUESTIONS.**—Why must the ice break up just at the holidays?—Why should there come an ending to such jolly days? Why did that Editor reject my ballad?—How could I venture on that lobster-salad?



ACCOMMODATING.

Old Crossing-Sweeper. "CHRISTMAS BOX, YOUR 'ONOUR! I'M BLUE WID THE COULD!"  
Benevolent but Hermetically Buttoned-up Old Gent. "BU, MY GOO' CREASH'RE; HOW THE DOOGEE D'YOU S'POSE I'M—"  
Old C.-S. "AH, DO, SIR, AND I'LL SING YE A LITTLE SONG WHILE YOUR 'ONOUR'S UNDRESSIN'!"

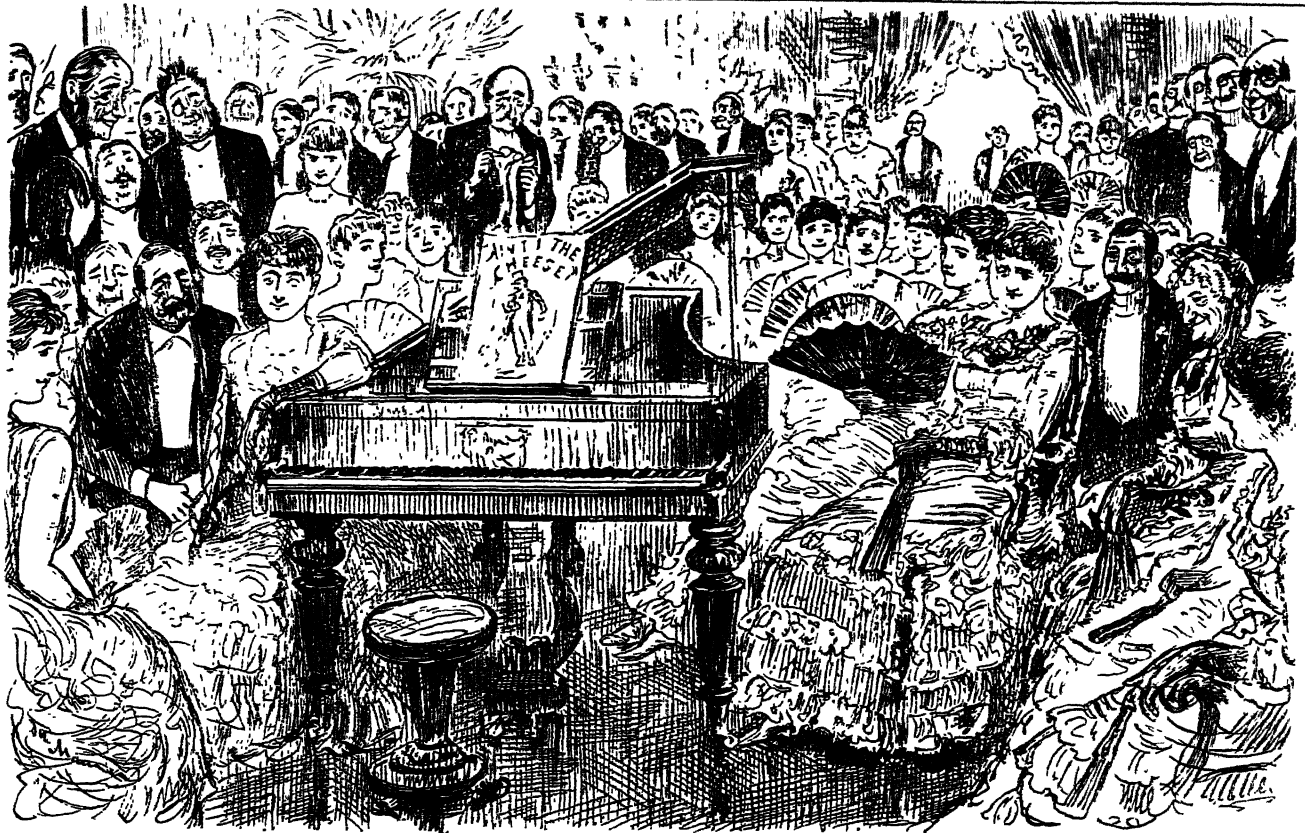
DECEMBER.

'NEATH Mistletoe, should chance arise,  
You may be happy if you're wise!  
Though bored you be with Pantomime  
And Christmas fare and Christmas rhyme—  
One fine old custom don't despise.

If you're a man of enterprise  
You'll find, I venture to surmise,  
'Tis pleasant then at Christmas-time  
'Neath Mistletoe!

You see they scarcely can disguise  
The sparkle of their pretty eyes:  
And no one thinks it is a crime,  
When goes the merry Christmas chime,  
A rare old rite to exercise  
'Neath Mistletoe!

**VEXED QUESTIONS.**—When will the stupid fellow pop the question?—Why did I listen to that tout's suggestion? How could they go and "sky" my "Dutch Girl Skating"?—Why did they give my novel such a "slating"?



## MUSIC AT HOME. II.

ASPECT OF THE MUSIC-ROOM AFTER THE GOOD MUSIC IS OVER, AND SOMEBODY HAS INTIMATED THAT SOMEONE OR OTHER IS GOING TO SING A COMIC SONG.

## THE SAGA OF THE SKATERMAN.



Down by the Serpentine,  
Found I the Skaterman—  
Found him a-wiping his  
Eyes with his ulster-sleeve,  
Eyes full of scalding tears,  
Red with much blubbering,  
Red was his nose likewise—  
Deeply I pitied him.

"Cheer up, O Skaterman!  
Never say die!" says I.  
"Cheer up, my hearty!"—so  
Tried I to comfort him,  
Slapping his back, whereby  
Coughed he like anything.  
Forth went my heart to him,  
Lent him my wipe, I did,  
Dried his poor nose and eyes,  
Sitting aside of him  
Holding his hand. [says,  
"Hark to the Skald!" I

"Tell him what's up with thee;  
Thor of the Hammer will  
Come to thine aid!"  
Then spake the Skaterman,  
Rumbling with muttered oaths  
Deep in his diaphragm,  
Grunbling at Thor:  
"Blow Thaw and Scald!" he  
cried;  
"Blow heverythink!" he cried,  
Salt tears a-rolling down  
Alongside his nose,  
"See these here 'Hacmes,' Sir,  
New from the Store they are,  
Never been used afore,  
Twelve-and-six thrown away!  
Friga the Frigid came,  
Friga, great Odin's wife,  
Bound up the river-gods,  
Laid out an icy floor  
Mete for the Skaterman.  
Then I began to hoard,  
Weekly and weekly hoard,  
All of my savings to  
Buy these here things—  
Came Thaw, the thunder-god,



Brake up the Ice-bound stream—  
Twelve-and-six thrown away,  
That's what's the matter, Sir—  
Thaw, he be blowed!"  
Then, with a wild shriek, he  
Upped with his knobby stick,  
Smote on the Acme steel,

Smote with a mighty stroke,  
Smote it and broke it up  
Into small flinderkins,  
Banged it and smashed it up  
Into smithereens.  
Shocked, then I left him there,  
Grunbling at Thor!

## "ROBERT" AT 'AMPTON COURT.

HAVING a little time to spare the other day, at Ampton, I looked in at the Pallace, and inquired of a werry hartistic looking Pleace-man how long it woud take me to ave a look at the Picturs, and he said he thort as how they might be done in about 10 minutes. So I did 'em. And the result as I cums to is, as Pictur Galleries is reg'lar staggerers! I hears sum people, as don't know no better, tork about the wickedness of London. Well I wonders what they'd say if some of the most howdacious of these picturs was put in a shop winder in Cheapside! Take Madame Wenus for instance, how she could ever have gone about without catching friteful bad colds and attracting the eyes of the Perlice, I can't understand. There sutenly is one thing as I admires in these imperent old Painters, they was wunderful truthful. If a poor Wenetian Gentleman, who had ewidently not been waxinated, wanted his pictur painted, they painted him accordin, and if one on 'em, like BASSANDCO, painted hisself, he sutenly didn't flatter hisself, for it's one of the werry huggliest faces as I ever seed. CHARLES THE 2ND must have married into a remarkable fine family, as I s'pose as all his Beauties was his Sister-in-Laws.

I never heard of St. William before, but there he is a taking off his armer, and jolly glad he seems to git out of it. Whether Queen ELIZBETH was a beauty without paint we none of us nose, but she sutenly wasn't a beauty with it, not even in her fansy dress and a fansy night-cap to match.

I didn't think nothink of the tapistrys, as they've ewidently bin sent to the wash and all the brite cullers washed out, but the Bed-steds was sumthink sublime. I don't suppose as nobody under a prince could ever git a wink of sleep in 'em.

ROBERT.

"TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE."—How so when an Agnostic makes an affirmation?

A "DEAD-SET."—Artificial Teeth.



BON-VIVANT BALLADS.—No. II.

THEY may class thee as they will among the genus *Potentilla*,  
My Strawberry! *Fragaria* more properly they'd say;  
They may talk of evolution and your proper distribution,  
Contrasting all your ancestors with what you are to-day.  
But to me it doesn't matter, all their wild botanic chatter,  
I care not what you were, so long as you are what you seem,  
And I know the height of Summer brings you here, its chiefest comer,  
I revel in abundance of fresh Strawberries-and-Cream.

When your praises thus I sang, "Go seek the more enticing Mango,"  
The Bombay Nabob murmur'd, but I wink'd my dexter eye:  
"Yes, at Bombay I would eat it, for I know 'tis very sweet; it  
Is absent, though, and happily the Strawberry is rich."

The ripe Strawberry that crushes like a maiden's rosy blushes,  
That crowns the richest banquet with a luxury supreme;  
The fair Strawberry that lingers as if loath to leave your fingers,  
'Till buried in the bosom of the soft seductive Cream.

There's a moral, maidens merry, in this fascinating berry,  
And in cream that circles round it, as you know to your delight,  
For the Strawberry's completeness comes from piquancy and sweetness,  
And Cream supplies the medium in which they both unite.  
So do you be sweet and *piquante*, and you soon will know that we can't  
Resist the combination, and, while wedding favours gleam,  
Let the bridegroom then endeavour to be smooth as Cream for ever—  
Thus marriage should resemble pleasant Strawberries-and-Cream.

ADVICE TO A SOLICITOR.—Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

WHIST. (Cut In by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



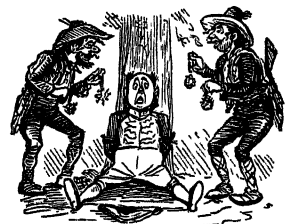
Pole, Cavendish, and Hoyle.



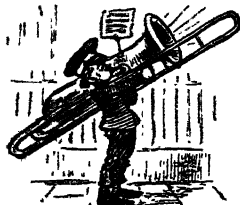
Cut for Deal.



A Rubber.



Honours Divided.



Playing a Trump.



Taking Dummy and Following Suit.



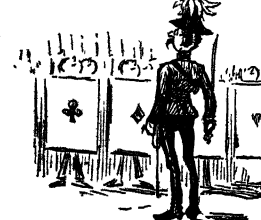
Returning the Lead.



Turn-up Card.



A Missed Eel.



Commanding Cards.



Game in Hand.



Discarding a Week's Soot.



BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

BREAK, break, break,  
O Slave, my crook-e-ry !  
And I would that my tongue dared utter  
The wrath that's astir in me.  
O well for the labourer's wife,  
Who can wash her own tea-things each day!  
And well for the labourer's self,  
Who has no servant's wages to pay!

But the breakages here go on,  
And I have to settle the bill ;  
And it's oh ! for the shards of my vanished  
cups,  
And my saucers dwindling still !  
Break ! break ! break !  
A week from this you shall flee.  
But the dishes and plates you have smashed  
since you came,  
Will never come back to me !

**TEXED QUESTIONS.**—Why *must* I go and slog at that swift "shooter"?—When *shall* I get an eligible suitor? Why *won't* he make it Scarborough this season?—Why *can't* the woman lend an ear to reason? How *could* he fancy I was really serious?—Why *must* all jolly grub be "deleterious"? Why *won't* you come home early, as I wish you?—How *did* I catch thith beathly cold—*ah! iss-hoo*?



## DEVELOPMENT OF MESMERIC SCIENCE.

THE FATAL MESMERIC DUEL IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, BETWEEN THE CHEVALIER LENOIR, OF PARIS, AND PROFESSOR SCHWARTZ, OF BERLIN.  
(Vide *Annals of Psychological Society* for 1884.)



JEAMES IN OLYMPUS.

No, MARY, 'tisn't faleness, nor it ain't despair nor drink  
Wich makes me shun your presinks, and prefer to sit and think.  
You're a werry good sort, MARY, and I never knowed you fail.  
Take a seat upon the coal-box, and I'll tell you a rum tale.

Them muffinks did lay evvy, and that clarsickle burlesk  
At the "Grig" was most golumphus, so serblime and picteresk,  
That, upon my solemn davy, I'd a feelink strong and odd.  
If I weren't a Henglish footman, I would be a Greshun God.

I am *not* a classick scholar, as to you may be bekown,  
Though I've read a bit of *Hovid*,—in translashun I must own.  
Which he ain't pertikler proper, but that seems to be a *tray*  
As perwades the Hupper Suckles in a general sort o' way.

Hupper Suckles! Oh, my MARY,  
not the nobbiest of the Squares  
Can perdooce a fashernable set as  
anyways compares  
With the little lot I dropt on in  
Holympus! 'Ow the dooce  
I *got* there I can't remember, so it  
ain't a mite o' use.

The place were slightly waprous,  
much like washing-day down  
here.  
And I found my solid twelve stum  
in this misty kind o' speer,  
A-standing on a cloud-bank, with  
these same substanshial feet,  
A-bowing werry low to the Holym-  
pian *helect*.

There was Joopeter—their Boss,  
dear—looking wastly high and  
big,  
With a 'ed of 'air as luxurious as a  
Lord Chancellor's wig;  
There was Jewno looking wixenish  
at Wenus, and Apoller,  
And—I'll not remunerate them,  
you'll learn more by what's to  
foller.

"By Jove!" I cries, permiskus.  
But a party standing there  
With a sort o' wing-tipped trun-  
cheon, sez, "Young man, you  
musn't swear."  
I sez, "Beg yer parding, Bobby!"  
Whereupon a general roar  
Of larfter showed I'd bin and put  
my foot in it once more.

So I lifts my 'ed up 'orty, for I  
never *could* stand charf,  
And there's nothink so upsets me  
as a hindiwidgious larf;  
And I sez, perlite, but hairy, and  
without a mite of hor,  
"Since my presinks seems amusink  
to your Washups, I'll withdror!"

O MARY, my emotion,—but no matter, I'll purceed,—  
Sech a sweet young thing comes forward,—*werry* forward, dear, indeed;  
Which her westure wasn't wintry, not by no means, and her look  
Was that arch-like and inwiting that my shoulder-knots quite shook.

And sez she, "A fellow-pheelink makes us kind, and I, like you,  
Am a sort of hupper servant. 'Ave a liquor-up?—Now *do*!"  
And she takes a rum-shaped goblet, and she puts it to my lips,  
And her 'and rests on my buzzum as the tumbler she up-tips.

Well, it couldn't be the liquor, for to tell the truth 'twas queer,  
A morkish kin' o' mixture, much like rum and ginger-beer;  
And if that's Holymplan Nectar, I can only say a chap  
In any London Pub. may find a prufferable tap.

But that 'and upon my weskit, and them eyes! I felt a blnsh  
Was a-flamink in my countenance as crimson as my plush.  
Now *don't* weep into the coal-box, my dear MARY, like that there;  
There's a lot more yet to foller, so do pray keep on your 'air.

Jove from his throne uprises, and he shouts, "By Sticks, it's JEAMES!  
Which to meet him in the flesh has been the fondest of my dreams."



Sticks his bolts up in a corner, like some bulging old umbreller,  
And sez he, "Are you a wotary of Turpschicory, old feller?"

"A dance, a dance, Immortals!" And, O MARY, in a twink,  
(No, I'm not romancing, MARY, nor I'm not the wus for drink)  
I was doing the fantastick in the puffed form, as *you* know,  
With Wenus for my partner, which my wiz-a-wiz was Jewno.

Ah! them Goddesses can foot it; but I think JEAMES 'eld his own,  
Wich with Wenus's back 'air about a feller's collar blown,  
And Apoller's what's-it tootling fetching strains to guide the rush,  
A chap as wasn't in it were unworthy of the plush.

"You have 'go,'" sez Afferadity,—that's 'er halias,—"Well," sez I,  
"You are pleased to be perlite, Mum. As for *you*, you reglar fly.  
Birds of a feather, ain't we?" "Right you are," sez she, "by Jingo,  
Tho' they do link doves with Wenus, while you're more like a flamingo."

"Ah!" sez Jewno, with a hogle  
at my plushes sleek and red,  
"I shall just cashier my peacock,  
and iake Mister JEAMES in-  
stead."

And they all larfed most rump-  
ageous, save a female with a owl,  
As surveyed the 'ole purceeding  
with a solemn sort of scowl.

Then more tippie and a waltz, dear,  
and my partner in the swing  
Was that sort of 'evenly barmaid,  
oh! the *chick*-est little thing,  
Which she said her name was  
E. B., and by times we'd waltzed  
a minnit,  
Jewno's nose was out of joint, and  
Afferadity wasn't in it.

Here, MARY, I will leave a sort of  
vacuum, if you please.

"Better than Wenus? Nonsense!"  
sez the wicked little tease.  
Then I flops upon a nubbly cloud,  
and sez, "Ho! 'ear me swear!  
Upon my plush, she's jest the sort  
for which I do not care."

"She's *passay*, offie *passay*, like a  
duchess as once took  
A *ponshong* for yours truly—which  
I left 'er to the dook.  
As I'll leave the blooming bilin'  
of the Goddesses for *you*,  
My E. B., sweet as early purl, and  
fresh as Mounting Dew."

'Ere I riz myself to kiss her, but  
whilst nearing hof 'er lips,  
A sort of misty somethink, like a  
stage-arrangement slips,  
And there was all the Holymplan  
lot, like himages, behind,  
Busting theirselves with larfter, in  
the which that E. B. jined!

O, I tried to rally, MARY, but it were *too* sharp a stroke,  
And so, slipping on a cloud, like, I head forward pitched and—woke,  
And found myself the wictim of a muffink-murdered sleep,  
With my 'ed upon the 'arth-rug, and my pillars in a 'eap.

And since that momink, MARY, like that chap, Enjimmyun,  
I 'ave bin a moonstruck party for whom life is woid of fun.  
Oh, E. B.! you're a vision of 'ot muffinks and cold sleep!  
If that coal-box ain't quite full, dear, I will jine you in a weep.

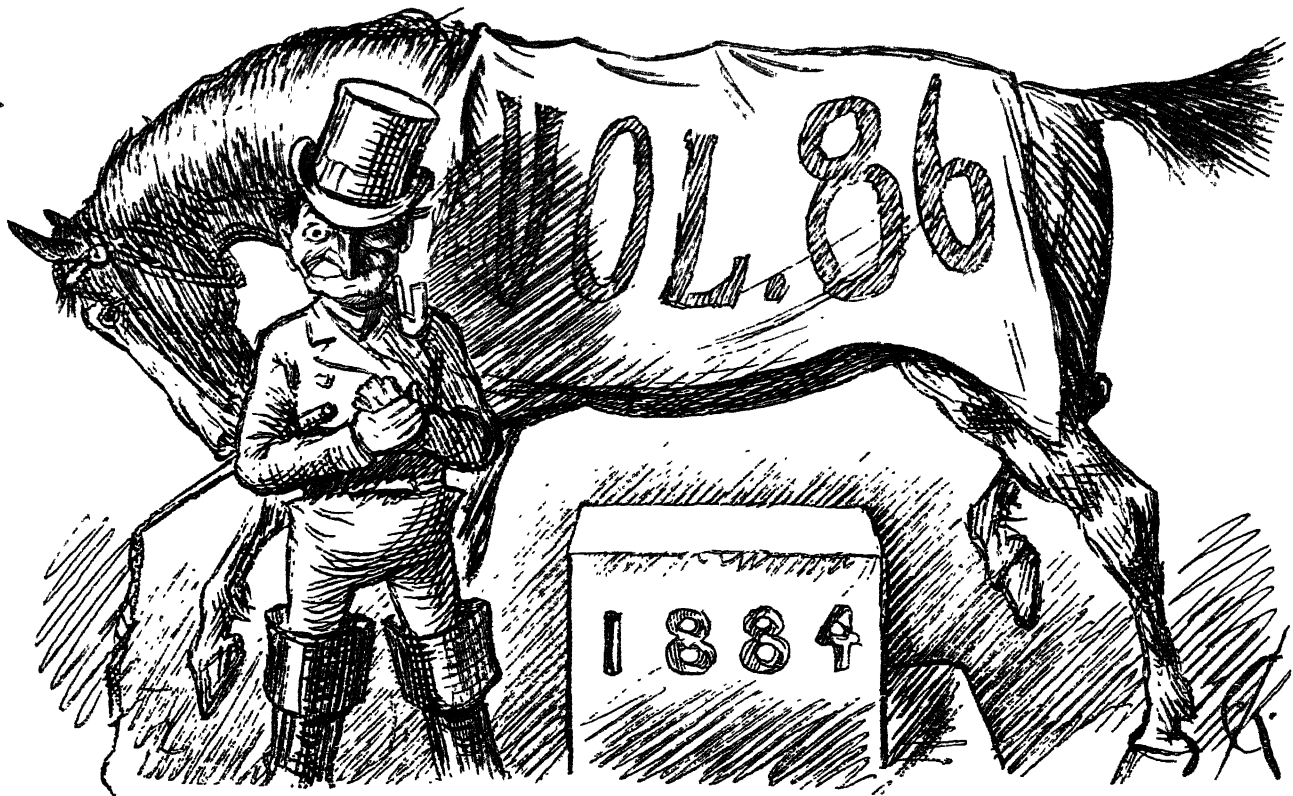
OVERHEARD AT A MEETING OF THE UP-IN-A-BALLOON SOCIETY.

'Arry. Wot's the difference between NELSON and that cove in the chair?

Charlie. Give it up, mate.

'Arry. Wy, NELSON was a nautical 'ero, and this chap's a 'ero nautical, to be sure.

BAD WEATHER FOR BUTCHERS. — Frozen meat imported from Australia. Cold and raw, but fresh and seasonable.



### ROBERT'S DEFENSE OF THE ALDERMEN.

I DON'T at all know what things is a comin to, or where things is a goin for to stop, but change and halteration seems to be the only things as is fixt and certain.

I went with my Son WILLIAM the other nite to a Lecter on Herstronermey, and there we was told, among other little trifles, that it was found as it woudn't pay to make a Railway to the Moon, as it woud take the "Flying Dutchman" hisself, and I don't spose as he ain't no light wait, nearly ten months to get there, and, at Parlementry Fare, woud cost about £1500 third class single. That wasn't bad to begin with. Then he sed as we was all a turning round at the rate of a thowsand miles a hour, and spinning round the Son at a thowsand miles a minnit! Well, this was quite enuff for me, and so I left right off. In course I don't serpose for a momint as he thort as we was sitch igerrant fools as to bleeve him, and yet with his black dress coat, and wite choker, and gray air, he lookt quite like a respectabel old Gentelman, in fac he lookt a good deal like a Butler or ewen an Ead Waiter, as woudn't deceede noboddy, unless praps it was on that verry open qeshun of '47 Port.

But the pint as strikes me is this, supposin as we are all a goin this pace at anythink like wot the Professor sed,—and Professers, I spose, does sumtimes speak the truth, like other peepel,—and are a turning round at sitch a whirlegig, no wunder as we are all gitting jest a leetle Dizzy. I need scarce say as I don't mean no Pollyticks.

Well, fust we has the shamfool slander of Dr. Tomson about Turtel Soup and its accompanymnts and its substetoots, but they all wanisht, like the mourning due, at the earm and disintrested statement of the "Ship and Turtel" hisself, and the unlearned and unexperienced Dr. had to epollygise for so hurting some of the finest feelings of our hungry natur. As if that wasn't bad enuff, I acshally seed last week, in one of our leading streets, a common sandwich feller with one bored on his back, and another on his front, stating that Reel Turtel Soup could be had at 2s. a basin!

Grayshus Evans, what next? as if any gentelman, let alone a Alderman, could heat reel turtel soup out of a Basin! The werry idear suggests thorts of the useful Steward. In course he woud drink his delicate accompanying Punch out of a pewter pot!

How one step down leads up to another!

I acshally saw the nex day the Chairman of the City Sewers—not of coarse the Sewing Machiners—a persition, one woud think, enuff to gratify the hambition of the aspiringest C.C. or M.P., a drinking of Sherry with his Turtel!

And now cums the wust of all. A Mr. CORNEY GRANT, a Lawyer,

has bin a calomelating the court of Aldermen to such a extent as I coud never even a dremt of, ewen after an heavy supper of Stakes and Stout. He has the ordassity to say as they gits into sich a state of mops and brooms as woud disgrace a dustman, and he apeals to his perfeshnal egспериense to justify his unfair charges. His perfeshnal egспериense! What is it compared to mine? He is, it seams, a mere reporter, whose dooty is to use his long ears. I am an Hed Waiter, whose dooty it is to use his eyes. Then witch is the best judge of undue elevation, eyes or ears? And ewen supposin as such a accident was to appen as for a gentelman to suddnly find as the strawberrys has disagreed with him, whose elp does he require? The thing's too ridicklus to argyfy. I have had now nearly 20 years' egспериense as a Waiter, and 10 years' resposnibility as a Hed 'un, so I spose as I ort to know more than a mere City-School-Boy, which he was! and I can say most truthfully as I never in all my long perfeshnal career helped to carry out eather a Alderman or ewen a Common Councilman, but my serwices was wunce requierd in sum such delicate way, but it was not for a Corporationer or for a Livryman. No, it was for sumboddy werry diffrent from ether. He was a reel live Hem Pea! who soon after was sent abroad to guvvern a Collony, and I never herd as his one little hact of forgetfulness ewer made him a wuss Guvnor than if he had gone about all his life with the wites of his eyes turned up at the depravity of the hage. My egспериense of life tells me as there's many wuss things in this wicked world, as I'm told it is, but don't beleave it, than a glass or two of good old wine. Of course, like ewery other good thing, it may be abused.

There's quite as much arm done by heating in a hot room, as by drinking, and more too, to my mind.

A fine witty affable generus Gentelman may sumtimes take praps jest one glass of wine more than offishus reason woud dictate, but he never stuffs hisself full like a biled Turkey. He leaves that sort of temperance to a rayther uncertain class of perfeshnals, and to Tea'totalers, who are suddnly not total abstainers as regards Wittles, but whose wonderful apytights is a caution to all us Waiters.

No, No, No. There are plenty of charges, no dout, as mite be made, and made troothfully, against Aldermen and Common Conselman, for, of course, ewen them are men like the rest on us, but jolly good spessimens as far as I sees and hears, but such charges as them as was made the other day by Mr. CORNEY GRANT,—who I allus thort was a Comic Singer at Mr. GERMAN REED's, up at Regent Street, and not a sollem Tea-Totalling Lecterer at Ipswich—is far too silly, and too unlikely, and too imposserbel to ewer have ocured without its ewer having retched ether my eyes or my ears, witch it never did.

ROBERT.



### LOVER-SCRUPULOUS.

"MY HUSBAND IS VICAR OF ST. BONIFACE—BUT I DON'T ATTEND HIS CHURCH."

"INDEED! HOW IS THAT?"

"THE FACT IS, I—I DON'T APPROVE OF MARRIED CLERGYMEN!"

### UNHACKNEYED YULE; OR, YULE-TIDE GUSH.

EVEN *his* mighty intellect oppressed, and *his* usually irrepressible high spirits saddened, by reading *all the Christmas articles* in every one of the newspapers, *Mr. Punch* would seriously suggest, and has actually invented, a "New Game for Journalists." The sole object of the inventor is to produce a novel and really readable column of printed matter for next Christmas. Here are the rules:—

1. No allusions whatever to be made to DICKENS'S *Christmas Chimes*, to WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Old Christmas*, or to the Grave-digger who punched the little boy's head for whistling on Christmas Day.
2. Anybody who uses the words "Yule-tide," or "Yule-log," is immediately out of the game.
3. No references permitted to the Druids, or the Roman Saturnalia.
4. No paragraphs to begin with "A Merry Christmas! And why not a Merry Christmas? Is it not far better to be merry than to be, &c., &c.?" or with "To-day the bells from many a tower and steeple ring in the season of Good-will, of Merriment, of, &c., &c."
5. Nobody to mention plum-pudding. Turkeys only to be used with a good deal of fresh stuffing.
6. Any words expressive of the slightest tolerance for "Waits" subject the Player to a heavy forfeit.
7. Players to take for granted that the public is already acquainted with the uses of Holly and Mistletoe as decorative agents, and these, therefore, are not to be mentioned at all.
8. No Scandinavian "lore" about Mistletoe to be trotted out on any pretence.
9. Feelings of gushing benevolence to the poor (on paper) to be sternly repressed.
10. Articles to be as short as possible.
11. If possible, no articles at all to be written.

By an attention to the foregoing rules, newspaper writers may really hope to produce something quite new and original *à propos* of what they generally call "the sacred season," and *Mr. Punch* himself may be able to look forward in 1884 to a comparatively "Merry Christmas."

### THE NEW YEAR.

A NEW Year! Turn another page,  
Life's ledger haply needs fresh ruling.  
How fares it with us since the age  
When we were first set free from school-  
ing?

Call back from out the spectral past  
Remembrance of the vanished faces,  
That peopled hours too bright to last,  
In years that fled with lightning paces.

How strange it is in later days  
To think on dead youth's lost illusion;  
The world seemed fair then to our gaze,  
And not all chaos and confusion.  
We had beliefs,—where are they now?  
We loved,—where are the loves we  
cherished?

O high resolve and steadfast vow,  
How came it that so soon you perished?

Where are the comrades of old time,  
Who swore to scale the heights of glory,  
And win with us in prose or rhyme  
A name in unforgotten story?  
They're not such famous men to-day,  
While we o'er laurels hardly may crow,  
Ah well, 'twere courteous to say,  
'Tis "*Carent quia vate sacro.*"

Contrast those halcyon days with these,  
Then bowed we to the smiles of beauty,  
Then pleasure had the power to please,  
And friendship seemed the dearest duty.  
Now pleasure's like the treadmill's wheel,  
The fire of friendship waxes duller,  
And beauty somehow seems to steal  
From Art, what once was Nature's colour.

And mark the aspects of the age,  
In truth no pleasant panorama,  
Here wanton children take the stage,  
There runs the blood-and-thunder drama.  
A time of sham æsthetic tastes,  
Life's riddle pales before acrostics,  
And girls with suicidal waists  
Will pose as drawing-room agnostics.

Existence bores us—shameful word,  
With all that life can spread before us;  
Now earnestness is held absurd,  
And 'tis our sapless souls that bore us.  
"Lycoris life requires an art,"  
So wrote the pensive Bard of Rydal;  
And ours is, moulding on the mart  
One deity, a golden idol.

So close the book, the past is dead,  
Or if we write upon its pages,  
As on a palimpsest be read,  
A nobler record for the ages.  
Life's lessons have been dearly bought,  
And good and evil masters claim us,  
Yet surely all the Past has taught  
But little if the Future shame us.

### The Pill's Progress.

To believe that mere pills Will cure all  
human ills, Is hard, save those *very* strong  
in the "swallow" way; Yet *ungullible* wit,  
In this case, must admit That the true way  
to wealth—if not health—was a HOLLOWAY!

EXTRAORDINARY MEAT-TEA-ORIC PHENOMENON.—Dr. FRASER's article in the *Edinburgh Chirurgical and Pathological Journal*, condemning Meat Teas.

SUMMARY.—*Benjamin to Grant*. "You've got no ground to go upon, because I've sold it."

THE BEST FLOWER FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.—The Laughing Stock.



### TEMPUS FUGIT: OR, TIME GOING IT FASTER THAN EVER!

A TRUE STORY.—On Christmas Eve a well-known Low Comedian of philanthropic tendencies gave a tea-party to one hundred poor children. In order to ensure the absence of uninvited guests, a trusty Cerberus was placed at the door to verify credentials. Presently there arrived a youth of some seven Christmases, who was unknown to the watchdog. The following conversation then ensued:—  
 Q. "What's your name, my little fellow?" A. "Tommy."  
 Q. "What's your surname?" A. "Dunno." Q. "What's your father's name?" A. "Dunno." Q. "Well, what does your mother call your father?" A. (promptly). "A drunken beast!"  
 Placed at the head of the table.

OVERHEARD outside the Lark Club on the night of a police foray:—"Deuced hard lines, wasn't it, dear old Chappie, that we couldn't finish the game?" "I believe you, dear Boy; but the hardest lines of all were that *you* had my ready-money sovereign, and I've got several monkey'sworth of I.O.U.'s. Toss you double or quits!"

A SECRET Society of Grocers' Men, formed for the purpose of robbing employers, has been discovered in New York. We hear nothing of the Secret Society of Grocers, formed for robbing the public. Wooden nutmegs could *not* have been an American invention.



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

*About Other People's Business.* 1. To Mr. Frederick Vokes, about Drury Lane Pantomime. 2. To Miss Anderson, about the Gaiety. 3. To Mr. Charles Harris, about Her Majesty's Pantomime.

## 1. To Mr. Frederick Vokes.

MY DEAR VOKES,

DON'T be anxious. Drury Lane's all right. First-rate Pantomime, hardly ever seen a better, except *Aladdin*, in which you and your sisters (hope they are all in the best of spirits) took part,—took prominent parts, I should say. Sorry that on account of your professional engagements elsewhere, you were unable to "meet me at the Lane when the clock struck nine," or rather earlier; but I was there, and hasten to give you the first and the best intelligence. Your big heart will go out to AUGUSTUS HARRIS, as WILSON BARRETT's does every night to ALMIDA EASTLAKE, and you will rejoice with AUGUSTUS, I know, when you hear that *Cinderella* is a Big Success. It is emphatically and pre-eminently what, as you and your sisters have often said, a Pantomime ought to be—that is, a Children's Pantomime—popular story simply and dramatically told, full of movement, resplendent with glitter, with a sufficient spicing of that broad humour and practical fun without which a mere spectacular Pantomime is only a splendid failure.

I trembled, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, before the Curtain went up after a rattling overture, "personally conducted,"—as might be

said of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN on the exceptional nights (he is himself an exceptional Knight) when he wields the *bâton* at the Savoy,—by Mr. OSCAR BARRETT,—"not 'CLAUDIAN' but another,"—lest there should be no Big Heads. On they came, a whole family of 'em, with strong family resemblance, all looking better than ever, so stolidly idiotic, and with such beautiful complexions, that I could not resist applauding them heartily, and, had I known they were coming, I would have showered upon them the choicest bouquets. From the moment I saw these Big Heads, I felt the success of the Pantomime was assured.



A FITTING OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Aug. Harris trying it on at Drury Lane with *Cinderella*—and most successfully.

I saw the Author, Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, enter the Stalls and courteously decline to purchase his own book, which was offered to him by one of the neatly-attired Chambermaids, who only want a bed-room candlestick in their hands to complete the illusion, and I expressed to him (in pantomime of course, as he uses no other means of communication), that the Big Heads had done the trick, and that *Cinderella* was already a triumph.

The opening scene set every one applauding heartily, and the indefatigable spirit of Miss VICTOR and Mr. HARRY PARKER, as the *Baroness* and *Baron Filletteville*, was of the greatest service to the general "go," both here and throughout the entire Pantomime. It is just the very sort of Pantomime you and your family like, my dear VOKES, as the fun is not confined to two or three people, but there's something for everybody, and not a moment's cessation of music, not a single pause in business or dialogue throughout. Fond as you are of your joke, and a capital one it was when you first made it, you and your family (may they live long and prosper!) would be the last persons to act on the principle of *Vokes et prætere nil*.

The proud and cruel sisters are always played by men, and this year their representatives are Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, who act together well on the give-and-take principle—the former, however, keeping, as he generally does, the greater part of the fun to himself. You, my dear VOKES, would perhaps be rather irritated by this quiet humour, as you like an Actor to face the audience and to speak his lines well out. I quite agree with you; but for all this Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS is very funny.

*Cinderella* herself is played by Miss KATE VAUGHAN, who looks charming, and is elegance, grace, agility, and dramatic caper-bility combined. Her dancing is perfect of its kind; but she is so clearly of opinion that the Public ought to be contented with what she has been giving them for the last six or seven years, that she does not care about doing anything new in the dancing line, and I am sure, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, you would be the first to tell her that

the constant repetition of the same dance, the same action, and the same fun, palls upon the public after a few years of it. Your motto, and that of your talented family, is "Keep moving!" Mention this to Miss KATE VAUGHAN, will you, if you have the hoppy-tunity?

But there it is. The more you give me,—I represent the Public, I believe,—the more I want; and if I have exquisite dancing by Mlle. PALLADINO, lines well and clearly spoken by Miss VICTOR and Mr. PARKER (by the way, no one says her lines better than Miss VAUGHAN—when there's a chance of getting 'em out, and attended to, either on or off the stage on Boxing Night), and not only metrical lines properly delivered, but also good songs artistically sung by Miss KATE SULLIVAN, is it not greedy of me, I ask myself, am I not a Gorgibuster to demand that all these qualifications should be united in Miss VAUGHAN, who is an ideal children's *Cinderella*,—and this is a great point, as you and Miss VICTORIA are perfectly right in always showing a child's heroine just as a child would expect her to be,—but she is so clearly out of the rough and tumble of the comic business, and has not a place among the fairies, and only one situation which exactly suits her—when she is gathering sticks in the wood and comes across the bridge and across the Prince at the same moment. This last is a charming idyllic bit—only a bit: just enough, and no more,—and the bundle of faggots Miss VAUGHAN carries are the only sticks in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

*A propos* of sticks reminds me of hitches, and how you would have sympathised with the Stage Manager—when one of the ponies "specially imported and trained," says the playbill, "for this Pantomime," showed how his nasty temper had been imported with him, and how not all the training, nor all the fairies in the world could make him move if he didn't feel so inclined. If he does this again, (the island this pony comes from can't be Shetland, it must be "Gib") *Cinderella* should get out of her carriage and sing, "If I had a pony what wouldn't go!"—but, oh, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, what a lot of "ponies" do go in getting up a Christmas Pantomime! You and Mr. LEADER, both together representing a "Volks-Lieder" entertainment, know that a Pantomime is not to be got up for a mere song.

But you will be anxious to know what is the Great Effect of the Drury Lane Pantomime? Well, it is the Grand Procession of Fairy Tales, which includes the Knights, in full panoply, dancing attendance on the Seven Champions, and the entire Band of the Forty Thieves safe and sound, and not "done in oil" by *Morgiana*, blazing away in Oriental armour. Such a picture, full of the most varied costumes, alive with giants with famous big heads, dwarfs with wonderfully-designed masks, champions, kings, queens, pages, courtiers, &c., &c., I do not fancy that even you, my dear VOKES, with all your vast experience, will remember having seen for some considerable time.

All the Fairy Tales came on in excellent order, every set complete except one, and that was *Aladdin's* lot, which would have been perfect but for the regretted absence of *Abanazar* the Magician, with the tray of Lamps. I saw him arrive afterwards, and try to sneak in, as if he belonged to the party of one of the Seven Champions of Christendom; but they wouldn't have him at any price, and the unpunctual Magician was hustled off the top of the steps, and shoved away somewhere at the back, whence he never subsequently emerged. It will teach that Magician to be in time another night.

This being the climax, (they ought to get to the transformation scene as soon as possible; but they didn't on Boxing Night; and I am sure that, were you behind the scenes here, you would have the "business" in the Black Castle scene cut down to just as much as might serve for the arrangement of Mr. W. R. BEVERLEY's *Home of Light and Love*, which, considered by itself, and quite apart from the Pantomime story, is one of the most effective and most artistic spectacular *tableaux* that even he has ever done.

Then, after we had said good-bye to all the characters (*Cinderella* herself has almost disappeared since the Kitchen scene), there was a lot of dancing by nobodies—or rather, by able-bodies—and by Mlle. PALLADINO, and then, when this was all over, and the groups were all formed, and when the Cupids had all scrambled into their places, and members of the Guards' band, or of the orchestra, dressed like Druids (why Druids at the end of *Cinderella*?), blowing, not



Mr. Herbert Campbell and Miss Dot Mario, illustrating—Dot and carry one.

their own trumpet, but Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's, for this occasion made and provided, sounding as shrill as those in *Aida*, and, after a sort of Eden-Théâtre effect had been reproduced (but not quite it) from a wonderful ballet which, no doubt, you saw in Paris—I mean *Excelsior*—then, my dear FRED. VOKES, it would have done your honest heart good to have heard the vociferous cheers for "HARRIS! HARRIS!" And the thought flashed across me at the moment: Suppose some wag in the guise of *Sairy Gump* should suddenly quote that worthy old lady's remark, and shout out, "I don't believe there ain't no sich person"—why, if this had happened he would have then and there been confronted by the astounding fact of not one HARRIS stepping before the Curtain and answering to the clamorous call, but two—*Les deux Ajax*!—two HARRISES in the field, both having worked at getting up this splendid Pantomime; for is it not in the bill that "AUGUSTUS HARRIS" was "assisted by CHARLES HARRIS"? And would you, my dear VOKES, (how well I know your generous instincts!) would you, I say, have found a dry corner in your eye when the Elder Brother, AUGUSTUS, stretched out his fraternal arm and dragged forth from his lurking place, somewhere in the vicinity of the Prompter's box, the modest, shrinking, retiring form of his own Brother, the real "CHARLES, his friend"?

Yes, my dear FREDERICK VOKES, I am not ashamed to say it, there were many hearts in Old Drury that night that were deeply affected by this touching sight. There were noses blown, and pocket-handkerchiefs used, and *lorgnettes* put up, and the old soldier (who was he, think you, *mon cher VOKES*?) wiped away a tear, and, stifling his emotion, shouted and hurra'd with the best of 'em. I would you had been there! But legs or no legs, you cannot be everywhere, and as you are now singing "How happy could I be with LEADER," I must come and see your show at Her Majesty's, and with best wishes for the New Year to you and your family,

I am yours sincerely, NIBBS.

## 2. To Miss Mary Anderson.

MY DEAR MISS ANDERSON,

I regret that you were unable to be present at Drury Lane on Boxing Day, as you would then have seen what a real mixed London audience is like, from the Peer of St. James's in a private

Box, up to the Prig of St. Giles's in the Upper Gallery. And then to see them all standing up to hear the National Anthem, and to cheer it enthusiastically without a dissentient voice this year at the finish! We are not too go-a-head a people as you are aware, and our constitution will have to undergo a very radical change ere we become impatient of "*God Save the Queen*," and don't care for a really good Pantomime, and cease to enjoy a hearty laugh at any genuinely comic representations of our public characters, whose popularity or unpopularity is the measure of our enjoyment of their caricatures. You've made a hit, my dear Miss MARY ANDERSON, and are just now deservedly a favourite, and especially, I may add, and lay stress on the fact because of its rarity,



Galatea and Pygmalion in *Statu Quo*; or, A Chip of the Old Block.

with your own sex, who admire you as an Artiste, respect you as a Lady, and are eager to welcome you as a guest from America.

If, then, you hear that across the road at the Gaiety Theatre, *Galatea and Pygmalion* ("re-versed," the wags, Messrs. STEPHENS and WAREHAM have it, you'll observe, for it is in rhyme, as were the old French tragedies and comedies) is being received nightly with roars of laughter, don't you suppose that you are the object of their mirth. Very much the contrary. There's nothing about you in the short burlesque at the Gaiety, which has no more to do with the eccentric modern comedy in classic dress—almost a burlesque in itself from the very nature of the case—in which you play the statue and walk the boards "like a thing of life" than it has with the French *Opéra-Bouffe* (taken, I believe, from the German) on the same subject, which was a stock-piece in Paris long before Mr. GILBERT gave his amusing twist to the legend.

At the Gaiety Miss ELLEN FARREN is *Galatea* the Sculptress, who

has fashioned but not finished the statue of *Pygmalion*, which is suddenly vivified by the Gods in the Gallery, to whom *Galatea* appeals. *Galatea* is not dressed a bit like your *Galatea* (which I think is a mistake, as the Sculptress looks more like a boy than a girl,—but this kind of costume has become a tradition at the Gaiety, where the Ladies prefer being "boys"), nor are you in any way caricatured, though of course you might have been, and pretty broadly, too, in the good old palmy days of Burlesque, when WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD, at the Adelphi, dressed up as *Adalgisa* and *Norma*, the latter with a wreath of turnips and carrots round his head, and Miss WOOLGAR was the *Pollio*,—or when ROBSON caricatured RISTORI as *Medea*, and men in petticoats were almost as common a sight on the Stage as were the youths who played the heroines in SHAKESPEARE'S time.

A lot of girls are dressed as statues, and there's a chorus of them, and a chorus of visitors to *Galatea's* studio; and after a song or two,—the tunes are very good—and a very grotesque dance by Mr. ELTON and Miss FARREN, we get to the real fun of the fair, which is Mr. TERRY made up as a statue; but not as you,—though, for the boisterous fun of the thing, I wish he had been,—and wouldn't all the Critics have been down on the unfortunate Author had he ventured on treatment which would have been a matter of course years ago, but which would now only be reprobated as a matter of coarse treatment. Mr. TERRY is very funny in this, which it is the more difficult for him to be, as he has been very funny in *The Rocket* previously.

I hope you are getting some amusement. Go and see Mr. PINERO'S new Comedy when it comes out at the Globe, on the withdrawal of *The Glass of Fashion*—which is now going for a theatrical tour in India, where Mr. GRUNDY won't find it's so hot as the Critics tried to make it for him here on its first appearance. Mr. PINERO will then have three pieces running simultaneously at three different theatres! Isn't it wonderful! I am informed that Mr. FRANK GREEN, the Author of the Pantomime at Her Majesty's, has thirteen Pantomimes running at thirteen different theatres. Reckon this at five thousand for each Pantomime, and ask Mr. GILBERT, when you're rehearsing *Tragedy and Comedy*, if that isn't good business for one year. Wishing you a very happy New Year, I sign myself Your hearty Admirer,

NIBBS.

## 3. To Mr. Charles Harris, Dr. Augustus Harris's Assistant.

MY DEAR MR. CHARLES HARRIS,

As you can't get away from Drury Lane Stage, I write this to tell you about the "old-fashioned" Pantomime at Her Majesty's. You'd be immensely pleased with the Dance of Children all round Miss JESSIE VOKES, and with the Fat Boys' Chorus, quite a gem of melody and humour, and you'd applaud with all your might and



The Vokes Family, "With Powers to add to their number."

main the admirable drilling which Mr. LEVEY, the Conductor—(Do you know Mr. LEVEY, the Conductor? If not, you ought to)—has given these little ones. Then the mechanical change from the Snow-covered Market-place to Summer Fairy Bowers, I assure you, is so perfectly managed, and so admirably contrived and neatly carried out, that, had there been time, I could have sent a cab to Drury Lane in order that you might have galloped round, and seen this excellent mechanical effect for yourself. Then the Hut Scene, with the old Grandmother and the sensational fight! How pleased your dear brother AUGUSTUS—(pray remember me to him!)—would have been, for I assure you it is almost the real thing.

I haven't the pleasure of Mr. HARRY PAYNE'S acquaintance, but do tell him that he would be charmed with the Harlequinade at Her Majesty's, where there is such a pretty Harlequina (I don't like Harlequins as a rule), and a very attractive Columbine. I'm certain that, if you could see the Transformation Scene, you would be as pleased as if it had been at your own place. If you've never seen the VOKES dance all together, you ought not to miss it. Of course, you are a thorough Musician among other accomplishments, so do ask Mr. OSCAR BARRETT, your Conductor, to inquire of Mr. LEVEY of Her Majesty's if he isn't enraptured with the melodious operatic *finale* of one of the scenes, and ask (Mrs. NIBBS particularly wants to know), if Miss VICTORIA VOKES, the Vokes-alist, is Mr. LEVEY'S prize pupil. Ah! my dear Mr. CHARLES, you have a great treat in store for you.

Yours admirably,

NIBBS.



### DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE SKETCHER.

*Distinguished Amateur (modestly displaying results of his afternoon's leisure), "YOU MUST BEAR IN MIND THEY WERE ALL DONE VERY RAPIDLY. I DON'T SUPPOSE I GAVE MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES TO EACH!"*  
*Mr. Snarle. "OH, THAT'S NO EXCUSE!"*

### THE YOUNG KING.

("LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!")

"THE King is dead!" men shout,  
 "Long live the King!"  
 The Old Year passeth out,  
 The New they bring,  
 Whose welcome, all about,  
 The mad bells ring.

Requiem and welcome sound  
 In one wild peal.  
 Our old World's way! Who's found  
 To memory leal?  
 The Young King comes! Around  
 The Courtiers kneel!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!  
 Mixed gifts you brought,  
 Like all your dynasty.  
 Knaves schemed, fools tought,  
 And honest souls hoped high,  
 And bravely wrought.

Some better, many worse,  
 Memory may pick;  
 Howe'er our heart, or purse,  
 We'll not be quick  
 To speed you with a curse,  
 Or with a kick.

Young Year, your garb is brave  
 For such a boy.

*Punch*, who is not Time's slave,  
 Tricked by each toy,  
 Hopes you good hours may have,  
 Wishes you joy.

You'll find no end to do,  
 Have lots of troubles,  
 Tracking with devious clue  
 Fate's winds and doubles,  
 Meet monsters not a few,  
 Prick many bubbles.

Some who acclaim you now  
 May chide anon,  
 Wish wrested from your brow  
 The crown you don,  
 Charge you with broken vow,  
 Bid you begone.

The courtier-soul, you see,  
 Is fashioned so;  
 It hinged to Eighty-Three,  
 Twelve moons ago;  
 Will shout with equal glee  
 When you're laid low.

We too hail the new King,  
 As oft of yore;  
 But floutings will not fling  
 Through yon dim door,  
 To swell your welcoming,  
 Young Eighty-Four!

### NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

CARDS with the following mottoes are said to have been delivered to the following eminent personages:—

<i>Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone</i>	"Onward the path of Empire axes its way."
<i>Sir Charles Dilke</i>	"I have been east of Temple Bar."
<i>Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain</i>	"New Brums sweep clean."
<i>The Editor of "Truth"</i>	"Let well alone."
<i>The Editor of the "World"</i>	"Laudator temporis acti."
<i>The Editor of the "Times"</i>	"Tempora mutantur."
<i>The Poet Laureate</i>	"Honours, barren honours."
<i>Mr. Martin Tupper</i>	"Sic vos non nobis."
<i>Mr. Parnell</i>	"A little check."
<i>Sir Stafford Northcote</i>	"Pour y parvenir."
<i>Marquis of Salisbury</i>	"Eothen."
<i>Duke of Bedford</i>	"Mud sticks."
<i>Mr. John Hollingshead</i>	"All have their bricked-up exits."
<i>Mr. Wilson Barrett</i>	"Where there's a WILLS there's a play."
<i>Lord Randolph Churchill</i>	"Leader and this One."
<i>Mr. O'Donovan Rossa</i>	"The Pen is dynamitier than the Sword."
<i>Lord George Hamilton, M.P.</i>	"That's where the screw pinches."
<i>Mr. Augustus Harris</i>	"De Gus-tibus non est disputandum."
<i>Lord Rossmore</i>	"Derry, down Derry."
<i>Mr. Henry Irving</i>	"Chink! Chink! that's how The Bells go."
<i>Count F. de Lesseps</i>	"Blague and blague hard for ever!"
<i>Mr. Richard Bell</i>	"The LAWS in my own hands."
<i>Lord Charles Beresford</i>	"His heart was true to Pol-itics."
<i>Lord Garmoye</i>	"My forte is cue."
<i>The Postmaster General</i>	"From pillar to Parcels Post."
<i>Marquis Tseng</i>	"No piece of Territory at any price."

A FITTING SEQUEL TO THE DERBY PRESENTATION TO THE PREMIER.—A set of Chelsea for Sir CHARLES DILKE.



LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!"







### "CUISINE."

*Mistress.* "SUSAN, WE'RE THINKING OF HAVING A PIG'S HEAD BOILED FOR DINNER. YOU UNDERSTAND IT, I SUPPOSE!"

*Cook.* "OH NO, M'UM. I TOLD YOU BEFORE I CAME I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND GAME!"

### THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

#### PART X.—THE FESTIVE SEASON AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

It is seldom that a dinner celebrating a family gathering, held between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night, passes without someone or other insisting upon making a speech.

Very often the address is commendably short. It may be that a needy connection rises merely to propose the health of all his rich relatives. Then the speaker is satisfied with a pointed allusion to the duties of property and the honest pride of the deserving poor. On another occasion a garrulous and tactless uncle insists upon "saying a few words," avowedly in honour of his host, but really to hat host's utter confusion. As giver of the feast, the host is naturally well-to-do, and wishes it to be believed that his fortunes have never been other than *coulour de rose*. But this view does not commend itself favourably to the mind of the garrulous and tactless uncle, who, having a retentive memory, can consequently unluckily remember the days when the gentleman at the head of the table was the forced companion of the "man in possession" of the house. This little incident in an otherwise fairly prosperous career, the garrulous and tactless uncle takes care to relate, to the intense confusion of the hero of the story. The "incident" is the more painful, as a solitary member of the home circle is singled out for disagreeable identification. If the whole of the family were "in the same boat," no one could claim an advantage, and justice would be appeased. Moreover, the most distressing feature of these Christmas and New Year gatherings is the want of honesty that characterises them. Nine times out of ten, jealousy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are all there, and yet unacknowledged because concealed under a thin veil of sham geniality. Surely, in the cause of truth it would be well to tear that veil aside, and permit the rarely-united family to see its members in their real characters. This might be easily accomplished by a carefully-constructed speech delivered with a view to bringing any little grievance and scandal to the surface of the after-dinner talk, so that they might be ventilated. To explain more fully this suggestion, a dramatic illustration is subjoined:—

SCENE—Interior of the Dining-Room of the Most Prosperous Member of the Family. Holly and Mistletoe everywhere. An excellent but indigestible Dinner has just been consumed, and the Home Circle, consisting of individuals ranging in age from seven to seventy, are seated round the hospitable board, wearing on their heads the paper contents of numerous *cosaque bonbons*. A dead silence, and then Candid Friend rises, with the intention of proposing a toast. Embarrassing pause.

*Candid Friend.* I am sorry that you cannot give me a heartier reception, but not surprised, for I know you all! And knowing you all, I tell you that if there is one thing in the world you cannot tolerate, it is the truth. (*Murmurs.*) Oh, you may grumble, but for all that I am right. I hate humbug; so let's have it out. To commence: Who were your host and hostess twenty years ago? (*Cheers.*) Were they the heads of the family then? ("No, no!") And does it not look very much like presumption that they should be condescending—(ha! ha!—condescending!)—to feast their betters—(thunders of applause)—in a house much too good for them—(renewed cheering)—which must bring them shortly into bankruptcy? ("Yes, yes!") They may say, and, in fact, do say—very frequently—that they have been very generous to a certain member of the family—

*Elderly Female (interposing angrily).* I insist upon this matter being cleared up. I know that it is thought that I get a hundred a-year out of them. Nothing of the sort. I am only paid ten pounds a quarter—irregularly. [*Recrimination.*]

*Candid Friend (continuing).* But we will not enter into this. No doubt they may have grievances of their own. For instance, it is possible that, had they all that belonged to them, they would have had—

*Irritable Old Man (springing to his feet).* I know what you are going to say! I repudiate the insinuation. By the will I was to have all the silver with the crest, and the teapot had the crest. [*Uproar.*]

*Candid Friend (continuing when the storm has worn itself out).* But why enter into little disputes that are really beneath contempt? (*Noise.*) It is a far different matter when questions of principle are involved. For instance, nothing could be more improper—("Hear, hear!")—nay, more disgraceful—(cheers)—than for a man to refuse to act as an infant's Godfather!

[*Thunders of applause.*]  
*Benevolent-looking Individual (rising with a flushed face).* I don't agree with you, Sir! I did not like the responsibility, and—

*Peppery Person (with red whiskers, angrily).* And you behaved with your usual brutal want of good feeling!

[*Tremendous row.*]  
*Candid Friend (after a pause).* But what does it all matter? Things are so little! The BROWN part of the family may believe that they know a better set than the SNOOKS part—(derisive laughter from all the SNOOKSES)—or the SNOOKSES may look down with supreme contempt upon the society affected by the BROWNS. (Roars of ironical laughter from all the BROWNS.) And no one need trouble himself or herself as to whether the JONESSES care anything for old Miss ROBINSON'S little savings. (*Universal jeering.*) What does it matter? It is so much better to face the truth and get it over. Why hide anything? Everybody knows that MATILDA jilted PAUL when he lost his money—(uproar)—that Aunt LEONORA tried her level best unsuccessfully to catch PETER for his Cousin BEATRICE, when he succeeded unexpectedly to the Baronetcy—(renewed uproar)—that it was SIMON who got his poor Uncle BENJAMIN pilled for the Camford and Oxbridge—(shouts)—that it was JACKY'S excesses on the turf that caused his Grand-aunt, Mrs. MUMBO JUMBO, to leave all her property away from the family, and to make a will in favour of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. (*Yells.*) But all this is ancient history, and what we have now to do is to heartily wish each other a really happy, and prosperous, and, above all, peaceful new year, so that—

[*The rest of the speech is drowned in the shouts, shrieks, and yells of a perfectly indescribable uproar.*]

Of course, the above is merely a skeleton speech—or rather, a speech containing plenty of skeletons. However, in the hands of a well-informed orator, with the courage of his opinions, it would be sure to succeed. At any rate, it would certainly attract attention.

A VORACIOUS  
MUSICIAN.

AMID the numerous Trade Journals, it is a wonder that one has not been long ago started called *The Lodger*, for surely no class is so peculiar in its habits, and so difficult to satisfy. How can one be expected to provide for a person of such singular taste as that indicated in the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A YOUNG Gentleman, studying for the musical profession, desires a dry, warm BED ROOM, with use of sitting-room for breakfast, for Monday till Friday, weekly. State terms, and what extra for full board on Sundays.

This young Gentleman who prefers his bedroom, like his sherry, dry, evidently has an appetite that requires controlling. If he takes a "sitting-room for breakfast," his "full board on Sunday" would probably comprise a good slice of one side of the street. He would literally eat a trusting landlord out of house and home before he had paid his monthly account.

## A Snappy New Year.

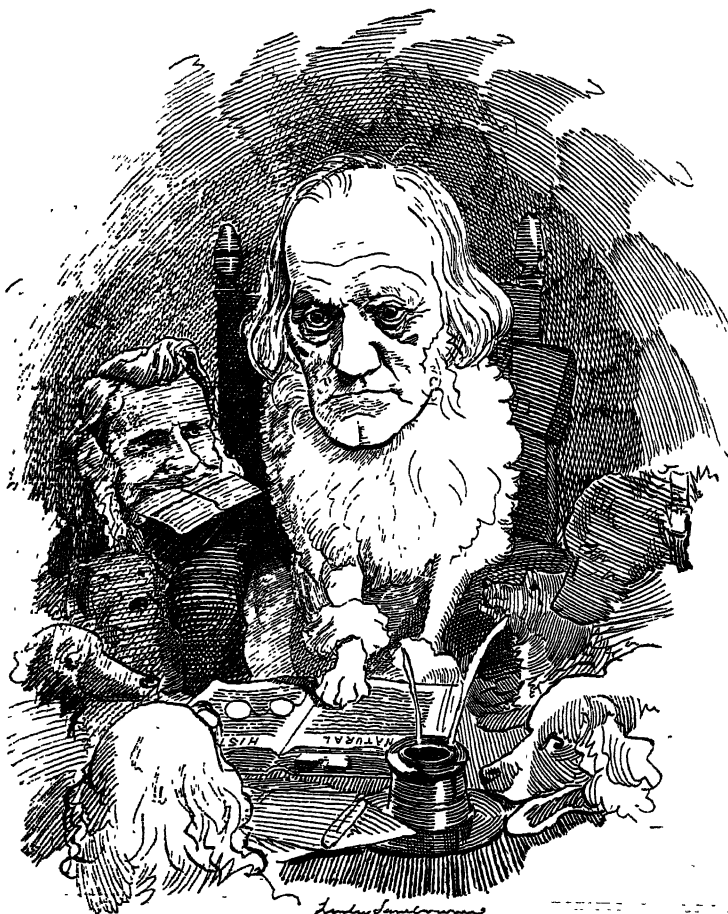
(By Our Parisian Poet.)

CARDS sent by yards,  
Bonbons by bales,  
Blocked Boulevards,  
Three days' late mails;

Let the galled Gaul—  
Wretched young man—  
*Jour de l'An* call,  
This *Jour de l'An*!

A box of explosives has been discovered near Powderham Castle. Had it reached the Castle, it would surely have been at home.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 169.



PROFESSOR OWEN, K.C.B.

A KNOWN PROFESSOR.

It is said of him that "from the sponge to Man, he has thrown light over every subject he has touched"—To have thrown light from a sponge must be as marvellous a scientific achievement as extracting sun's rays from cucumbers, and the Professor deserves to be considered one of the greatest scientists of his time.

NOVELTIES FOR THE  
NEW YEAR.

MESSRS. FADKINS & Co., Pure and Simple Provision Merchants, invite the attention of their countless customers to the following specialities in their extensive assortment, as peculiarly suitable for New Year's Presents :—

1. THE TEMPERANCE HAMPER—containing two bottles of Zoedone, two do. of Soda Water, Apollinaris, Ginger Beer, and Vin Santé, also a half-pound packet of Tea, do. Cocoa, do. Coffee, do. Chicory, and half a pound of Brown Sugar, for 5s. 6d. only.

2. THE VEGETARIAN HAMPER—contains one ten-ounce parcel of Haricot Beans, the same quantity of Egyptian Lentils, and best Scotch Oatmeal, one pound of Hominy, and one pound and a half of Ensilage, together with one pint of Cotton-seed Oil, all at the amazingly absurd price of 6½d. In hampers tastefully decorated with bows of blue and green ribbon.

SAYS a daily paper, "The Great Western Railway Company notify that the loss of the South of Ireland will not in any way interfere with the regularity of the service between Weymouth and Cherbourg." In consequence of this announcement, it is probable that the South-Eastern Company will publicly declare that the loss of the whole of Ireland would not interrupt the traffic between London and Paris. The loss of England would, however, most likely put an end to the traffic between Mr. PARNELL and the United States.

## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## CANTO VI.—MAMMA (continued).

## MATERFAMILIAS.

WELL, Punch, you really need not make a fuss About the matter. Leave it all to us—Mammas I mean—its natural managers. But if you must be meddling, one prefers To have you on one's side, of course.

## PUNCHIUS.

Dear Madam,  
Punch takes no side—save Truth's!

## MATERFAMILIAS.

All men, from ADAM Down to—my husband, are alike, precisely, In aggravatingness! All would go nicely But for your reasoning. Pooh! Punch's or PLATO's Philosophy is very small potatoes, And Wit's a right-down nuisance. Pretty mess They'd make of matrimonial plans, I guess!

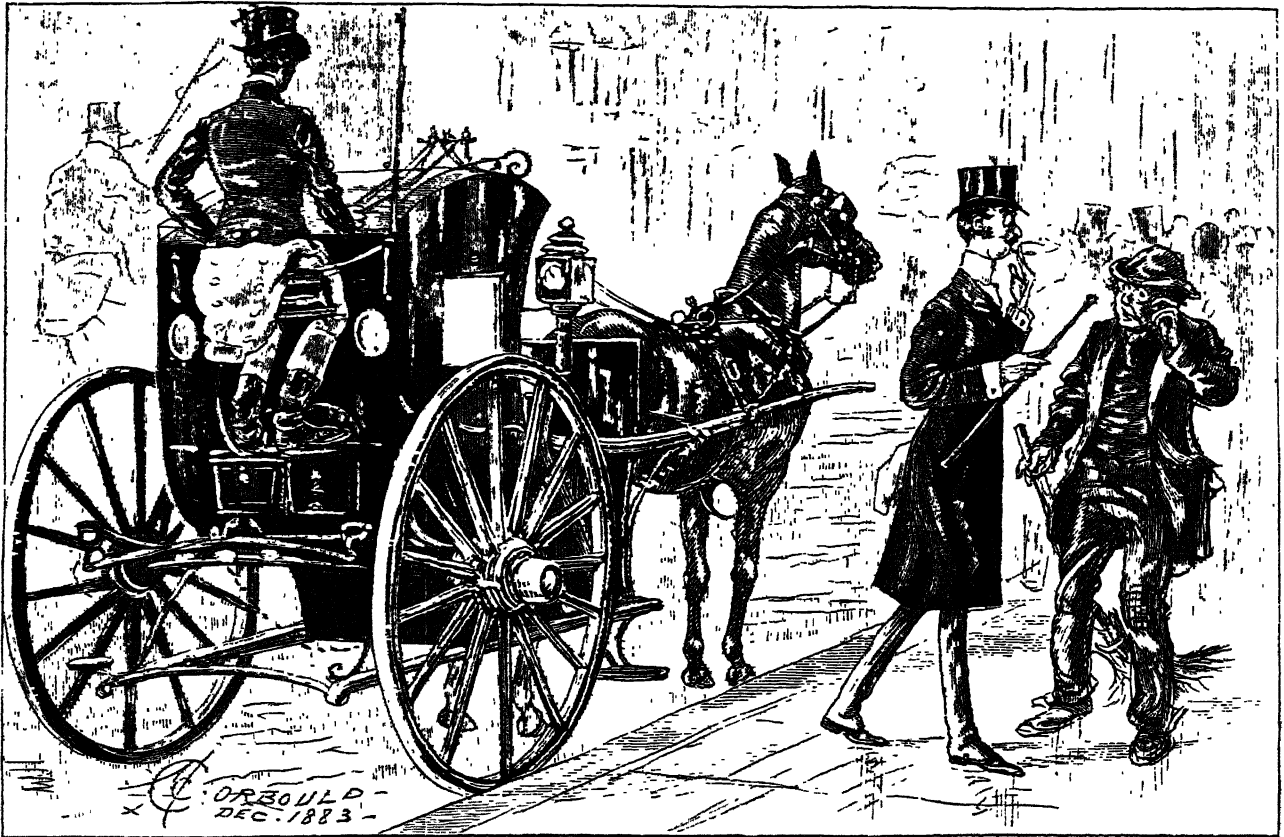
I tell you, Punch, your "argument"'s upset. Oh! everything; and Satire never yet Did any good—with women! Is it kind Of you to muddle up the girlish mind With bantering gossip between you and Cupid? It is—excuse me!—nothing short of stupid! Cupid forsooth! All very well, it may be, For songs, but when a girl is such a baby As to believe in hearts and darts, and things, You've no idea what botherment it brings To her Mamma! And you encourage this! Why only yesterday my youngest, Ciss, Quoted your *Ars Amandi* against Me!

## PUNCHIUS.

And on what ground, dear Madam?

## MATERFAMILIAS.

Well, you see, FRANK FOLLIT has "six feet of manhood straight," Pulled stroke—is that it?—in the Oxbridge eight, Waltzes delightfully, and, I am told—(And do not doubt it)—has a heart of gold. But then that's all the gold he has, or nearly, And—though the sentiment may strike you queerly—



## CHRISTMAS TIME.

*Crossing-Sweeper (to Sicel).* "MERRY CHRIS'MAS, CAPTIN'! PITCH US A BROWN!" (No answer. Insinuatingly.) "HA' YER SICH A THING AS A BIT O' COLD PUDDIN' ABOUT YER, CAPTIN'?"

I hold, and own it plainly, for my part,  
Though a girl live *within* a husband's heart,  
She cannot live *upon* it.

PUNCHIUS.

That sounds clever!

A notion strikes me!

MATERFAMILIAS.

What?

PUNCHIUS.

Our *joint* endeavour  
An *Ars Amandi* might perhaps produce  
Of business quality and real use;  
A Code whose ranged rules might well stand sentry,  
In pipeclayed stiffness, at each porch and entry  
Of that strange citadel, a Maiden's soul,  
Guard every issue and protect the whole.

MATERFAMILIAS.

Exactly, oh, exactly! That indeed  
Might help us Mothers in our sorest need.  
Stop your Ovidian nonsense—*do*, dear *Punch*,  
The Dress-philosophy of Mother Bunch,  
Fit for *no* circle out of Noah's Ark;  
Satiric flights that leave us in the dark,  
Whether you'd laud or lash us, mixed with gleams  
Of high-flown gibberish from the land of dreams,  
And that *proposterous* funning about Fashion,  
Which, I confess it, puts me in a passion  
Quicker than *anything*!

PUNCHIUS.

And teach your daughters  
The art of hungry lures and heartless slaughters;  
The cunning management of beauty's battery,  
The tricks of tenderness, the frauds of flattery,

By clear cold rules, Euclidian and exact,  
Forming a Love-Code—shall we say?—compact,  
Uncomplicated by capricious mazes  
Of passion, conscience, taste, or other crazes;  
Untouched by satire, and unfogged by fun?  
Dear Madam, yes, of course it *might* be done,  
With your expert assistance, and—above  
All else—*without* the meddling hand of—Love!  
Only, when done, the agreeable work would be  
A *magnum opus* in—diplomacy;  
The *Huckster-Handbook of the Heart*, perchance  
*Hymen's Own Oracle*, *Form at a Glance*,  
Or *Maiden's Market-Guide*. But though all these,  
And useful, necessary, if you please,  
Whate'er it were, this *Vade Mecum* handy,  
It would not—*would* it?—be an *Ars Amandi*?

Thus PUNCHIUS, bowing low his laurelled head.  
A rustle swift, a quick yet stately tread,  
An "O-h-h-h!" sonorous, blent of sniff and groan,  
A portal banged, and PUNCHIUS stood alone!

## Brokers and Jokers.

SAYS the *Globe* (December 26), in an article on "Sworn Brokers,"  
"Brokers there are, alas!—but not sworn brokers." Now we have  
met with brokers who have sworn, and we have encountered brokers  
who have been sworn at, and we have known brokers who have  
"sworn off." Surely these should compensate for the loss of the  
"sworn broker," whom we are informed no longer exists.

THIS is a good "cutting" for the Season from our "Standard" Rows  
of Advertisement tree:—

THE Father of 713 THANKS the Subscribers of ST. JOHN'S  
FOUNDATION SCHOOL for their past SUPPORT, and begs their  
future HELP at the NEXT ELECTION, the Boy's last chance.

Comment is unnecessary. What a family!!



## THUMB-NAIL SUMMARY FOR 1884.

(By our own Alarmist.)

## JANUARY.

New Bankruptcy Law comes into force.

Five of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's packets go down in mid-Channel, due to overcrowding by absconding Trustees.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN applies to the LORD MAYOR for protection, on receiving an anonymous threatening letter signed "THREEPENNY-HALFPENNY IN THE POUND."

Several Provincial Official Receivers come up to London, and, under pressure from overwork, attempt with partial success to jump off the top of Queen Anne's Mansions.

Mr. Justice CAVE goes into hysterics on the Bench, and resigns.

## FEBRUARY.

The Irish Party arrive in town and dine together, with sealed doors, in an underground cellar in Whitechapel.

Parliament opens amid a scene of indescribable excitement, and, on hearing the news, shuts the same afternoon.

Rumour in the Clubs that Mr. BRADLAUGH has taken advantage of the confusion to kidnap Captain GOSSE.

Mr. PARNELL, being requested by a deputation by both Houses "to allow public business to proceed just for an hour or two," peremptorily refuses, and spends the evening in State at Madame TUSSEAU'S, paying his own admission amidst an ovation.

After a stormy meeting of the Cabinet Council, during which three recalcitrant members are ejected from the room by the window, the Ministry decide—by a majority of one—to grant Home Rule to Ireland.

Fireworks in Seven Dials. Prominent members of the National Party leave quietly for New York, disguised, in batches of two and three at a time the next morning.

Lord SPENCER arrives at Liverpool as a stowaway, and is received coldly by the Mayor. Three per cents. firm at 110.

## MARCH.

The Municipal Reform Bills are all passed without a division at a Wednesday Morning's sitting.

Riots at the Mansion House.

Renewed riots at the Mansion House.

Sir ROBERT CARDEN, followed by all the Aldermen on both sides of the Chair, the LORD MAYOR, the City Remembrancer, Common Serjeant, Deputy Registrar, and twenty-nine of the Livery Companies assemble in Palace Yard, and, again renewing the riots commenced at the Mansion House, are removed to the Tower, and shown the next day for an extra fee of sixpence together with the Crown Jewels.

Great rejoicings in the City, during which a Real Turtle Salesman is torn to pieces by mistake.

## APRIL.

Return of Theatrical Stars from America.

Mr. LEVING welcomed by the entire Channel Squadron off Bantry Bay, received with a salute of one hundred and four guns at several stations on his way to Town, and made a Duke on his arrival at Euston Square.

An indignation meeting of Actors, held the next morning in Hyde Park, condemns the limited character of the honour as "an insult to the Profession."

The PREMIER, after taking advice of a distinguished artistic judicial authority, counsels HER MAJESTY to create one hundred and thirty-six Theatrical Peers.

Simultaneous production of twenty-two original five-act pieces by Cabinet Ministers, at leading West-End Theatres.

Great reaction in public feeling. Three Dowager Duchesses playing the Three Witches in *Macbeth* at Newhaven Theatre, are hooted off the Stage amid a shower of oyster-shells.

## MAY.

Health Exhibition, opens with display of coloured lamps and dance music. During the progress of the inaugural ceremony, three Sanitary Inspectors go up in a fire balloon and are never heard of again.

Italian, German, Chinese, Patagonian, and Central African Opera installed respectively with great social *éclat* at Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, the new Embankment Academy, Drury Lane, and the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Great rush for places, during which two highly respected Theatrical Librarians of Bond Street are crushed to death.

Mr. CARL ROSA, together with five English native Composers and a powerful company of English Artists, sails for the South Pole in the hope of establishing, for the benefit of a really cultivated and musical people, a permanent English National Opera on a satisfactory, sound, and encouraging basis.

## JUNE.

The Eton and Harrow Match played at Lord's with the new narrow regulation bats, the result being that the four innings are all finished in three-quarters of an hour, whereupon the Committee Room of the Marylebone Club is unroofed, and all the Members discovered hiding about the grounds, tossed in the side of a Refreshment Tent by the contending Elevens.

Commemoration week at Oxford. Honorary degrees conferred on all the Clowns taking part in the preceding Christmas Pantomimes amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm.

## JULY.

Newly elected Parliament meets for the first time, and commences a campaign of active legislative reform by abolishing the Speaker.

The "Payment of Members Bill," involving a State income of £2000 a year, the right to a stall at West End Theatres on first nights, family railway tourist-tickets during the summer season, and free dining for self and friend at the Holborn Restaurant while Parliament is in Session, carried without a division.

The "Payment of Members Bill," being thrown out by the Peers, the House of Lords is, abolished by a short comprehensive Act, framed for the purpose, in one sitting.

Much aristocratic distress prevails towards the end of the month, and gangs of hungry Peers infesting the public thoroughfares are prosecuted daily by the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, and ultimately shipped to a Coral Island in the Pacific.

## AUGUST.

Humanitarian shooting by chloroform commences.

Departure of English notabilities for the Annual American "Starring Tour." The Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by both Houses of Convocation, the Duke of Cambridge, a large staff of War Office Officials, and several Members of the Cabinet, arrive, under the charge of the Proprietor of the Elephant and Castle, at New York, and are entertained by Mr. VANDERBILT with princely splendour at his mansion in Fifth Avenue for the inside of an afternoon, and return by the next packet.

Public traffic commences on the Parks Railway, when, owing to the thinness of the tunnel roof, the first train runs through it into Rotten Row, and frightens the horse of Mr. T. G. BOWLES.

## SEPTEMBER.

The Taxation Clauses of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Peace and Good Will Message Bill come into operation amidst general rejoicing, the personality of a noble Duke lately deceased, amounting to £1,500,000 being divided as follows:—£100 a year to each of his three Sons, a like sum to five hundred selected Members of the House of Commons, and the balance to the General Omnibus Company.

Severe rioting and bloodshed, followed by great loss of life, in Wapping, Hackney, Piccadilly, Mile End, Brixton, Belgrave Square, Tooting, and Bayswater, on the occasion of the first attempt to levy the new Poll Tax of a penny per week on all the able-bodied adults residing within those districts.

## OCTOBER.

Mechanical partridge-shooting ends.

The *Times* newspaper has for the subjects of its three respective Leading Articles, "The Bottom of the Dead Sea as an Extinct Health Resort," "The Private Social Relations of Diffused Bacteria," and "The Ultimate Capabilities of Solar Inspection," three days in succession, and then stops.

The dull season ends.

## NOVEMBER.

The new Municipal Corporation inaugurated on the Fifth.

It having been, during the course of the day, notified that at the Evening Banquet the new era of economy would be appropriately ushered in by a fish and meat dinner, the cost of which "would not exceed the sum of sixpence halfpenny a head," fourteen hundred and seventy-nine apologies and excuses are received at the last moment, —the Prime Minister, who had attended, through not having heard the report, departing "to preside at an important but unexpected Cabinet Council," as soon as he had glanced at the *menu*, leaving a copy of his speech with the Toastmaster.

## DECEMBER.

General progress of everything. A Gas and two Water Companies blow up in the Fulham Road.

Electric night-lights introduced for the first time this month, as an "anti-soporific stimulant" in several London Hospitals.

The "Co-operative Doctors' Stores" open; a Royal Duke taking his turn for a consultation, and paying a one-and-threepenny fee for his prescription.

Completion and public opening of the Channel Tunnel, inaugurated by the sudden march through it of 150,000 picked French troops, who are hospitably entertained by Sir E. WATKIN at the expense of the shareholders.

The year closes quietly.



## CRUEL!

"FANCY, MUMMY, THE HAIRDRESSER FELLOW WANTED TO SHAVE MY MOUSTACHE OFF!" "YES? WELL—AND DID HE?"

## TIPS FOR CRICKET.

IN view of the approach of the Cricketing Season, and the carrying of Lord HARRIS's Resolutions, we can recommend the following providers of the various necessities required:—

For Bats—The Zoo.  
 For Balls—Willis's Rooms.  
 For Stumps—MR. ESKELL or MR. MOSELEY.  
 For Bails—SIR JAMES INGHAM.  
 For Wicket-keeper—The Highway Board.  
 For Long Hops—A New Year's Party.  
 For Sneaks—Any Irish Informer.  
 For Point—A Gaiety Burlesque.  
 For Long Leg—MR. FRED VOKES.  
 For Short Leg—MR. E. RIGHTON.  
 For Slip—Messrs. WADDELL.  
 For Pitch—An honest Tar.  
 For Break—The Ring.  
 For Umpire—SIR JAMES HANNEN.  
 For Score—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.  
 For Gloves—JAMES MACE.  
 For Pads—Any M.F.H.  
 For Long Stop—The British Forces in Egypt.  
 For Roundhand—JOSEPH GILLOTT.  
 For Underhand—MR. PARNELL.  
 For Byes—The Civil Service Stores.  
 For Wides—MR. POPE, Q.C.  
 For Field—A Pony.  
 For Twist—The Vestrymen of Clerkenwell.  
 For Side—A Prompter.  
 For Play—Messrs. WILLS and HERMANN.  
 For Drives—The Duke of BEAUFORT.  
 For Cuts—SIR PRESCOTT HEWETT.  
 For Catches—The Glee Union.  
 For Misses—The Queen.  
 For Muffs—The International Fur Company.  
 For Duck's Eggs—The Aylesbury Dairy.  
 For Run Out—*Iolanthe*.  
 For Not Out—The Claimant.

SOMEBODY writes to inform us that though he tried his best to keep New Year's Eve, she refused to be detained, and left, like *Cinderella*, exactly as the clock struck twelve. "Better luck," he adds, "next time!" He ought to be ashamed of himself.

## AN OLD FOGGY'S WAIL.

"The LORD MAYOR has adopted the practice of permitting smoking after his Mansion House dinners."—*Weekly Paper*.

AND so it's come to this at last!  
 The glory has departed,—  
 The Mansion House accepts the blast

That WALTER RALEIGH started.  
 The fiery fumes of Henry Clay,  
 Of Bock, and Larranaga,  
 Unite in one dense cloud to-day  
 With Lopez and Partaga.

Where once the harmless snuff  
 was shed,  
 In "Lundy Foot" or "Mix-  
 ture,"

The gross cigar now rules in-  
 stead,—

A truly Fowler picture!  
 The end has come! the die is cast!  
 Come light the funeral pyre,  
 Nor bid the Corporation last  
 That lit the fatal fire.

O! calipash and calipee,  
 And punch's fragrant flow,  
 Ye never can be dear to me  
 As in the long ago.

'Mid murky gloom and odour  
 stale,

E'en worse than our own fog,  
 My heart grows faint. O! hear  
 my wail,

Great Magog, and great Gog.  
 O! bid the fell Reformer come,  
 Abandon every Guild,

Tell what has now begrimed our  
 home,

What Aldermen has killed;  
 Let ev'ry precedent be broke,  
 Penates, too, and Lars;  
 Write, "London perished in the  
 smoke  
 And ashes of cigars!"

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.—(A FACT).—Young BUBBLETOP meeting Young SQUASHTAIL the other day, began discussing holiday fare. Quoth SQUASHTAIL, "And what, dear old Chappie, do you think of *pâté de foies gras*?" "Can't stand it at any price. My old Aunt sent me a big pot of it the other day, and"—(earnestly)—"Take your oath you won't split?" "Of course, of course!" BUBBLETOP (mysteriously). "Well, do you know I've discovered that *pâté* makes splendid dressing for shooting-boots, and"—(excitedly)—"I'm going to patent the invention, and you shall be in it!" (SQUASHTAIL wrings BUBBLETOP warmly by the hand. They liquidate their prospective fortune.)

## TO PHCEBUS.

[From the observations taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, for the week ending December 29th, the "registered sunshine" is stated to have been "nil."]

COME, Phcebus, we've had quite enough of *this* fun!

If you wouldn't see England go wholly to pot,  
 In pity abolish those spots on the sun,

And give us some sun on the spot.

We don't expect *much* from you, Phcebus, but still

You can hardly expect us to thank you for "nil"!

When we hear England called—as we *shall*, one surmises,—

The empire on which the sun ne'er sets—nor *rises*!

## Change of Name.

IN consequence of the capacity for violent denunciation manifested at the recent Cannon Street meeting, the Association of which Lord BRABOURNE is President, and the Earl of WEMYSS and the ubiquitous Sir EDWARD WATKIN are enthusiastic supporters, will henceforth be known as "The Rail-away Shareholders' Association."

RECIPROCITY.—MR. BARTHOLOMEW BINNS and assistant have been fined for using the lines of the London and North-Western Company without tickets. We never heard of any one being fined for using Mr. B. BINNS's lines.

EVERYWHERE all over London Mr. WILKIE COLLINS is placarded as exclaiming, "I say No!" But who said "Yes"? This decided negative seems uncalled for.

A GREAT MISTAKE FOR A TWELFTH-DAY DESSERT.—To have all Nuts and no Crackers.



### "OLD FRIENDS."

"YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, DEAREST! ANYTHING IN THE PAPER?"

"YES; CARPE HAS BEEN PRAISING ME AGAIN, CONFOUND HIM!"

"WELL, DEAREST!"

"WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT AN ENVIOUS OLD CHAP HE IS! IF I'D DONE ANYTHING REALLY GOOD, HE'D BE DOWN ON ME LIKE A THOUSAND OF BRICKS!"

### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

SINCE this '84 is a new institution,  
We'll honour the year and turn o'er a fresh page,  
Let each man and woman one good resolution  
Now make, 'tis a fashion which should be the rage.  
Though HARRISON raves about COMTE and his preaching,  
Enwrapped in a mad metaphysical mist,  
Far better be sure is our sensible teaching—  
Each positive man is a Positivist.

Let JOHN, for example, leave practical joking  
To others, and so escape family jars;  
While WALTER, whose highest ideal is smoking,  
Gives up for the nonce his gigantic cigars.  
Let MARY in future believe she can please a  
Young "Chappie" by wearing her hair very plain;  
And since it brings gout, we'll suggest to LOUISA  
The manifest dangers that lurk in Champagne.

That third glass of Port and that ancient Madeira  
Shall tempt us no more as they did in old time,  
Henceforward we start on a virtuous era,  
While *bric-à-brac* buying shall count as a crime.  
So here's to the Year that has just dawned before us,  
To fair Eighteen Hundred and Eighty and Four!  
Our good resolutions shall echo in chorus,  
And most people keep them—a fortnight or more!

### Helps for Phelps.

"AND did you not hear of a jolly young Waterman, who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply?" Of course you did. But what is more to the purpose, have you heard that that jolly old Waterman, JOHN PHELPS, who used to ply between Putney and Fulham, is at the present time not so well off as he deserves to be. He is now in his seventy-ninth year; he can no longer feather his oars with skill and dexterity, the profession of Ferryman is now wellnigh obliterated, and the rapid stream of progress has left good old JOHN PHELPS stranded. *Mr. Punch* sincerely trusts that the large army of boating men, and the many lovers of the dear old Thames, will all give something to cheer the winter days in the life of this Veteran. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. ROBERTS, LUBBOCK & Co.

A PROVERB APPLIED.—No (English) man is a hero to a (M. JULES) VALLÉS.

### UNJUST RATES!

THE two articles under the above heading by which *Mr. Punch* has warmed the hearts and cheered up the spirits of the poor oppressed Ratepayers of the Metropolis, have not by any means exhausted the prolific subject. They have, though, he is glad to read, so stirred the very soul of the learned Professor who represents in Parliament the Borough of Southwark, that he has publicly expressed his firm determination to fight on the side of the poor oppressed occupier against the rich unjust owner, "*till the crack of doom!*" The Professor does not, therefore, apparently anticipate an early victory, but, like a gallant Professor as he is, intends to fight on till all these cruel wrongs are thoroughly, or Thoroldly, remedied.

*Mr. Punch* will now, therefore, examine into the iniquities connected with the charge for what, for want of a better name, is generally called "water." First, as to its source. The far greater portion of this liquid is drawn, as we know, from what is sometimes still ironically termed the "Silver Thames." Of its constituent parts we will say no more on this occasion than that if anyone should, from any strange combination of circumstances, want a thoroughly valid excuse for not joining the noble army of Blue-Ribboners, he has but to take his remonstrating and unjovial friend to Staines, or to one of the other towns above Surbiton that still drains into the River, to be furnished with such a reason as would convince Sir WILFRED LAWSON himself.

And now as to the price of this delicious compound, and how that price is arrived at.

A mere simple innocent, unacquainted with the ways of Water Companies, and their friends our wise Legislators, would imagine that one would have to pay for water according to the quantity consumed, and, should he be acquainted with the rather important city of Berlin, he would know that in that city of common-sense every house is supplied with a water-meter as with a gas-meter, and that

the sensible Germans pay according to consumption for one as for the other. In other places a different plan is adopted, but still to a certain extent a rational and a reasonable one: four shillings per annum is charged for each room of a house, but with a constant supply of water, thereby abolishing the nameless horrors of cisterns and water-butts.

The poorest of the poor could not complain of that, as the charge for a constant supply of water to their one poor room would be but a penny per week. But either of these simple and reasonable plans would be laughed to scorn by our own dear native caterers of what is generally considered one of the necessities of existence. So they invented a scheme that for absurdity, for injustice, for dense stupidity, except, of course, as far as their own interests are concerned, was perhaps never equalled by bungling legislation, and under its provisions we have to pay for the water with which we are furnished not according to the quantity supplied, but according to the rent of the house in which we happen to dwell!

Even this is not all, for, emboldened by their success and their united strength, they insisted on charging their Water-Rate, not on the same basis as all our other numerous Rates are charged upon, but upon the gross amount of the value of the premises without any deduction! This was too much even for the long-suffering Ratepayer, and a bold Citizen, not perhaps then "of credit and renown," but who deserves to be, so *Mr. Punch* immortalises him accordingly, as T. J. PEARSON, of Bishopsgate Street, City, actually brought his case into a Court of Justice, and proved that his Water-Rate had been increased from £1 16s. per annum to £6 16s., while his consumption of water had considerably decreased, and, if supplied by meter, the charge at the highest rate allowed would be five shillings and sixpence! He was defeated in his gallant attempt, but well deserves the thanks of every Ratepayer.

Then steps forward another gallant man, and being luckily a lawyer as well as a water-consumer, he resists, as we have all read,



### NOT PARTICULAR TO A SHADE; OR, A COLLECTION IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

*Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. (1884).* "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO HAVE COME TO US!"

*Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1769) (with his ear-trumpet up).* "EH? WHAT?" (*Sir Frederick repeats.*) "AH—UM—WELL—WHY DIDN'T YOU THINK TO ASK ME!" (*Takes snuff.*)

the attempt to make him pay on the gross value of his property, instead of on its rateable value, and he fights the wealthy Water Company first before the Magistrate, when he loses, then in the Court of Queen's Bench, when he wins, then in the High Court of Appeal, when he loses again, and then, with an undaunted pluck worthy of all admiration, he carries the case to the House of Lords, and then wins, not only his own great battle, but our great battle, the greatness of which may be estimated by the fact, that the same statistical genius who made our previous calculations has pledged his scientific character to the truth of the astounding statement that it will save the inhabitants of our Metropolis no less than £238,560 per annum!

We have requested one of our historical staff to search through the records of History for all time, which of course he has done, with the result that, with the exception of JULIUS CÆSAR, when he left seventy-five drachmas to each of the 463,642 Citizens of Rome, no such case of pecuniary benefit to an enormous population is on record.

Mr. DOBBS fought a wealthy public Company single-handed, in four different Courts of Law, with the certainty, if he lost the final battle, of having to pay all the enormous costs on both sides, amounting to many thousands of pounds; his own gain, if he won, being a saving of some thirty shillings a year, and the gratitude of his fellow Citizens.

It is proposed to show that gratitude in a tangible form.

Gentlemen of the Metropolis, *Mr. Punch* ventures to suggest "Three cheers for gallant Mr. DOBBS," and, as it is entirely a water question, Down with the Dust!

#### At the Grosvenor.

O MEN who daub Guys and write epicene bosh, you a Lesson may learn from plain manly Sir JOSHUA.  
Let each sickly dreamer who pencil or pen holds,  
Come here and get health's inspiration from REYNOLDS!





## ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

A SKETCH IN A BALL-ROOM.

## 'ARRY AT THE ROYAL EVENING FETE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

You must cut the "turmutts" and come up to Town, my dear boy, London's gettin' more lummy each day; there's sech oshuns to see and enjoy! And now you can mix with the toffs—reglar toppers I mean—on the cheap;—It's a sin to go wasting your days amongst chawbacons, 'taters, and sheep.

If you'd only bin with me larst night! I was "in it," old man, and no kid, As a chap of my form can be in it, if ready to blue arf a quid. 'Twas the "Feet of the Season," and 'ARRY, I tell yer, old pal, was all there, With a claw-'ammer coat a lar Masher, stiff collar, and 'igh-scented 'air.

You'll 'ave 'eard of the Fisheries, CHARLIE, the Kensington Show. Well, larst night, They'd a Feet in them Gardens, old flick, as was somethink too awfully quite. Fairy Land not a patch on it, CHARLIE,—Cremorne reglar out of the run, For pootiness, Royal Princesses, swell yum-yum, and general fun.

Ten bob and snap togs took me in, and I chummed with the very elect, Which, for what I call "Haffable Mix," give me this 'Aughtykultooral Feet. 'Twas the Charity lay, doncherknow, and that covers a lot, as a rule, But the Fanciest Fair I have bin at, to this little game was a fool.

Real jam—in all senses, my boy, for the crush was a caution to snakes,— But the lights and the ladies—such swells!—coloured lanterns, and magical lakes! "Jest like What ho!" a Countess remarked. Not quite fly to 'er meaning. But lor! They've their slang, I suppose, these Big Bobs,—jest as we say, "I'll give yer what for!"

Lady DUFFERING—bully for her, mate!—a pootier parcel who'd wish?— 'Ad a Lucky Fish Pond—with no water—and charged us "a shilling a fish." And we hangled with meat-hooks for toys, me and WALES—he's a brick—on the banks; Till I guess both our piles of loose silver 'ad gone in "all prizes, no blanks."

Arter wick, being dry, I made straight for the booffy, and wot do yer think? Well, I ain't took aback by a trifle, but, Scissors! it did make me blink.

When I called for a cocktail, my pippin, I didn't percisely expeck That the barmaid who ladled my lotion would be—Princess MARY OF TECK!

Arf-a-crown for the tippie was stiff, but the feeling, my boy, there's the nick! It was wuth all the ochre, I tell yer. I hordered another 'un, quick. Arter that mere Chineses came cheap, though the Marquis TsENG serving out tea Was as funny as figgers on tea-chests; but then, I'm not nuts on Bohea.

Well, I carn't tell you arf on it, CHARLIE, time, paper, and memory fails. The rose-bud enclosed you will value,—'twas bought orf the Princess of WALES; Which, if she's not the pick of the basket,— But there, I don't wish to intrude,— There are some who 're such pure and high-pitched 'uns, that even to praise 'em seems rude.

'ARRY fancied hisself, I assure you, 'obnobbing along o' sech Nobs; As at home as a cat in a cream-shop. And wy not? They pocket our bobs— (Cleared me out to a tanner)—they wait on us, finding it well wuth their while; And there's many a barmaid in London more 'orty and huppish in style.

So why should we chuck on the bashful? Sech Haffable Mixes all round Do dollops of good, my dear boy; and they suit me right down to the ground. Splendid splurge, and no error, this Feet,— couldn't do the trick better in Parry,— And a Duchess to draw him his bitter comes awfully yum-yum to 'ARRY.

## INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

AT Lewes Assizes the other day, before Lord Justice BAGGALLAY, a French governess was charged with ransacking the boxes of the pupils during their absence on the occasion of the visit of the Princess of WALES to Eastbourne, and stealing every article of jewellery she could lay her hands on. We are informed that—

"The Judge sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' hard labour, and told her if she had, been an Englishwoman he would probably have inflicted a much more severe sentence."

It is to be hoped the French nation will appreciate this extraordinary courtesy on the part of the learned Judge; and we should very much like to know what the sentence would have been had the culprit in question been a German, an Italian, a Spaniard, or a Chinese.

## Simple Fees for Fees Simple!

MR. PUNCH begs to give notice that, as early as possible next Session, he will introduce a "Bill for the better adjustment of the Rates by making the Landlords pay their fair share of the Parochial Expenditure, as they very largely benefit by the Parochial Improvements." This measure, when it reaches the House of Lords, will be conducted, at considerable personal sacrifice, by the Duke of MUDFORD. The short title of this statute will be, "The Justice to Tenants Act."

"WELL, tastes differ as to cheese," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "But, for my part, I think there's nothing to beat one of the small Muscatel cheeses, or a slice of Commonbeer."

## HOW IT REALLY CAME ABOUT.

*Record of a Dialogue between an Illustrious Personage and an Eminent Comedian, showing who suggested the Peerage for the Laureate, also who made other Valuable Suggestions, and how far they have been acted upon. Now published for the first time.*

It was after supper, on a very great occasion towards the close of the summer season of '83, when Mr. J. L. TOOLE, who had just finished "Catching the Speaker's eye," to a piano accompaniment by a distinguished musician, was beckoned by H.R.H. to take a seat by his side.

"You don't smoke, Mr. TOOLE?" said H.R.H.

"No, Sir," replied the Comedian, "I strongly object to puffing myself. But I don't in the least mind it in others—in fact, I rather like it."

"Sorry IRVING's going to America," observed H.R.H., watching the smoke of his fragrant havannah as it gracefully curled upwards in the direction of a distant ventilator.

The loyal Comedian could not but own that he also was deeply grieved.

"You see," continued The Prince, "I wanted, and so did the Princess, you and IRVING to come down to Sandringham in the winter and do *Cox and Box* with the music."

"I should be proud to represent the Musical Box on such an occasion," said the witty Comedian.

"The fact is, I'd an idea which I should have liked to have seen well carried out," H.R.H. went on.

"If it's a new piece, Sir, for my little place—" the Comedian began trembling with anxiety.

"No, no, Mr. TOOLE; I don't go in for composition—I leave that to—" and His Royal Highness nodded in the direction of the adjoining room, whence proceeded the sweet strains of a violin.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE gave a smile; with him it was almost a wink of intelligence, and bowed in his most courtly style, though, at the same moment, it occurred to him that his centre stud had slipped from its moorings, and descended towards his left boot. But he had been accustomed to this sort of thing for some time in *Artful Cards*, and he showed no outward sign of disturbance.

"My idea was," the Prince resumed, "that you and IRVING should do *Cox and Box*, re-written for the occasion by ALFRED TENNYSON."

"Good; excellent; most excellent, Sir!" exclaimed the Comedian; then added, with a profound obeisance, "You'll excuse me, Your Royal Highness?"

"Honest enthusiasm in the cause of truth needs no apology," replied H.R.H., graciously, as he raised a glass to his lips, and quaffed to the health of the Comedian, who, for one second, turned aside, and wiped away a glittering tear with his coat-cuff. Human nature is but human nature after all, and even a "JOHNNIE" is only mortal. "I do not myself think the idea could well be improved upon."

The Comedian coughed modestly. The Prince, ever on the alert, saw that there was, as he was graciously pleased to express it, "something in the wind."

"Not exactly that, Sir, but something in the windpipe,—if your Royal Highness will pardon the explanation," said the Comedian as he coughed again, and, at an intimation from the Prince, proceeded—"I was about to suggest that *Ici on Parle Français* would be better adapted for the Laureate's style; and I venture to add that he will find *Ici* quite as easy—ahem!—as *Cox and Box* for his purposes."

His Royal Highness was delighted. "The very thing!" the Prince exclaimed. Then, after giving a few whispered instructions to Mr. FR-NC-S KN-LL-S, who, having received them, bowed and retired, H.R.H. turned to the Comedian. "The fact is, there's been a good deal in Knight-making lately,—we're making a Knight of it now, I suppose you would say, Mr. TOOLE?"—whereat, after a paroxysm of laughter, the Comedian acknowledged that that was indeed his own idea, only infinitely better expressed by His Royal Highness—"and so I thought that if it suited yourself and IRVING, as Heads of the two branches of the Theatrical Art-Profession, I would propose that a Baronetcy should be conferred on each of you."

For one moment the Comedian was overcome; but the next, JOHNNIE was himself again.

Bowing low, he replied, "Sir, I have no words to thank you for the intended honour, which, though HENRY—I mean IRVING—might accept, I must decline."

The Prince appeared disappointed.

"Now, look here, Sir, don't you know, I have made up my mind," the Comedian went on, standing in his celebrated oratorical attitude, with one hand in his vest, his right knee bent, and his right arm extended, "never to accept any title below a Duke's."

"Perhaps you are right," sighed the Prince, regretfully; then, raising his voice, "But in a certain influential quarter there is a strong wish to make a Peer of someone distinguished in the Drama, or Literature."

"Take one man who represents them both, Sir," suggested the Comedian, loftily.

"I don't quite understand you," said the Prince.

"Well, Sir,—you'll excuse my glove," said Mr. J. L. TOOLE, as the white kid on his right hand went crack, and he inwardly determined never again to give eighteenpence a pair for his evening dress gloves,—but just now, Sir, you were proposing that HENRY IRVING and myself should play in the Laureate's adaptation of "*Ici*,"—(The Prince nodded assent.)—"Well, Sir, the Laureate hasn't come out strong as a Dramatist, but he has done a Drama or two; and, as to his position as a Poet—"

"*Cela va sans dire*," acquiesced the Prince.

"Oh very much so, Sir. Yes—quite so—always," returned the Comedian, with that perfect composure which has always been his characteristic on hearing a sentiment expressed in the French language; "But, as I was saying, if you want Literature and Drama represented by one man, there he is!"

"True," replied the Prince, "and if it were only a Knighthood,"—he paused—"but, you see, it's a Baron's coronet, and, if you and Mr. IRVING won't have it, then—" And again His Royal Highness paused.

The Comedian, stretching out his right hand, and resuming his oratorical attitude, well facing as it were his audience, took up the unfinished sentence, and exclaimed, in the words of *Chauvies*, "Then—*Give it to the Bard!*"

The Prince rose, and shook the Comedian warmly by the hand.

"It shall be done," said His Royal Highness, "and, as for the Dukedom—"

"Don't mention it, Sir," the blushing Comedian murmured.

"I won't," responded the Prince, "and, anyhow, we shall see you at Sandringham sometime in January; don't forget," and once more warmly shaking the Comedian's hand, His Royal Highness graciously quitted the apartment.

Since the above dialogue took place, the Peerage of the Laureate has been announced, and the visit of J. L. TOOLE to Sandringham will have probably passed into the history of Accomplished Facts ere this record appears,—the reason for preserving secrecy having ceased to exist about the same time as did Lord COLERIDGE's reason for keeping his opinions on Ecclesiastical Law Reform to himself,—and as to the Dukedom . . . But we are not at liberty to say any more on the subject.

## "TOBY OR NOT TOBY!—THAT IS THE QUESTION,"—

Yes; that is the Question which hundreds of Correspondents have put to us within the last fortnight, since the appearance of our Index Number, when *Mr. Punch* was represented as accompanied, not as heretofore by his ever faithful *Toby*, but by a Dachshund, which is, sometimes, another name for a "Turnspit." Now, heaven forefend that *Toby* should ever be of, so to speak, such a hewer-of-wood-and-carrier-of-water sort of breed as this name "Turnspit" implies. Would *Toby* be a member of such a tribe to which O'CONNELL's saying might be applied, that "where there was one of his race to be roasted there was sure to be another ready to turn the spit"? Perish the thought! No: this Turnspit, this waddling Dachshund, was not *Toby*, was not intended for *Toby*, was never meant to be passed off on any one as *Toby*, and is in no way related to *Toby*. Nor is he a "badger dog," another variety of Dachshund.

This is meant as an indignant denial and disclaimer on the part of *Toby* himself, who, after his parliamentary duties, has been enjoying his vacation, having thoroughly "laboured in his vocation," and who, after some months' absence in foreign parts, may be even now crossing the sea, in his own bark, homeward bound.

Why this Dachshund,—one Correspondent sent us a photo of a thoroughbred Dachshund, and inferred that the supposed *Toby* was not even well bred!!—this Dachshund in the Index Number was no more like *Toby* than a Satyr (who had been a sitter for his portrait) to Hyperion the Beautiful! Did he have a frill on? He had, certainly, a kind of a frill, and, as Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM wrote to say, "A frill of horror ran through me on seeing it";—but, good heavens! does the Cowl make the Chimney-pot? Does the frill which some very elderly gentlemen wear make them each individually and respectively a *Toby*? Does the frill that appears beneath the— But we need proceed no further in this question of frills. Suffice it for common-sense and our Correspondents that the frill no more makes the *Toby* than the *Toby* makes the frill, or than *Mr. Punch* makes his own dress-coat and opera-hat. We have spoken! *Vive Toby! Toby for Ever!!*

THE NOVELTY AT THE SAVOY THEATRE—(*A little Ida hidden under Three big Acts*).—"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

THE CENTRE OF INTEREST IN MADAGASCAR.—Hova!



### A NEW RUNG IN THE SOCIAL LADDER.

TODESON TAKES TO "SLUMMING," AND COMES ACROSS LADY CLARA ROBINSON (*NÉE VERE DE VERE*) IN A FRIGHTFUL DEN NEAR BETHNAL GREEN. OH JOY! SHE ACTUALLY INVITES HIM TO DINE WITH SIR PETER AND HERSELF IN GROSVENOR SQUARE!

BUT, ALAS! INSTEAD OF RANK AND FASHION, IT IS ONLY TO MEET AN EAST END CURATE AND HIS WIFE, DEVOTED TO THE POOR;—AND MISS FULLALOVE (THE MATRON OF LADY CLARA'S HOME FOR JUVENILE THIEVES IN BERMONDSEY), WHOM HE HAS TO LEAD IN TO DINNER, AND WHO PERSISTS IN MISTAKING HIM FOR ONE OF THOSE RECLAIMED SPECIMENS OF THE "LOWER MIDDLE CLASS CRIMINAL." HER LADYSHIP IS SO FOND OF BEING KIND TO!

[Todeson thinks that "Slumming" doesn't pay, after all!]

### THE BITTER CRY OF BUMBLEDOM.

"The Local Authorities have already large powers vested in them for dealing with insanitary dwellings of the labouring classes, and the Board desires to impress upon the Authorities the responsibility which consequently attaches to them, and to urge them, by a vigorous exercise of the powers with which they are intrusted, to secure an improvement of the dwellings."—*Local Government Board's Circular to the Vestries and District Boards.*

*Bumble loquitur:—*

POUR! Nice pooty sort of a noosance! Wot next, I should like to be told.

O I know all this "Bitter Cry" bosh wich a gullible public has sold, Would make worry and work for the Westries before werry long.

There's no rest!

Some fools chivvies up a old hen most afore she is snug on her nest, And then look for chickings! HUGH OWEN, I'm owin' you one, my fine feller!

Expect snug dry cribs in a garret, and RIMMEL's perfooms in a cellar. Now don't you? Wot rubbish it is, all this muck about labourers' dwellings!

Wheresomever the poor is there's bound to be breakages, dirt, and bad smellings.

Poor thrives on 'em. Ask them as knows,—not your Parsons, and scribblers, and Presidents,

As goes sniffin' round in the slums, to the jolly disgust of the residents;

But proper Porochial parties, as knows that the labouring classes Are half of 'em regular prigs, and the rest noisy Radical asses.

Us to blame? That's a capital notion! Drat them and their "statutes" and "digests,"

"Convenience of reference." Ah! that is one of their imperent sly jests.

The Westries and Boards don't want worritting. Worrit is just my abhorrence.

We know all about their fine Acts, whether cooked up by Cross or by TORRENS.

But to act upon Acts at full drive, as though *we* was mere waifs in a Workus,

A-doing our bit on compulsion,—they might as well treadmill or burke us!

Permissive they're all werry well, leaving us to be starters and judges;

But puttin' the screw on like this is just making us porper-like drudges.

Removal of Noosances? Yah! If we started on *that* lay, per-miskers,

There's more than a few in the Westries 'ud feel suthin' singin' their wiskers,

Or BUMBLE's a Dutchman. Their Cir'clar—it's mighty obliging—defines 'em,

The Noosances namely; I wonder if parties reads Cir'clars as signs 'em,

If so, Local Government Boarders must be most uncommonly knowin',

And I'd like to 'eave bricks at that DILKE and his long-winded myrmidon, OWEN.

The Public's got Slums on the brain, and with sanitory bunkum's half busted.

We make a more vigorous use of the powers with which we're intrusted?

Wy, if we are at it all day with their drains, ashpits, roofs, walls, and windres,

Wot time shall we 'ave for our feeds and our little porochial shindies? And all for the "labouring classes," the greediest ongratefulest beggars!

I tell you these Radical lot, and their rubbishy littery eggars,





## THE "BUMBLE" BEE.

BUMBLE (*waking up*). "EH! WHAT! GET TO WORK?—HERE'S A FINE TO-DO!!!"



Who talk of neglected old brooms, and would 'ave us turn to at their handles,  
Are Noosances wus than bad smells, and the rest o' their sanitory "scandals."  
If someone would only remove *them*! But no! they comes buzzing about us  
Like bothering Bees with big stings, and seems fully determined to rout us.  
Pst! Drat the rampagious varmint! Unless I can give 'im a tumble  
With my pocket-handkercher—pst!—there will be no more resting for BUMBLE!

## SOME DIARIES OF 1884.

## THE JOURNALIST.

*January 1.*—Got up at eight. Had breakfast at 8'30. Finished papers by ten, and only smoked one cigarette. Wrote from ten till one. Lunched off sandwich and glass of claret. Took constitutional from two till five. Read evening papers. Dined quietly at Club at 6'30. Home at my Chambers at nine. Read steadily till 11'30. During the evening drank two glasses of whiskey—very weak—and smoked three pipes. The New Year has begun well.

*June 1.*—Got up at twelve. Didn't seem to care for any breakfast, but had a couple of brandies-and-sodas. Papers looked uninteresting. Anyhow, didn't read them. Finished a box of cigarettes, and went out to get more. Met a man who asked me to lunch; lunched with him. Forget what we had to eat, but the magnum of G. H. MUMM was magnificent. Lunch over at four. Went down Piccadilly. Had a split with a man in the 100th Hussars, at the Naval and Military. St. James Street. Man asked me to dine and go to Gaiety. Accepted. Called on man in the 30th Lancers at the Rag. Stayed there talking, smoking, and drinking sherries-and-bitters till 7'30. Somebody said there was nothing in the evening papers, so didn't look at them. Home and dressed. Dined at 8'45. Gaiety at ten. Lot of men I knew there. Big supper afterwards. Home about half-past ten A.M. Remembered I ought to write article. Concluded I wouldn't. Shall have to stop this. *Cetera desunt.*

## THE SCHOOLBOY.

*January 1.*—Did not get up till 8'30. How pleasant after school. Helped my sisters carding wool. Dusted some of Papa's books for him. Worked at holiday task, in which I am well forward. JIMMY BATES called, and wanted me to go out with him; but I wouldn't, as I had promised Ma to go shopping with her. Only had two helps of pudding at dinner. Papa promised me a new watch if I got my remove at Midsummer. He says I shall have to work hard. Of course I will.

*June 1.*—Late for breakfast, as I had sat up reading *Pickwick* in bed with a dark lantern. Didn't know a word of my *Cæsar*, as I thought I shouldn't be put on to construe, and I was. Caned in Greek class. I wish *Xenophon* had never been born! A chap who couldn't spell his own name, but did it with an "X" and thought it was a "Z"! Fool! Caned in Mathematics. *EUCLID*'s a beast. I'd tell him so if I saw him. Fought *MILLS* Senior before dinner, and got two black eyes, but I made his nose bleed horrid. Papa came down in afternoon, and asked what was the matter with my face? I told him I had fallen down. He said I was a disgrace to the family, the school, and myself. The Head-master said I should be soundly flogged the next day. Papa said I richly deserved it, and didn't tip me. I smoked my new pipe in the evening, and— *Cetera desunt.*

## THE JOCKEY.

*January 1.*—Maid a vow too giv 'up bettin and drinkin and not to lissen to the voits of temptashun again. I hav had wun or 2 naro eskapes but wil run no mor risks and as i am a man, tho weighing only 7 stum, i will be onest al the yare.

*June 1.*—Aven't wun a bett this yare and am orful out. Wish i adn't lost my munney to BROOK as he iss the hardust bookmakker to dele with. Says he will sai nothin if i don't win on *Tyler's Hall*, which the race is a cut for, but will show me wher i can find a monkey besides, if i win i shall get a fiver and the Dook might give me a poney. It is a ard ard life. Blow 'onesty. *Cetera desunt.*

WITH THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY (*by our own "Impressionist"*).—Only one picture (No. 150) in it. Seemingly about thirty feet by twenty. Here is the official description:—

"In the centre is the figure of the Prince, in armour, wearing the insignia of the Garter, and with a white banner, being lifted up by Minerva and Mercury to a shrine on which are placed statues of Plenty and Justice; round the central group are allegorical figures of the Graces, Cupids, and Fame holding the symbol of eternity; below is Envy grasping the foot of the hero and repelled by Truth."

And what was it called? Why, "*Glorification of a Prince of Orange*!" The name of the hero who caused all the above-described fuss has been entirely forgotten!

## THE SPEAKER.

(*A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.*)

## PART XI.—THE BRITISH ARMY.

IN proposing the toast of the Military the most conventional sentiments and phrases may be used. A few allusions to the Peninsular War, Waterloo, the Crimea, and Egypt, and a general expression of opinion "that what has once been done can be done again," will furnish the necessary materials out of which may be manufactured a really good effective "Service" speech. In like manner the Warrior chosen to return thanks has only to reply in the names of English soldiers from the time of ALFRED the Great to the days of VICTORIA the Good, and promise as many heroic things on their behalf as he pleases. It is not in the least necessary that he should have been under fire, or ever seen powder burned, save in the way of kindness—at a review. As it is against etiquette to wear medals in evening dress, his audience will not know whether he is a feather-bed soldier or a hardy veteran covered with battle-born scars. Still this most satisfactory state of things cannot last much longer. The tendency of the day is to reduce everything to science, and to eliminate anything coarse or unfeeling. Under these circumstances, as this Handbook is intended to be thoroughly practical, it will be as well to give a couple of specimens of the alternative kind of speeches that will have to be delivered—the first for present use, the second to be reserved for the days to come.

## Specimen No. 1, Old Style. The Speech of the Past.

*Military-looking Person (rising abruptly).* Gentlemen, I thank you. It has been a cause of great delight to me this day to know that I would have to address you this evening. (*N.B.—The Speaker had been frightened into fits during the morning at the prospect of having to open his lips before night.*) But all I can say is, that you will agree with us that we have thoroughly done our duty in the past. We do not mind starvation in a beleaguered fortress, or annihilation by a savage foe. (*N.B.—The Speaker has never professionally been out of London or Windsor during his whole life.*) And I suppose when we next have to fight, we shall not forget the traditions of our forefathers. (*N.B.—The Speaker has only entered the Army to have something to do until he comes into his inheritance, and has not the smallest intention of going abroad upon active service.*) So I think I may say, "Ready, aye Ready!" "Rule, BRITANNIA!" and lastly, with confidence, "See the Conquering Heroes Come!"

[*The wildest enthusiasm, amidst which the Speaker resumes his seat.*]

So much for the first kind of speech, which has been entirely popular for hundreds of years. Until the changes, to which allusion has already been made, are completed, this oration is perfectly satisfactory, and may be used at any time with the utmost effect. And now for the alternative:—

## Specimen No. 2, New Style. The Speech of the Future.

*Scientific-looking Person in Blue Spectacles (rising with diffidence).* Gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness, but apologise for my nervousness. My profession disqualifies me for anything like publicity or criticism—"Hear, hear!"—as you all know I, in common with the rest of my brother Officers, am a recluse. I prefer the odour of midnight oil to the perfume of gunpowder. (*Cheers.*) I need scarcely remind you that, nowadays, we have no bloodshed. All our fighting is done on paper, and such a thing as an angry word is entirely obsolete. (*Cheers.*) When we know, as a mathematical certainty, that a given number of rifles and cannons and ammunition, with men behind them, must beat a force so large or so small, what can be the use of fighting the matter out? It would be sad waste—(*cheers*)—so we get a little "rusty"—("No, no!"—to use an expression once much in fashion with those barbarians the "warriors" of the past. (*Groans.*) In conclusion, let me again thank you for proposing the health of a body of men who, unacquainted as they are with the old-fashioned cruelties of Military life, are yet the saviours of the people. (*Great enthusiasm.*) War, nowadays, thanks to the march of progress, is quite as interesting as a game of chess, and not half as dangerous. So, Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment you have paid the Army. [*Loud applause.*]

So much for the past and the future of the British Soldier! Should Science lag a little behind, and lead and steel remain the handmaids of war, the first specimen will be still available. But come what come may, the English Army will be always equal to the emergency. A sentiment which may be worked into any Service speech after 9 P.M., with advantage.



## BRAVO, MARY!

MISS MARY ANDERSON, in conjunction with a friend, gave a dinner on New Year's Day to two hundred destitute Boys at Tower Street Schools, Seven Dials. It is said that this has been "her custom always of a New Year's Day" in New York. We hope the New York Boys didn't go without their annual treat too on this occasion. We should not like to be rearing a generation of young New Yorkers commencing life with such a grudge against the Old Country, which robbed them of the Actress and their Benef-actress at the same time. But, anyhow, bravo, MARY, you're the Gal-a-tea who gives the Boy-a-laugh!

CHANGE OF IRELAND'S EMBLEM (of course suggested by the Saxon).—Instead of "the Sham-rock," the Real Rock-a-head—from England's point of view, at all events.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 170.



SIR WILLIAM BOWMAN, BART., F.R.S.

THE PUPIL OF THE EYE.

## "ALAS, POOR GHOST!"

DESPITE all we have heard on the subject, there are still openings for "artistic merit investors"—quite a new profession, by the way. See the following from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

GOOD FIGURE (Plaster) MOULDER WANTED immediately.—Apply, &c.

Whatever Sculptors may say to the contrary, the Ghost is not yet given up. He is doubtless useful in all trades and professions, however much opinions may vary. Ah! well, well. *De ghostibus non est disputandum*—except by a Bishop in one of the monthlies. But then his Lordship is what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would term "one of the Spirituous Peers."

THE ELEMENTS OF MODERN SUCCESS.—Plenty of Brass, a persevering Boswell, and a clever Advertisement Agent.

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

RATHER a painful thing has happened since I last wrote. Poor Mr. GARRICK is leaving us. I can't get at the exact story, but I believe it was his birthday the other day, and he thought he would like to see himself act, so he went in front to watch himself "come on the stage." I never heard of a similar case; but Miss POSTER says she can't allow her company to labour under the impression that they can watch themselves act, although we have very many quick changes; so she has given poor Mr. GARRICK a fortnight's notice. "Given a fortnight's notice!" It sounds like a footman; but I believe they get a month's notice. Of course business must be mixed up somehow with Art when you take to it as a profession. Still, however, I shall get accustomed to all this sort of thing, only one is a bit *désillusionné* now and then. You know I get accustomed and attached to the people around me, and although I can't approve of all Mr. GARRICK does, his going will be a wrench for me. He doesn't seem to care about his home; and he doesn't appear certain about his wife caring to have him back, poor fellow!

The Theatre is going on like a great mill grinding out plays, at wholesale prices. We can't do real justice to the works we are given to deal with, but we all try our best. We are going on a tour of all the towns in the South soon. I often tried to give you an idea of the country-Actor at home, but I'm afraid I can't. His *patois* is too difficult to transcribe. There are some beautiful lines of KEATS's, which I forget now, but they tell you what sort of a thing it is.

It is so funny, that every one of the Company seems overwhelmed with misery and sickness and domestic sorrow, and the smallest coins seem of use to quell all the wretchedness. They call pennies "D's." They are always going "odd man out" with me "for three outs" of peppermint. I don't yet know what an "out" is, and don't want to, as I detest the smell of peppermint, as much as I remember of it in lozenges at school. I hope you won't be bored, my dear Duchess, by my mentioning these trifles, but you are kind enough to take an interest in my doings, and you asked me to tell you "all about it." Well, "all" must include peppermint even in Art, and it seems to me that a theatrical proverb for our company might be, "It's a poor Art that never rejoices" in peppermint; but I've always got to pay 4 D, and so I keep a shilling's worth of coppers handy in my pocket.

But I admit all this is very tiresome; here am I an earnest student

of what I consider a grand Art, requiring all one's education and attention, and I am hampered at every turn with stories of woes, "Ds," odd and vulgar expressions, nasty drinks, and electrical changes in our programme, that at times I'm almost for giving it up, and going back to a clerkship in a good office, if I can get it now. It is so difficult to fix one's attention. We rehearse most days from ten to one; but then there is never more than one book, and everybody comes with such piteous tales. I really mix up the private conversation with the piece, and it takes some time to calm down and sort one's ideas afterwards. It really is hard that all these outside influences should be brought to bear on one, and prevent quiet study.

Now, Mr. SNOW has no right to harrow me about his mother when I'm studying *Count Basset* in the *Provoked Husband*. The Stage Manager's careworn face always reminds me of twenty letters I've promised to write to people interested in the Blue-Coat School. Miss LAMSPHIRE (our leading Lady) out of her salary is burying some of her relatives. We are subscribing to help her. Actors of any grade are good, tender-hearted, open-handed people—specially when there's anything to put into the open hands. But what I mean is they're kind and generous, even when to be generous means (as it does here) self-deprivation. Miss POSTER says she'll go as far as one-and-sixpence, and Mr. SNOW has given 2 D; but that won't pay for much.

Somehow it's all very—very—well, very unlike anything I could possibly have imagined the Stage, as a Profession, to have been, judging from the two or three representatives of the Art whom I used to meet occasionally at your house. I can't help thinking that the very greatest of them, even when he rises to the eminence of an IRVING, must often say to the reflection of himself in the glass, when he's made up for some part or other night after night, "O dear, what a fool you are!" I do: but then—well, a friend might retort unkindly,—so, *au revoir*! Yours, H. DE B\*\*\*.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM to her married niece ANGELICA with whom she is keeping Christmas, "while you were out the Turkeycock called for a Christmas-box, and I gave him five shillings. Was I right?" [ANGELICA was puzzled at first. It was the Turncock.]

THE CRY OF THE NEW YEAR'S DAY CHILDREN.—"Hang out our stockings in the outer hall!" And while Santa Klaus pops in the toys, may be added, as the children are asleep, "The cry is still. They come!"



## SUBURBAN PUZZLES. No. 1.

THE HAMPSTEAD HEATH PUZZLE. TO FIND OUT WHERE TO RIDE SAFELY,—THE SO-CALLED "RIDE" HAVING BEEN STREWN WITH WHAT AMERICANS WOULD CALL "SMALL ROCKS."

## A RIDICULUS MUS FROM MONTE CARLO.

THE Prince of MONACO has entered into negotiations with the French Government for the sale of his dominions. His Highness wants £400,000 and a formal promise that the Blanc Concession shall not be withdrawn until 1910. So much has already been made public. The following further stipulations are now published for the first time:—

The French Government to have use of the Army (eight generals, splendid band of thirty musicians, and five well-trained and serviceable privates), on condition that the Prince retains any fees that the Band may receive for attending garden *fêtes* or evening parties.

The Rates and Taxes to be collected by the French Government on the understanding, however, that any Christmas-boxes that may be given to the collectors to conciliate them, shall be handed over to his Highness as his just perquisites.

The family pedigree of the GRIMALDIS to be inserted in the French histories in use in the Government schools. The Prince to be paid a royalty upon the sale of the text books thus amended.

The Monaco Regalia to be exhibited in every French city. Admission, a franc. Children and schools half-price. The French Government and the Prince to share the proceeds of the show. All expenses connected with bill-posting, advertising, and agency in advance, to be defrayed by the French Government.

The Prince to retain the right of conferring orders of knighthood and patents of nobility for ten years. The French Government during that time to suspend the Legion of Honour and the new Agricultural Decorations, so that the Prince's prices may not suffer from untradesmanlike competition.

As his Highness will become a French citizen on the completion of the contract, some compensation should be allowed for the loss of "crowned headship," say, the free use of the Palace at Versailles, and the right to ride as "a feature" in the show of the Parisian Lord Mayor when there is one.

And, lastly, although his Highness has asked only £400,000 for this valuable property, an additional £1000 be paid to the vendor by the vendee on the completion of the contract just to wet the bargain.

## A WIMBLEDON WAIL.

(By a Sorrowful Southron.)

CONFOUND those shootists from the Land o' Cakes!  
They've picked out all the plums; *our* Cake is dough.  
Descending from the North, they sack their "takes,"  
And grin and go.

The Badge! the Queen's!! the International!!! Oh!

These—and the rest—make really "a big order."

Must the Blue Ribbons (of the Camp) *all* go  
Over the Border?

Never a Saxon shot—the more 's the pity!—

These pottiest of potters to out-pot.

YOUNG, CALDWELL, INGRAM, RAE, MACKAY, M'VITTIE!  
It's Scot and lot!

Never a "crack" to give the Sawmies taste

Of licking, though we've many a smart and handy one?

Life and the Camp to me are now a waste,

A very SANDY one.

For "bawbies" and for "pots" I will no more hunt;

We're out of it; they beat us in a canter.

But if they'd start a Caledonian Bore Hunt,  
I'd join *instantaner*.

A ROYALTY ON AN EXHIBITION.—THE QUEEN has given permission to the Water Colour Institute in Piccadilly to dub itself "The Royal." There is a Hall of Music in Holborn, called "The Royal," and so to prevent any confusion, the full style and title of the Painters' Establishment will be the Royal Piccadilly Water Works. By which title, *Mr. Punch*, Honorary President of everything generally, wishes the Institute henceforward to be known.

THE "SWEETS" OF VICTORY (AT WIMBLEDON).—Bulls'-eyes.

## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By *Punchius Naso*.)

## CANTO VII.—LOVE, THE MIMIC.

DID *Punch* indeed his oracle set up  
Beneath his cedar (*Psyche*, pass the cup!)



How would the fair flock hither from Mayfair  
And rural Hole-cum-Corner! Query, prayer,  
Whisper, and wail, shy hint, and blushful plaint,  
From blameless sinner or from saucy saint,  
Secrets should tell, such as Dodona's oak  
Heard never. For the youngling Archer's yoke  
All necks would bow to, whilst all hearts would fain  
In double-harness drag his rose-wreathed wain.

"Please, may I *flirt*?" The silvery whisper slips  
Softly, from many a pair of pouting lips,  
In *Punch's* ready ear. The genial sage  
Is no Draconic dragon. War to wage  
A *outrance* against all the trips and twirls  
Of vagrant fancy in our boys and girls,  
Those semi-tender tentatives of hearts,  
Mild mock-rehearsals of the sweets and smarts  
Of full-played Passion, were not wiser fun  
Than stalking midges with an Armstrong gun.

"Hooray!" shouts *Flo*. "Let solemn seniors chide,  
And prudes cry 'shocking!' *Punch* is on our side."  
Free-phrased and frolic Mischief, not too fast!  
Could such sly net as venom'd Vulcan cast  
O'er flagrant Venus and hot-chafing Mars  
Snare some bare hearts, what stains, what sanguine scars,  
Born of the Love-burlesques light souls find sweet,  
The Olympian leisurely regard might greet!  
Stains! Spirit-stains, gay sprite, though like the dye  
Of long-shed blood, safe-hidden from the eye,  
Are blazoned to the conscience. Lethal hurt  
All variations of the verb "to flirt"—  
Circean vocable!—may not impart  
To worldly "honour" or to modish "heart."  
"Such splendid practice!" sparkling *CLELIA* cries,  
With a consummate flash of conscious eyes  
Which, trained in mirrored manifold reflection,  
Are calculable as a conic section.  
Well, to submit to calmly cold analysis,  
True coquetry might bring a strange paralysis  
On mobile Maidenhood. To test her arms,  
Parade and prove her panoply of charms,  
Essay, rehearse effects of clasp and glance,  
The blood's warm bounds the pulses' maddening dance,  
Hint adoration by a radiant lift  
Of swimming eyes whose movements slow or swift  
Are deftly measured; flash affected scorn  
Or flush a well-feigned shyness, ape forlorn  
Lone *ARIADNE's* lingering long regard,  
Or *SAPPHO's* brooding yearning, raise unbarred  
Twin heavens of amorous and irradiant blue,  
Prove what soft fingers, what sweet breath can do  
By furtive pressure or by fragrant waft;  
Try every flight and pitch of the toy shaft  
Of Love the Mime; all this—in girlish phrase—  
"Comes natural" to the maid of modern days

As to love-cunning *CRESSIDA* of old.  
Playing at Love! A pleasant game, we're told  
By—well, by those whom conscious shame holds not  
To a wise silence covering scar or blot.  
Play, if you please, brisk Beauties, who care less  
For stainless scutcheon than assured success.  
White is a trying tint to keep quite clear  
From smirch; a decent grey makes easier wear.  
Play, if you please! In tender conscience wakes  
Scorn of the game, or horror of the stakes;  
But cheery callousness is the "good form"  
Of *boudoir* as of Club-room. Tea-cup storm  
Of prickly prudishness will little move  
The votaries of that pleasant Cult, Mock-Love.

Mock-Love! And what if that, and that alone,  
It be that, after all, hath ever known  
The rules of Art? What, if attempts to teach  
Charm to the rose or sweetness to the peach,  
To instruct the wanton woodbine how to cling,  
Or the shy violet to bewitch the Spring,  
Were all as wise and fruitful as to aim  
At teaching love as experts teach a game?  
What if the real *Eros* laughed at rule  
And, though an urochin, scorned attending school  
(No pupil, but the universal master)  
What if Dame Nature fairer teach and faster  
All honest love-lore than erotic bard,  
Sage erudite or matron keen and hard?  
What if mere coded artifice were all  
That *OVID* or "Mamma" might fairly call  
An *Ars Amandi*, dealing with mock passion  
Inspired by sensuousness and shaped by fashion?

Hear the Boy, wise with all the lore of age,  
To *PUNCHIUS*, youthful yet though thrice a Sage.  
Young Age, old Youth! A dual marvel rare  
That deathless, fitly matched and matchless pair.

## LOVE TO HIS LAUREATE.

*Magister Artium*! Love is "Art of Arts,"  
But 'tis "an Art which Nature makes." As she,  
The Protean Thaumaturge, plays myriad parts  
Through multitudinous mutability,  
Unchanged in essence,  
So through Art's maskings and quaint mimicry  
Lives Love's perennial presence.

By law cloud pageantries take form and fleet,  
By rule June's lavish leafery, wind-stirred, shakes.  
Untracked, untraceable as fairy feet  
O'er flowers, or siren dances on dim lakes,  
But ever shaping.  
So the pure spirit of Love, like *Ariel*, takes  
Innumerable tricky draping.

Teach on, elected Laureate! Lesson still  
In blameless Art not disavowed by me,  
Rebel to rule, yet owning sleight and skill  
To frank heart-impulse fair auxiliary.  
Sham priests insult us  
With Bacchic rites. Frolic and gentle glee  
Grace the true Cyprian cultus.

Mock-Love hath its own ritual, and a code  
As hollow as itself. The callous sham  
Of Marriage-Marts, the Mænad brazen-browed  
Of female fiction, each may coach and cram  
In her own fashion,  
For the two branches of their base "exam.,"  
Cold greed and sensual passion.

Let Love the Mime absolve them, if he may,  
Of falseness and disfame. I know them not.  
But venial preludings of hearts o'er gay,  
The sweet burlesques that scarcely sting or blot,  
Shall I be hard on?  
Sham skirmishes ere yet *his* shaft is shot  
Cupid can lightly pardon.

Play at, but not *with* Love! A rule to take  
*Cum grano*. No austere precisian, I,  
But when the game is for the nobler stake,  
To win it not by tricks but honours try,  
Bright British Maiden!  
The burthen with whose mild morality  
This *Ars Amandi's* laden!



## ÉCARTÉ.

*Cards thrown out by Dumb-Crambo Junior.*

Ache heart, eh?



Pro-posing.



Changing the Suit.



Marking the King.



A Guarded Knave.



Losing the Point.



A Court Card Ruffed and Leading a Single Queen.



Playing a Light Hand against Four.



Jew de règle.



Winning the Vol.

### THE CARES OF STATE; OR, THE MYSTERY OF HAWARDEN WOODS.

*(A Fragment of Contemporary Romance.)*

THE aged Axe-wielder readjusted the flying loops of his "suspenders," turned up the peaks of his colossal collars, and resumed his outer garments.

At that moment a man was observed crouching behind a huge trunk, which the Veteran Woodman had lately felled. To pounce upon him, drag him to his feet, and, with a violent shake, dislodge from his person a mysterious oblong parcel, was the work of one moment, and seven Detectives.

"What is it?" asked the Woodman, arrested in his *al fresco toilette* by this sudden scuffle.

"One of 'em, I suspect, Sir," responded the Detective, obscurely, but respectfully; lifting and handling gingerly the dropped parcel.

"Nothing of the sort!" ejaculated the Prisoner, with gurgling indignation. "I'm SMIVVINS!!!"

The last words seemed to have a remarkable effect upon the venerable master of State-and-Wood-craft. He started; a slight roseate flush seemed to suffuse his pale and many-furrowed cheeks, like Aurora's glow on trenched snow. He looked, hesitatingly, this way, and that. He felt, with his thumb, the edge of the axe. He glanced meditatively at the fallen trunk, and thence at the self-proclaimed SMIVVINS. He might have stood for the picture of an embarrassed headman. *Could* he possibly meditate?—but no. He leaned upon his axe, and motioned the intruder to approach him.

"For 'evin's sake be careful, Sir!" ejaculated the Detective. "This 'ere parcel—*yark!*"

The expression thus phonetically approximated was caused by the Woodman coolly taking the parcel from his hesitating grasp, and quietly depositing it in his capacious hat. Then, with a genial and interested smile on his vigorous and venerable countenance, he deliberately took the much-relieved SMIVVINS aside, and with him entered into an animated, but, to the Detectives, inaudible conversation.

They had talked for an hour. All that the straining ears of the Detectives could catch was an eager "Sevenpence," and a muttered sound which seemed like "Sugar." Then another figure appeared hastily on the scene, and swiftly approached the absorbed interlocutors.

"Well, HERBERT," said the Woodman, cheerily, "as you didn't turn up, I brought it down alone. If SALISBURY goes down as easily!" Then he took what seemed an affectionate farewell of the smiling SMIVVINS, slung his axe over his shoulder, hooked his arm in that of his son, and quietly walked off toward the Castle.

"Well I'm blowed!" ejaculated the seven Detectives simultaneously, following respectfully, but watchfully, in the rear.

"Anything happened in Ireland?—gone wrong in Egypt?—turned up in the Transvaal?" queried HERBERT, anxiously.

"Not that I know of, HERBERT," responded the old Woodman, placidly. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh—why—nothing—only BUGGINS yonder came hurriedly to me, and said there was a mysterious party 'anging about, after no good, he was sure."

"Nonsense!" responded the PREMIER, pleasantly. "They are so fidgety. I shall remonstrate with HARCOURT, and—"

"But," interrupted his companion, "BUGGINS said something about a mysterious parcel, which looked suspiciously like a canister of—"

The merry laugh of the Axe-wielder cut him short, "Why, HERBERT," he said, "you know the Audit Dinner is held to-morrow, and I am posting myself in a few pertinent facts. As to the parcel—look!"

He extricated it with some difficulty from his well-worn hat, and, stripping off its paper wrappage, presented it to his son. On a red label, in black letters, it bore the following inscription:—

#### BEST RASPBERRY JAM.

SMIVVINS & CO.,  
MANUFACTURERS.

PER 7d. POT.

#### A NOVEL IDEA.

THACKERAY had the profoundest faith in Doctor Brighton as a curer of all ills, bodily and mental. It would appear that that belief exists in the present day, if we may judge from the following, that lately appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

LADY, having seen much domestic trouble, and finding the world cold and hard, wishes to meet with someone of an amiable, sympathetic nature, similarly circumstanced, to join her in small house at Brighton.

Let us hope this good Lady will meet with the friendship and sympathy she desires. But we very much doubt whether she will find the world less "cold and hard" in a "small house at Brighton" than anywhere else.

"PRAWNS AND POMMERY" at the Comedy Theatre sounds more aristocratic than "Shrimps and Tea." We seldom get a chance of seeing first pieces, but it must be a dull audience that cannot soon reduce the "Prawns" to head and tail; and as for the Pommery, that of course must be a highly Pop-ular form of entertainment.



### RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

Mrs. P. de T. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR DUCHESS! OH, BY THE WAY, MAY I BRING VON HUMM TO YOU TO-MORROW NIGHT? HE'S THE GREAT ORGANIST, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace. "BY ALL MEANS! AND TELL HIM TO BRING HIS INSTRUMENT WITH HIM."

### MEETING IT WITH SPIRIT.

THE Psychical Representative and Aged Ghosts Sustentation Fund Society held their annual meeting at the Adelphi Shades yesterday evening. It having been pretty well known beforehand that the Bishop of CARLISLE's recent article in the *Contemporary* would lead to some spirited discussion, the room was already inconveniently crowded at a comparatively early hour, several distinguished spectres who could not possibly alter their arrangements and put in an appearance before the traditional stroke of twelve, being shut out altogether and unable in consequence to take any part in the proceedings.

On midnight sounding from the steeple of a neighbouring church, the Ghost of HAMLET's Father was by unanimous consent voted into the Chair. On rising, he said, that he thought he need not dwell on the cause that had brought them together, some of them too a long distance, and at much personal inconvenience. (*A sepulchral voice.* "I believe you, Governor!")—It was generally understood by all of them. He referred to a ribald article that had lately appeared in an influential Review ("Hear, hear!") He had not perused that article himself, for the simple reason that, like that very large and influential class who were interested in apparitions, he could not read. (*Roars of laughter.*) Still he had made a very good Ghost for all that. He always, without any regard to the discomfort, appeared in armour—"Hear, hear!"—and he felt a personal interest in opposing any rubbishy new-fangled scientific theory which could possibly account for his general get-up. But he left the discussion in abler hands than his. ("No! no!") He would only add that he should uncommonly like to hear a good high-class family Ghost give his views on the subject. (*Prolonged hollow cheers, and loud cries for the "Little Blue Man."*)

### GIRL GRADUATES.

[At the half-yearly meeting of the Convocation of the University of London, which has just been held, Lady Graduates for the first time took part in the proceedings.]

GIRL Graduates! Old Dons, declare  
You think the innovation pleasant,  
To sit in Convocation there,  
And find, strange sight, the Ladies present.  
Full surely you must all confess,  
'Mid high debate in Greek or Latin,  
You love the rustle of a dress,  
And academic silks and satin.

With brow serene and earnest looks,  
Those learned Ladies took their places;  
A Poet said that all his books  
Consisted of fair women's faces;  
So London Dons, methinks, will steal  
Full many a glance of admiration,  
And, after this gay meeting, feel  
There's pleasure e'en in Convocation.

With such an audience, I opine,  
The men will feel themselves quite heroes;  
'Twill mend their manners, and the line  
Goes on "*Nec sinit esse feros.*"  
If *Place aux dames!* should make the fair  
Preside, a curious question this is—  
How should a man address the Chair,  
If Mr. Chairman is a "Missis"?

Thus Woman wins. Haul down your flag,  
Oh, stern misogynist, before her.  
However much a man may brag  
Of independence, he'll adore her.  
Traditions of the bygone days  
Are cast aside, old rules are undone;  
In Convocation Woman sways  
The University of London.

### CLEARING THE PROSPECT.

DURING the past few days the weather round the coast has been so foggy that the view of the sea has been altogether mist. Orders have been telegraphed to the Coast-Guard to at once turn out and sweep the horizon with their telescopes. Let us hope that, after the efforts of these sea-scauengers, there will be no more dirty weather.

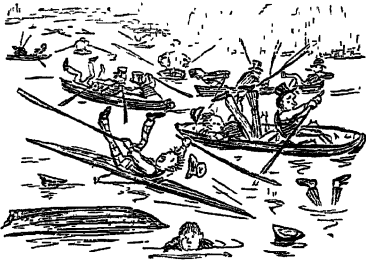
The next speaker, who rose amidst a perfect storm of mysterious ghostly applause, and wore a faded blue coat and a full-bottomed wig of the last century, said he belonged to an old Wiltshire Manor House—"Hear!"—and was generally known in the neighbourhood as "The Little Blue Man." (*Cheers.*) He needn't tell them *what* he had done when he was alive—"No, no!"—but he has always found himself hanging about the premises with a pained expression, and, whether he liked it or not, making a noise on an upper landing as if he was playing at football by himself with a large leathern trunk. (*Laughter.*) What had the Bishop of CARLISLE to say to that? (*Cheers.*)

The Beresford Ghost here rose, and said that he considered a mere family Ghost of that sort that was always appearing, without any point, to everyone, brought discredit on the whole class. ("Hear, hear!") He had on one occasion, but on one occasion only, frightened a near relative into fits. (*Laughter.*) That was the true business of a genuine apparition. Continual shrieking and tumbling all over the place was vulgar. ("Hear, hear!")

The Ejected Berkeley Square Spectre wished to ask the last speaker what a Ghost was to do with himself when he could not keep quiet? He had caused a house to be pulled down by his own behaviour, and he much regretted it, as he now should feel bound to haunt the mere site, without having the fun. He believed there was to be a pillar-post erected on the spot. ("Oh, oh!") He asked how he could comfortably get into that, and frighten people who came with their letters after twelve? Yet he supposed he should have to do it. (*Groans.*)

A deceased Scotch Nobleman, who had worried all his descendants for five centuries by gliding about a sentry-box on Christmas Eve, said nothing was easier. He generally appeared as a large black hound with red fiery eyes, and found it most effective. ("Hear,

## OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

*By Dumb-Crambo Junior.*

Catching Crabs and Flounders in the Thames.



Catching Wails at Whippingham.



Catching Soles and Skate on the (Sea) Serpentine.



Catching Whiting from the Strand.

## CAUGHT BY THE TIDE!

*(A Story of a Coastguardman.)*

THEY sing their songs and their lifeboat lays, and the gossip to guest from host Is of wreckage wild in the Winter-time round the dangerous Cornish coast; There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of fishermen out at sea, There are tales of the lighthouse-keepers, and of women who bend the knee When their mates are away in the storm-time, and the cottage is left to the roar Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and screaming about the shore; But best of all tales that ever I heard to make me think better of men Who ting in their lives for duty—it happened—you ask me when? On a wonderful Summer's evening, just as holiday-time began, It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a Coastguardman!

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the rocks and caves, Where the sea-birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves; You may search for wild adventure on the sea-coast south and north, But for beauty travel by Truro to the village of Perranporth. It was there on this summer evening, on the beach, as the daylight died, That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught at the turn of the tide; Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the ground from his feet; He rushed, but he couldn't go onward—then back, there was no retreat! Up came the sea still closer—was it death? Not a second to count— Then setting his teeth at the danger, to the cliffs he began to mount.

Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring the sea-birds' nest, Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his arms and breast, At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his life to a stone, Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended in air, alone! Once more death barred his passage; and his terrified face turned grey, For the ledge of the rock he clung to was crumbling slowly away! "Where is the man for a rescue?" so the cry of agony ran. "I am that man, God willing!" said REGAN the Coastguardman!

Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that might be felt, For the village was emptied of women, who muttered their prayers and knelt; They could see the eyes of the shivering man, with the agonised face turned grey,

As stone after stone from his safety-ledge kept slowly crumbling away! "Bring me a rope!" said REGAN, "and bind it about my waist; Look at that wretched fellow! In a second he'll fall! Make haste! Keep the cord tight in your hands, mates—there, tighter so, and stiff; Now, wait till I give the signal! Then haul me over the cliff. Why do you stand there staring? I'll save him, mates, if I can; If I die, I have done my duty!" said REGAN the Coastguardman!

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, as they lowered with bated breath: This man with his brave life given to a fellow condemned to death. The silence grew more awful, and agony paled on the lip Of the women and men who waited—till at last with a mighty grip

The man of the Coastguard seized him, and tightened his arms around This prize he had risked his life for—then searching for safety ground They swung from the ledge together, for the rope was taut and stiff, Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms of the crowd on the cliff!

There are times when the heart's too full, Sir, for even our English cheers. But the women they crowded around him with kisses, and prayers, and tears! So tell it about from South to North, proclaim it where you can; Go spread it forth from Perranporth—this tale of a Coast-guardman!

## QUITE SURPRISING.

THE *Times* critic on Mr. IRVING as *Louis the Eleventh*, speaks of his "seemingly toothless jaws," as if he had expected the Actor to have all his teeth taken out in real earnest, and then adds, with all the naïve and frank admiration for his own cleverness which might be shown by a sharp schoolboy on his seeing Mr. IRVING for the first time in this part, and seeing how he makes up for it—

"For by a skilful artifice in staining his front teeth, Mr. IRVING produces all the effect of toothlessness."

Dear us! how wonderful! The "skilful artifice" is "no new thing" invented and patented by Mr. IRVING, as, had it been "a skilful dentifrice," it might have been, but a very simple "dodge" familiar to all character Actors, Amateurs, and to everyone professionally interested in the practical Drama. We should say the receipt would probably be found in Mr. DUTTON COOK's amusing book on the Stage, in which he treats of all such details.

We shall expect in some future *Times* critique by the same hand to read, "Miss ELLEN TERRY, as *Julet*, preserves seemingly the most juvenile appearance. She has all the fresh, clear, and peach-like complexion of a girl of sixteen, which was, if we remember, the age of SHAKESPEARE's heroine. For by a skilful artifice, Miss ELLEN TERRY colours her cheeks with a delicate pink cosmetic applied with a prepared hare's-foot, and softens the outline with pearl-powder delicately laid on with a small puff, which gives all the effect of extreme juvenility." Similar observations may be made as to artificial whiteness of different Actresses' hands by the aid of bismuth, a remarkable discovery made by Miss KATE VAUGHAN; also on the "remarkable darkness of the eyelashes by the skilful artifice of painting them with Indian ink—an invention lately patented by Miss NELLIE FAREN;" and our attention will be directed to "the marvellous lustre of Miss ANYBODY ELSE's eyes, produced by her unique discovery of the use of belladonna."

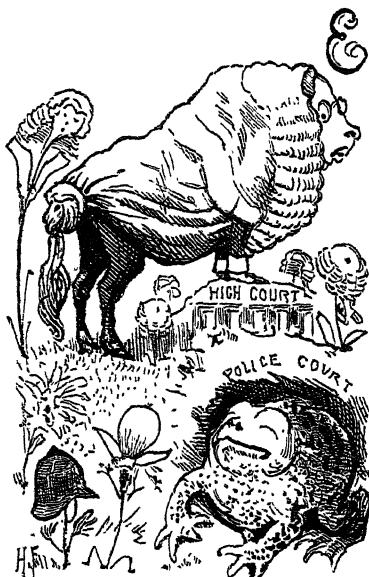
As to the "toothlessness,"—anyone playing dilapidated old men have used some such device ever since making-up became an art. Who recollects Mr. ALFRED WIGAN as the old Frenchman, *Achille Dufard*, on the first night? Here and there a tooth in his head, that was all; and such a yellow, parchment, snuffy old skin!

"ANY ORNAMENTS FOR YOUR FIRE-STOVES?"—When Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK, lineal descendant of the family of which the Friar was the best-known member, is not busy in inventing Christmas and Easter Cards, he turns his attention to small ornamental screens for the drawing-room fire-place in summer time, screens which, besides supplying an artistic want, and filling a vacuum, suggest that on every family hearth, the great scene from the *School for Scandal* is being played by dolls—a *Lady Teazle* doll being, of course, concealed on the chimney-side. Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK has sent us a sample, of which, being really worth mentioning, we at once tuck notice. If cold weather sets in and settles the present fate of this invention, we advise everyone artistically and economically inclined to go in for a RAFFLE-TUCK. When we think of those hideous and dangerous paper-shavings, every one must acknowledge that these newly-designed screens are a Grate Improvement.

## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

No. II.—THE PEDANTIC MAGISTRATE.



EDWARD Charles Wraggs, a wretchedly-dressed child of seven years of age, whose head scarcely appeared above the prisoner's dock, was charged with begging in Trafalgar Square.

P.C. BIBS, Z 960, deposed he saw the Prisoner ask an elderly Lady for a copper. Was quite sure the Lady was elderly, and was equally certain a copper was demanded, although witness only saw the occurrence, and did not hear it. The Prisoner, on being taken into custody, made several efforts to escape.

Mr. Warn (the learned Magistrate, addressing the Prisoner). Prisoner at the Bar, presuming that you are unrepresented either by Counsel or an Attorney, do you intend to interrogate the officer?

The Prisoner. What?

Gaoler (colloquially interpreting the learned Magistrate). Got any questions to ask?

The Prisoner. I don't know.

Mr. Warn. That is a statement. However, if you desire to address the Court upon this charge, you shall offer your defence now, as I understand there is no further evidence to be adduced either pro or con.

The Prisoner. What?

Gaoler (again interpreting the learned Magistrate). Got anything to say?

The Prisoner. Yus, Sir. I didn't know I was doin' any wrong.

Mr. Warn (proceeding to sum up in the simple and explicit manner characteristic of this particular learned Magistrate). Prisoner, you have been brought before me on the sworn testimony of a Metropolitan Constable with begging within the precincts of the monument erected in memoriam to NELSON. It is, as you must be aware, a charge under the Vagrant Act, and I am bound to admit, it appears to me there is a *prima facie* case against you.

"The Head and Front of his Offending."



The Magistrate.

ing in any form is *contra leges*. Your defence is, therefore, totally unworthy of consideration. Now, I warn you, if, in future, you will persist in pursuing this nefarious method of existence, I shall have to sentence you to a term of incarceration without the option of a pecuniary penalty. Pray do not treat this caution with indifference. Upon this occasion, however, your liberty will be afforded you.

The Prisoner (bursting into tears). Oh! how long have I got? Oh! what have I got?

Gaoler (interpreting the learned Magistrate). What have you got? Why, you've got let off, and don't do it again. (*Sotto voce to boy.*) Hook it!

And the little boy left the Court under the impression that the Magistrate had sentenced him to several years' penal servitude, but that the Gaoler had kindly overlooked the offence and liberated him.

Montagu Stanhope Westminster Bridgeworth, described as a "Gentleman," was charged with assaulting Police-Constable JAMES BUTTONS. The Defendant admitted the charge, and expressed his sorrow that he should have annoyed the Constable in any way, and begged of him to accept his (defendant's) sincere apology.

Mr. Warn (the learned Magistrate, addressing the Defendant, with extreme dignity and severity). It seems to me deeply to be deplored that a person of your social status should so far forget himself as to assault a Constable in the execution of the duty imposed upon him by his superior officers. You have sought to extenuate your misdemeanor by the expression of your contrition—

The Defendant (interrupting the learned Magistrate). I beg your Worship's pardon, but I am quite deaf, and cannot hear a single word you are saying.

Mr. Warn (the learned Magistrate, addressing the Gaoler). Gaoler, be good enough to repeat my observations to the Defendant.

"It seems to me deeply to be deplored —" (To Gaoler.) Repeat that to him, Gaoler.

Gaoler. I will write it all down first, your Worship, and read it straight through to him at the end, if you will let me, your Worship.

Mr. Warn (pleased). Oh, certainly, by all means. "It seems to me deeply to be deplored —" Have you got that down, Gaoler?

Gaoler (writing vigorously). —"Be deplored"—yes, your Worship. The learned Magistrate addressed the Defendant for a considerable time, ultimately imposing upon him a sentence of three months' imprisonment. His Worship then requested the Gaoler to read the observations out to Defendant.

Gaoler. Beg your pardon, your Worship, the next case is a long embezzlement case, and some of the witnesses have been here since ten o'clock. Had I not better read your Worship's observations to the Defendant in my room, Sir? We shall not be disturbed there, Sir.



Gaoler taking Notes.



Condensed Report, with Expressive Pantomime.

Mr. Warn. Oh, certainly, by all means. Call on the next case! Gaoler (at the door of the cell, interpreting the learned Magistrate to Defendant by coming to the point at once). You've got three months. [Pushes the Defendant in, and locks the door.]



## THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DETECTIVE JOURNALIST.\*

I UNRAVEL THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION, DISGUISED AS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

RECEIVED letter from my Editor, "You must find out what they are doing at the Horse Guards at this crisis. Why not go as an old Indian Officer?"

I smiled at the simplicity of the suggestion, and gave a few necessary orders to my assistant. Then, of course, I went to Covent Garden to be "made up."

"What is it this time, Sir?" asked the Theatrical Hairdresser, getting his various pigments into order, and offering me a chair.

"The Duke of CAMBRIDGE," I replied, without hesitation.

"Get me down the Bouncer wig out of *Cox and Box*, and bring it here directly," cried the intelligent tradesman, and in a trice my head disappeared into a rather bald peruke, while my cheeks and upper lip became decorated with grey crape-hair. Then I was joining-pasted, powdered, and rouged.

"I think that will do, Sir," said Mr. WOLF, handing me a small glass. "I have not reddened the nose, as I presume your reading of the part is rather serious than comic."

"Certainly," I returned. "At so great a crisis as the present—when, at a moment's notice, we might be pledged to a second Egyptian campaign—it would be highly indecorous to be funny. You were quite right to leave the nose uncoloured."

Mr. WOLF seemed much gratified at my approbation, and bowed me out of the shop. Of course, my next visit was to a well-known costumier in Bow Street. On explaining my views, he immediately returned, "that he had the very thing I wanted," and produced what seemed to be the highly-spangled undress uniform of a Tartar Admiral.

"No, Mr. JUNE," I said kindly, but firmly; "that will not do. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE is most particular about details."

"Well, there you are!" cried Mr. JUNE, falling back and examining the costume with an expression of extremely well simulated admiration—"there you are! His Royal Highness, no doubt, is Honorary Colonel of many foreign regiments, why not of this? I am doing you a great favour in letting you have it, as I had intended to send it down to a Gentleman in the country, who is very particular about his get-up, who is to play to-night, in some amateur theatricals, the part of the Captain in *Good for Nothing*."

"It won't do, Mr. JUNE," I replied, firmly; and after some further conversation was at length suited with a uniform of a nondescript character, which had the debatable advantage of representing in its details all branches of the Military Service—Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. It, however, was the best that the establishment could produce.

"If the Commander-in-Chief can't wear what he pleases," remarked Mr. JUNE, "I should like to know who can?"

"You are sure that all the Orders are right?" I asked.

"Quite sure," returned Mr. JUNE. "They all belong to the first dress of *Maseppa* except that star, which I took from a *Hamlet*."

Stepping into the gold coach which had come round in obedience to the instructions of my assistant, I rapidly drove to the Horse Guards in Pall Mall. I alighted, and the two sentries on guard over the areas immediately presented arms. To keep up my military character, I inspected them closely; and then, prompted by a recollection of many years ago, of a month's service as a subaltern in the Militia, asked one of them "to give over his orders." He replied, without hesitation,

"Take charge of all Government property in view of my box, salute the Dook, alarm the guard in case of fire, and not to let no dogs pass through that there door."

Satisfied with this reply, I entered the office, and was received with that earnest respect which every respectable Englishman yields to Royalty. My uniform was accepted as a matter of course. Had I walked in on all-fours I do not believe that the proceeding would have provoked criticism—at any rate, publicly expressed. I was ushered into a palatial apartment.

"Your Royal Highness was not expected," said a bowing Messenger, who yet spoke with a slight tremor; "so none of your Royal Highness's Staff are here."

"It does not in the least matter," I returned, sweetly, as I remembered that the leading characteristics of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE were extreme gentleness and long-suffering.

"Your Royal Highness will observe," continued the bowing Messenger, "that a telephone has been put up. Has your Royal Highness any message for the Secretary of State? His Lordship is on the point of leaving the office for Downing Street to attend a Cabinet Council."

\* "At Marlborough Street Police-Court, HUGH M'LACHLAN, address refused, was charged, as a suspected person, with loitering in Hanover Square. The Prisoner, when asked what he had to say, stated that he was a Journalist, and was going to write an article, on the profits of beggars, in the *Echo*. . . . He went out attired as a beggar for the purpose of gaining information." *The Times*, January 9th, 1884.

"You can tell the Marquis that I entirely disagree with his proposals of yesterday," I answered, recollecting that it is a tradition for the Commander-in-Chief always to be at loggerheads with the Civil Director of the Army. The Messenger returned almost immediately.

"The Marquis sends his most respectful compliments to your Royal Highness," said the man, "and is gratified beyond measure that your Royal Highness should object to all his Lordship's proposals of yesterday. The Marquis adds that he has entirely forgotten what his proposals were, but that it is all right."

The Messenger then withdrew, and left me alone in the room. I looked round the apartment. In a corner there was an enormous bundle of red tape. On tables were placed, in rows, specimens of coat-buttons. There were luxurious arm-chairs, sofas, and lounges, and on the writing-desk a large empty basket, labelled "Intelligence Department." Beside this gaping receptacle were several pamphlets, of which the following were some of the titles:—*How to obtain Recruits from Prisons, Reformatories, and Broadmoor; Why wear Grey when Waterloo was won in Scarlet; and Scheme for putting a Battalion of Infantry on a War-Footing in times of emergency by drafting Recruits into it from the Royal Horse Guards, the Field Artillery, the Gordon Highlanders, the Malta Fencibles, and the Yorkshire Yeomanry*. I had scarcely time to notice this, before an electric-bell called me to the telephone. I applied my ear to the receiver, and being asked "who I was," answered, with some inward compunction, "The Duke of CAMBRIDGE."

"Exactly so," said the voice through the telephone. "I am Mr. GLADSTONE."

"Really," I replied, forgetting for a moment my assumed character, "it is a great honour to me to have the distinction of speaking to so eminent a Statesman."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. GLADSTONE through the telephone. "Your Royal Highness never will be serious! But now we must beg you to give your attention to us. We have a most difficult question in connection with a campaign in Egypt."

This was most interesting! I prepared my Note-Book, and waited for what Mr. GLADSTONE had next to say.

(To be continued.)

## ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

THE new St. GEORGE has appeared—at St. James's. The Dragon which he purposes to attack, rout, and utterly demolish is the Dragon of Poverty.

"Property is theft," opined PROUDHON, and St. GEORGE is apparently of the same way of thinking. All holders of land, it would appear, have *stolen* it. From whom? From that useful generalisation, but peculiarly vague entity, "The People." St. GEORGE would steal it back again—"resume" the wise it call. After that, Utopia and universal happiness, of course!

What melancholy moonshine it all is! The Dragon of Poverty is so dismal a reality, that it is sad to find its self-appointed would-be slayer a sham—or worse. St. GEORGE is probably as well meaning in his wild onset as was *Don Quixote* when he assailed the windmills or the sheep. An honest advocate of universal dishonesty is none the less a pitiable spectacle.

"There is more than enough for all," declares St. GEORGE. Why, certainly. Why, then, should "all" not have more than enough? The fault obviously must rest with those who *have* secured superfluity. Steal—no, "resume"—that superfluity, distribute it, so that the luckless lack-alls get their full share, and you'll have "more than enough" all round—until these troublesome laws of Nature and human character which so obstinately decline to be "averaged," or argued out of existence, resume their indisputable sway. Then, of course, you must start again.

It is to be feared that the poor of the land will not derive much more practical good from "George the Fifth," as wary Mr. LABOUCHERE non-committally called him, than from the other four THACKERAY-bethumped monarchs. It is a pity, because the Dragon of Poverty is no pasteboard property monster: and what are called the "Rights of Property" do, in many cases, involve the foulest and most far-reaching of wrongs. But the practice of ROBIN HOOD is no cure for the theory of ROB ROY. "You can by this one thing abolish poverty," confidently asserts Mr. GEORGE; "here is a right." But if "this one thing" is wholesale robbery (and expropriation without compensation means and must involve *that*), it is to be feared—nay, rather to be hoped—that the honest people of England will not consent to the abolition of poverty on any such deadly and disgraceful terms.

APROPPOS OF A CASE LAST WEEK.—What to do with a Housemaid who discharges a revolver? Evidently—discharge *her*.

TO DR. KINNS.—"Wrong you are," says MOSES.



## FOND DREAMS OF MIDDLE AGE.

*Mrs. Anderson.* "TO THINK WE'VE NEVER SEEN SWITZERLAND, JOHN, NOR ITALY! WE MUST TREAT OURSELVES TO ALL THAT, WHEN ALL THE GIRLS ARE MARRIED!—AND GO UP MONT BLANC, AND—PHEW!—THE MATTERHORN—A—OH DEAR! WHAT A FRIGHT-FULLY—HILLY PLACE—HAMPSHIRE IS—TO BE SURE!"

*Mr. Anderson.* "YES; AND GET AWAY FROM THIS BEASTLY COLD CLIMATE, AND DO VESUVIUS, YOU KNOW—AND—A—MOUNT ETNA—A—A—I SAY—HOLD ON A BIT—A—I'M ALL—OF A LATHER—CONFOUND IT—PHEW!"

## A BEAST OF BURDEN.

*Mr. Punch loquitur—*

WELL, JOHN, how now? A jibbing English nag  
Were easier driving than your present cattle.  
You have not made much headway, seem to lag,  
Although you started with a regular rattle.  
You're in the East, JOHN,  
And dealing with a strange and ticklish beast, JOHN.

JERU, the sun of NIMSHI, is not quite,  
In this particular case, your proper model;  
But you should get the brute—'twere only right—  
Beyond a sluggish intermittent waddle.  
And if he "flops," JOHN,  
He'll stir no more, but perish where he stops, JOHN.

Poor "Beast of Burden!" For so very long  
O'erladen, overdriven, 'tis a wonder  
The much-enduring brute, though dully strong,  
Abides the brutal thong, the tyrant blunder,  
And stands survivor  
Of many a leader rash and ruthless driver.

The latest leader you, relieved at last  
From hampering rivalry and awkward trammel,  
But—well, you don't appear to travel fast,  
Or get on Rarey terms with that same camel.  
"Yah!" shout your foemen,  
"He'll come an awful cropper!"—*Absit omen!*

Mossoo regards with a sardonic grin  
Your strivings to combine extreme humanity

With tolerable progress. Will you win  
With fine punctilio and strict urbanity,  
Quite à la GRANVILLE,  
Who'd smile between the hammer and the anvil?

Mossoo thinks not. "*Mon ami JEAN*," cries he,  
(And in his eyes there's a satiric twinkle),  
"If you *can't* lead that stubborn brute—let *Me!*"  
But JOHN, an oriental *Mr. Winkle*  
Is not precisely  
The sort of part in which you'd figure nicely.

The Camel's *rider* looks a lumpish log,  
With an uncertain seat that courts disaster.  
He'll hardly help you make the creature jog.  
Is he, or you, or neither to be master  
Of rein or tether?  
The question's urgent. Pull yourself together!

*John Bull loquitur—*

I'd rather tool an English four-in-hand  
Than hold the leading-rein of this rum beast, Sir.  
But all the same Mossoo must understand  
I shall not "turn it up." Not in the least, Sir?  
I've fairly tried him  
As leader. If needs be, I'll mount and ride him!

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.—Where's the use? "Better to bear the ills"—not to bare the ills,—and then there's the old proverb, "Let well alone." But—*Happy Thought*—Why not the "International *Ill* Health Exhibition?"—come, there's something in *that*. We propose to give a few cases of specimens for exhibition, which are expected to arrive at our office next week.





## THE BEAST OF BURDEN.

MOSCOO. "IF YOU CANNOT LEAD HIM, MON CHER, LET *ME*!"  
JOHN BULL. "NO, THANK YE. IF I CAN'T LEAD HIM, I'LL *RIDE* HIM!!"



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. To Mr. Lionel Brough at the Avenue, about "A Mint of Money" at Toole's Theatre.

MY DEAR BROUGH,

COULDN'T write before, though I know, while you were playing the Baron in *La Vie*, last Thursday night, you were dying to know how J. L. TOOLE was getting on in his new piece, by Mr. A. LAW, called *A Mint of Money*,—a combination of names which, as you, with the excellent theological training in early life, that has been of such great service—morning and evening service—to you, would probably say, suggests, hopefully, the "Law and the profits." I am sure I join you heartily in this wish. The First Act starts a new idea as a dramatic motive; namely, a Lady, possessed of mesmeric power, entirely subjugating a weak good-natured person, and making him her slave. Now, there can be only two ways of treating this, either the utterly farcical, or the intensely tragic: and whatever might have been the Author's intention, the effect of mesmerism on such a subject as your old friend JOHNNIE TOOLE must be irresistibly comic.

Mr. TOOLE is mesmerised by an Irish adventuress, who, however, really does possess this mysterious power, so that she is not a humbug,



"Catching the Speaker's Eye" at last.

and herein is a bit of muddle of character. The two adventurers have apparently walked right out of *L'Aventuriere*.—TOM ROBERTSON'S *Home* at the Haymarket, though the home of most of his pieces was the old Prince of Wales's,—and the incident of the man supposed to have been killed while hiding in a coal-cellar, somehow or other recalls the situation in *L'Homme Blasé*.—I say "somehow," because it is not exactly the same; the similarity consisting in *Sir Charles* (in *Used Up*) escaping, in disguise, under the impression that he has murdered the Blacksmith, while here JOHNNIE TOOLE escapes, in disguise, under the impression that he has caused the death of Mr. G. SHELTON—'Do you know SHELTON? Very good.'—who plays a cowardly, heretoric, tipsy scoundrel, *O'Blather*, capitally.

All the small parts are well played, and there's not a foreigner among them, which would sound strange to your ears now, I suppose. In fact, now you have become such a regular Comic Operatic Tenor (is it tenor?) you would not care for playing in mere farce, or in anything without music. This piece, however, gets on very well as one harmonious whole, for the *ensemble* (useful word this, isn't it?) is excellent. The last Scene (I think Mr. RYAN is the Artist, though I could not find his name in the bill, but only that of the furniture provider, who is a theatrical LYON), representing a forest glade, is a triumph of scenic Art, and makes the little stage appear double its size. The audience applauded it for several seconds on the first night. In the centre of this Scene there is a big tree with a large hole in the trunk, and its branches spread out right and left, so as to leave a convenient place for sitting in the centre. When I saw this, I couldn't help thinking of you. I said to myself, "Now, if BROUGH were here, I'm sure it would puzzle him to guess to what possible use that hole and that resting-place in the middle of the tree are going to be put." I am sure that as a Low Comedian it could never have struck you that you might "get something out of" hiding in the hole, and then getting up into the tree and overhearing an important conversation carried on below while you were hidden away, though clearly visible to the audience, like CHARLES THE SECOND, up in the branches?

It would never, I am certain, have flashed across you that you might get a roar by trying first to hide in that hole, and then in getting out again, with difficulty, at a very critical moment. No; such notions might very naturally have occurred to Mr. HENRY IRVING, Mr. THOMAS MEAD, Mr. FERNANDEZ, or Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, but not, I am convinced, to you. Now, would you believe it, my

dear BROUGH, that, first of all, the eccentric Mr. SHELTON hid his clothes in that hole, and that, subsequently, J. L. TOOLE climbed up the trunk, and then actually made a joke about being "up a tree"? He did; I give you my word of honour he did. And if you think that the audience were so struck with the novelty of the situation, and of



Mr. J. L. Toole in his celebrated imitation of Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

the remarks he made when he was concealed from view, saying absurd things so loud as to be heard by the audience, but quite "over the heads" of the people on the stage, that they could not laugh, but remained aghast at the actor's and author's boldness in devising such a startling and strikingly novel situation, you are wrong, my dear boy, for they roared, and so did I, and so did everyone; and while it is perfectly true that the inefficiency of any one of the company would have been enough to have imperilled the play, yet it is no less true that, as you will easily imagine, its entire success was your old friend JOHNNIE'S broadly comic rendering of Mr. LAW's dialogue and situations.

The dialogue is full of points,—it is all points. There's no chance of sitting down anywhere without coming on a point, and immediately going on again. It is a one-part piece, but it isn't a one-character piece. J. L. TOOLE'S is the part, but all the others are individualised characters, and all have something to do, and all do it well. Mr. BILLINGTON'S make-up is wonderful. I thought he was meant for a middle-aged American; but he wasn't. Had he been intended for that, he would have been more than wonderful, he would have been simply perfect.

Miss EMILY THORNE, as the mother of seven girls named after the days of the week,—a weakly family,—was excellent; and Miss SARAH-BERNHARDT-BEERE-MARIE-FEDORA-LINDEN looked charming as *Miss Thursday*, with not much to do, but plenty of time to do it in, and she did it well. Mr. BANCROFT-WARD was very good too, as an undecided young man in love with all the sisters. Sorry you can't see it. Couldn't you get round from the Avenue to Toole's during one of those intervals when you are listening with rapt attention to the five or six *encores* accorded to our tuneful friend, General ARTHUR ROBERTS? Try,—you'll be back in time for ROBERTS'S last *encore*. Wish you a Happy New Year. Heard you were going to play the Curate at the Novelty Theatre, where the *New Magdalen* is doing very well. If you had, you might have told your excellent story of the "nice-spoken clever boy," eh? "Vot a larks!" eh? Good-bye. May you live long and "brosher."

Yours ever,

NIBBS.

## Sticks and Stocks.

"Lord ERNEST HAMILTON is retiring from the Army in order to become a member of the Stock Exchange."—*Truth*.

A PARADOX this seems to be,  
Whereat some folks may mock:  
A Soldier for the Stock Exchange  
Must now Exchange his Stock.

A LADY says she never takes Salad on account of the Lucca oil in it. An Italian Warehouseman in the Haymarket, which praps his name is the ancient BARTO VALLE, an Old Master in Oils, says this is "a pure ile objection."

"WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS?"—Send 'em back to school. Hooray! Holidays over!—(Signed) PATERFAMILIAS.

### A PROSPECT FOR PUGILISM.

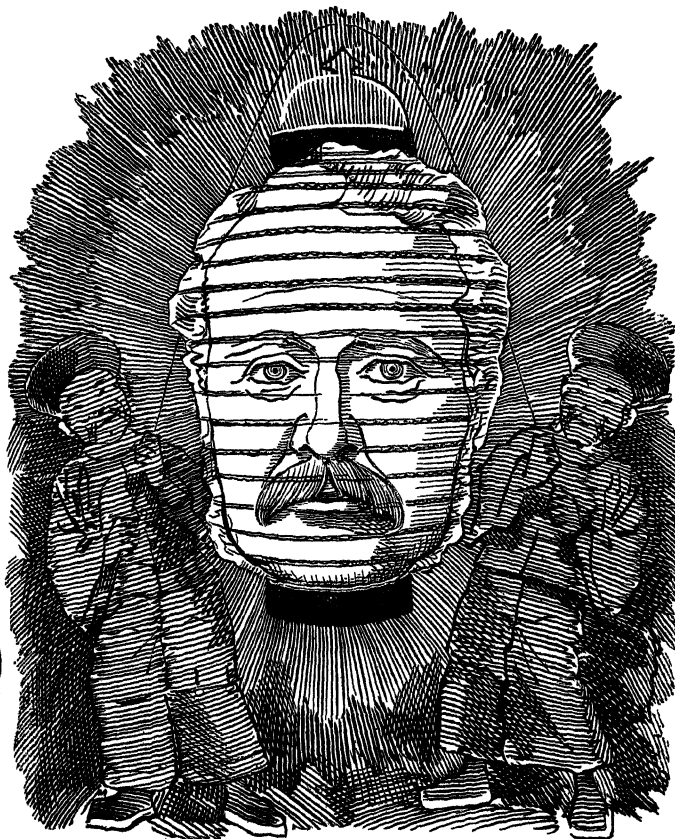
Good Old Times Revived! There's a chance for the P. R. coming to the front again, if they can only be the highly respectable and worthy sort of persons who were placed in an unfortunate position last Friday in the dock of the Old Bailey, which they left without a stain on their moral character. The breed of "Pugs" will be encouraged, and if the Professors of the Noble Art are only sharp enough to take the hint from Judge HAWKINS, they'll start afresh, obtain exalted patronage, enrol themselves as an accepted Profession, and—who knows?—come at last to be Knighted and Baronetted. Why not Sir BENJAMIN BENDIGO CRIBB, *alias* "The Spring Chicken"?

At all events, the Pugilists ought to present Sir HENRY HAWKINS with a testimonial, and, at the next "Maiden Assizes," give him, instead of the usual white gloves, a pair of good boxing-gloves. How delighted Sir HENRY must be whenever he goes into any Court, and sees a good Jury-Box. It is, he says, the first thing that catches his eye,—only, of course, without hurting him.

### I-NANA-TIES.

THAT *Nana* of ZOLA's  
Required Benzine Colas;  
And RICHERPIN's new *Nana*  
Is not nice as manna;  
But both bring in guineas,  
The *Nanas*, from ninnies.

### PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 171.



BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION FROM THE CHINESE (GORDON)  
LANTERN.

### A MATURE PUPIL.

"It is never too late to mend" is fully exemplified in the subjoined advertisement from the *Daily News* :—

**A CLERGYMAN** desires TUITION. Classics, &c. Small remuneration accepted.

One would have imagined that having arrived at the dignity of Clergyman, the advertiser would be rather in the position to impart knowledge than to become its recipient. There is a refreshing absence of arrogance about these few lines. It is touching in its eloquent simplicity, in its direct appeal for instruction. The only part we fail to understand is, "small remuneration accepted." Should it not be "given"? Possibly not, and that there are many who would gladly pay for the privilege of imparting instruction to a Clergyman.

WHATEVER may be the opinion with regard to the poems of the Author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, there can be no doubt, from his genealogy, that he belongs to the Tupper Crust.

It is more than probable that when the present SPEAKER of the House of Commons retires, we shall be treated to the sight of a Brand-new Peer.

THE BEST ROYAL DESCENT.  
—The removal of the statue of Good Queen ANNE from St. Paul's Churchyard.

### THE TAKING OF MONACO.

(A Look ahead.)

It is perhaps as well to recapitulate the circumstances which led to the recent bombardment and capture of Monte Carlo. It may be remembered that the Prince of this State, being in financial difficulties, secretly disposed of his territory to an Eastern gentleman, one LI TUNG CHOW, belonging to the sect contemptuously styled by the French *Chinois Paiens*, who are renowned for their devotion to the sacred mysteries of *Les Trois Cartes, Manche Pleine, and L'As en Botte*. These heathen rites being especially distasteful to the strong religious feelings of the French Republic, representations were made to LI TUNG CHOW that unless he evacuated Monaco, he would be likely to be expelled by force. LI TUNG CHOW's answer to the French Envoy was short, figurative, and expressive. He gracefully applied his right thumb to his tiptilted nostrils, and extended the fingers of his hand towards the Ambassador. "Go to Bath!" is probably the nearest verbal rendering to this symbolical act.

The Prince of MONACO, however, had become thoroughly alarmed, and having had his subsidy banked in advance, he was the more ready to get rid of his obnoxious tenant. Accordingly, LI TUNG CHOW was, despite all protests on his part, somewhat impolitely conducted to a steamer, and despatched to the Celestial Empire. Great rejoicings followed his departure. The Ruler of Monaco placed a tax on soap, and the Municipality of Paris not only indulged in fireworks, but changed the names of sixteen streets. How misplaced were these festivities! About four months after LI TUNG CHOW's expulsion, a Chinese fleet, consisting of ten first-rate ironclads, sixteen gunboats, and eight large troopships, appeared before Monte Carlo, and demanded in the name of the Emperor of CHINA the surrender of the place to his vassal, LI TUNG CHOW. The Prince, who had no desire to meet that gentleman again on earth, telegraphed to Paris

asking for instructions. The answer was short and decisive—"Defend yourself *à outrance*."

Almost immediately afterwards the following despatch from the Chinese Commander, LONG BO, was "communicated" by the Minister of Marine to the *Pekin Gazette* :—

"To-day, the fleet, under my orders, opened fire on the fortifications of Monte Carlo. These fortifications exist no longer. The Monagascan Army fought with determined bravery, but is no more. The enemy's losses during the attack were at least ninety thousand men. We have captured six thousand brass cannon, of which four thousand are rifled, eighty thousand kilogrammes of dynamite, four hundred barrels of nitro-glycerine, one hundred thousand rifles, and six million cartridges. Our losses are one man and a boy."

Later.—"The French Government has disclaimed any knowledge of the Prince of MONACO's acts. I have re-annexed his territories."

Still Later.—"I am off to Paris by the Mail, to stop for a month at the Elysée with the President of the French Republic."

Yet Later.—"Paris.—Magnificent reception. City illuminated. Have received Grand Cross of Legion of Honour. Municipality called New Boulevard after me, and decreed sixteen streets to be named after Chinese notabilities. Shan't be back for a year."

### "ANNO DOMINI."

A LONG array (by LONG, R.A.). Is't great?  
Why yes, in *one* sense,—sixteen feet by eight.  
But many feel, as from its spread they part,  
Though "Art is long," LONG is not always Art!

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, speaking of her invalid Uncle, "the poor old gentleman has had a stroke of parenthesis, and when last I saw him, he was in a state of comma."

## JUSTICE IN UNEASY SLIPPERS.

"Anything more undignified than the spectacle of a Judge in his official robes delivering an important judgment in such an apartment—the private dressing-room of his Lordship—can be hardly imagined."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—Lord PENZANCE's Private Dressing-Room at the Palace of Westminster, converted into the Court of Arches. Shower-bath in corner, R. Toilette-table, C. Boot-cupboard, L. Chest of Drawers, R. Door, L. The room inconveniently crowded.

Lord Penzance (seated, in full forensic costume, in front of the toilette-table, finishing his shaving). There! that's done for the day! (Turning round.) And now how are we going on?

Usher. Please, my Lord, there's no room for any more of the Bar. There are two Queen's Counsel waiting outside who say they're engaged in the next case. They've been knocking at the door like anything.

Lord Penzance. Come, come, we must show a little patience. See,

this will give more accommodation. (Gets up, and seats himself on toilette-table.) There, that ought to ease us. Admit the members of the Inner Bar. I am sure their respective Juniors will be satisfied to appear before me in the passage. (The doors are opened, and the couple of Q.C.'s are admitted.) Sorry you should be inconvenienced, but the LORD CHANCELLOR absolutely refuses to have us at the Royal Courts. I wrote to him myself on the subject—so did the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY. So we



Lord Penzance giving judgment from his Dressing-table.

must make the best of it. On the last occasion of our meeting you will remember that I had myself to hear an important case from the boot-cupboard. However, I am most anxious that the convenience of everyone should be considered. If I might offer a suggestion—there is still standing-room on that chest of drawers.

[The Q.C.'s bow, and climb on the piece of furniture mentioned. Registrar of the Court (occupying the wash-hand-stand). I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I find my present resting-place very insecure. When the Court adjourns for the day, perhaps your Lordship will kindly order the carpenter to look to the legs of this—hem!—structure.

Lord Penzance (courteously). Certainly. But at the same time I would mention that personally I should prefer to put the wash-hand-stand—so to speak—out of bounds. The official who occupied that coign of vantage at the last sitting of the Court somehow or other contrived to destroy the soap-dish. (With a sudden burst of anger.) It really was very annoying!

Registrar of the Court. Please, my Lord, it wasn't me. It will be within your Lordship's recollection that the Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury was occupying the wash-hand-stand at the last meeting of the Court.

Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury. Certainly I was. But I would respectfully submit to your Lordship that I could not have destroyed the soap-dish, as the crockery-ware had been removed from the wooden frame before I took up my position. As a matter of fact, I was myself standing in the hole usually occupied by the basin.

Lord Penzance. Quite so. I am sure that no officer of this Court would treat the Bench—or, to be quite accurate, as I am seated upon it, I should say the toilette-table—with disrespect. But I confess I was annoyed—only for the moment—at what I imagined to be the wanton destruction of the soap-dish. (Explaining to the Bar.) You see it spoils the whole set!

Leading Q.C. (sympathetically). No doubt, my Lord; no doubt (Referring to papers). Your Lordship will remember that judgment was to be delivered to-day in the case that occupied our attention at the last sitting of the Court.

Lord Penzance. Certainly. But, before I commence the delivery of my judgment, I should like to know if the Court's Shorthand-writer (who, by the way, I do not see in his customary place on the top of the boot-cupboard) can hear me.

A Voice. Certainly, my Lord. Your Lordship speaks with such

admirable distinctness that I can catch every syllable. I would explain that I gave up the top of the boot-cupboard to a sister of one of the suitors.

Lord Penzance (smiling and bowing). I am not surprised at the Shorthand-writer's act of self-sacrifice, now that its cause has been brought thus prominently before me. (A Lady on the top of the boot-cupboard blushes and simpers.) But can the Shorthand-writer see me?

A Voice. Yes, my Lord, through a crevice in the brickwork. Perhaps your Lordship would kindly explain to the Lady that she need be under no compunction in occupying my old place, as, in its stead, I have found a very comfortable seat up the chimney.

Lord Penzance (to Lady, with a smile). You hear what he says. (With some hesitation, but much courtesy.) I may add, however, that as my judgment will be very uninteresting, and the accommodation is so extremely limited, my dressing-room, I should say the Court, will have to be entirely devoted, after the adjournment for luncheon, to the exclusive use of the parties in the suit. (Lady gets down from the cupboard, angrily, and leaves the apartment in a huff.) This incident is very painful to me! However, it is better as it is! And now I will deliver my judgment. (Holds forth from the toilette-table until the usual time for the midday adjournment, when the Court is cleared for half-an-hour. On the resumption of business, his Lordship, who in the interim has changed his position and disappeared from view, continues.) I think, by the new arrangement, we have economised space. Before concluding my judgment, I should like to hear Counsel once more upon the point to which I alluded at our last sitting.

Leading Q.C. With your Lordship's favour— (Enters into an exhaustive argument. At its conclusion:) I trust I have made myself clear to your Lordship, although I have not been able to address the Bench personally. We have had ample oral evidence of your Lordship's presence in Court, but have not had (since the midday adjournment) the advantage of actually seeing your Lordship. (A pause. Then the sound of falling water. General consternation.)

Lord Penzance (putting his head out of the curtains of the shower-bath). There is not the slightest occasion for alarm. Exercising my discretion, I occupied some of the time of the Court in considering the admirable arguments we have just heard, in a position particularly favourable to calm deliberation—a position I took up when the Court was cleared at luncheon-time. You will notice that I have accommodated myself to circumstances, and am addressing my audience, like SOCRATES, from my bath! I am still a little unsettled on one point, so I will retire a few minutes longer, to turn it quietly over in my own mind. (Disappears. Sounds of falling water renewed. When they have subsided, his Lordship puts out his head, and continues:) Resorting to my old habit when practising at the Bar, I have just taken a "refresher." (Much laughter, during which his Lordship shakes the water from his wig, and resumes his wonted gravity.) And now I am quite decided, and have no doubt that—

[Completes the delivery of his decision. Scene closes in upon the Court of Arches, the Judge's Dressing-Room, and, above all and before all, the Dignity of the Law!]

## Mem. at the Mansion House.

(After hearing Mr. Russell Lowell's speech.)

AFTER the windy blasts, as loud as drear,

Of Civic Bumbledom's big Boreas-bustle,

'Tis sweet as zephyrs 'midst green leaves to hear  
This gentle RUSSELL.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM likes the entertainment at the Fisheries. She says the Foreign Thingummyjigian Band plays beautifully. "I like to see them," says Mrs. R., "in full unicorn, when they're dressed in Prussian Blue and wear the regular German Pickletub helmet."

AN ADDRESS TO THE CROWN.—"One on the nob." (Ask a pugilist, or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.)



Lord Penzance is compelled to hear an important Arches' Court case from his boot-cupboard.

## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By *Punchius Naso*.)

## CANTO VIII.—CONCLUSION.

WHAT more, O Muse? To exhaust the eternal theme  
Of every songster's lay and schoolgirl's dream,



Studied beneath Chaldea's starry skies,  
And sung in Cheyne Walk or Clapham Rise,  
Were hopeless as on crutches to pursue  
The sweeping comet through the boundless blue.  
*Punch* lays down principles that cannot fail,  
All else is iteration and detail.  
*Puck*-ridden Pegasus has earned a rest.  
Does gentle *PSYCHE* blame the frequent jest?  
*PSYCHE* the lambent-eyed, whose pure-lined lip,  
Shell-curved and sensitive, seems shaped to sip  
Arcadian honey-dew? What said the Sage?  
That Love and Laughter shared the motley page  
Of the New *Ars Amandi*. Not the mirth  
Of goat-foot Faunus, savouring of gross earth  
And revel rude; not *RABELAIS*' loud "*gros rire*,"  
The satyr-roar chaste Una well may fear,  
Wood-wandering, sole and saintly; but the light  
Soul-pregnant merriment, which makes more bright  
Sweet *WILL*'s sun-dappled Arden, in whose glades  
Cupid with Momus madly masquerades.  
"Love"—so sang sparkling *PRAED*—"is like a play."  
Just so. With interludes of frolic gay  
And fiery passion, scenes of high-strung joy  
And bits of broad burlesque, in which the boy  
Plays *Puck* or *Tartuffe* or *Polichinelle*.  
Under which king? The merry marriage bell  
Rings many sorts of music in our ears,  
Besides the choric chimings of the spheres.  
Here sounds the chink of guineas; young *LISETTE*  
For bullion'd age has spread the skilful net:  
There clangs the muffled clank of splendid chains,  
*LILLIAN* hath bought blue blood and sapless brains  
With dainty charm and dowry. Both may hold  
That *Punch* should teach them how to hit the gold,  
And own 'twere something foolish to suppose *Eros*  
Wastes his best darts upon the rude rhinoceros.  
Art hath so various aims, the Art of Love  
Not less than others. Will *APELLES* move  
To inspiration only? From the chink  
Of ducats base will dainty *PHIDIAS* shrink?

Enough! But, *PSYCHE*, if the sex's choice  
Be guileless *Eros* of the duty voice  
And radiant front, who dowers the dull cold earth  
With honest passion, and with happy mirth,—  
*Eros* the ever young though old of days,  
Whom Protean Fashion with its modish maze  
Of monstrous mutability may not snare,  
Whom Mammon moves not, whom the motley wear  
Of age, or rank, or race may not disguise;—  
Why, then, Love's surest hooks are honest eyes.  
Like yours, my *PSYCHE*, which uplifted so  
Make the old heart of *PUNCHIUS* throb and glow.  
Old heart? Nay, hearts, while hearts, are ever young.  
The callous muscle dry as a neat's tongue,

At seventeen or seventy, hath no claim  
More than a shrivelled pump-valve to that name.  
The heart hath its own art. The blameless guile  
Of cunning glance and calculated smile,—  
Cunning most simple, calculation sweet  
As counting kisses!—strategy complete  
Of ambushed charms and Parthian attacks,  
These only prudes reprove, and only quacks  
Pretend to teach. The overstudied look  
Becomes an ogle, blushes learned by book  
And mirror-studied dimples witch not long,  
Grow mechanised like eighteenth century song,  
And ghastly as a mask whose set grimace  
Apes hideously quick Beauty's mobile face.

And yet Youth knows not *all* its wealth of charm,  
And Maidenhood may not essay each arm  
That Nature furnishes. Reserves as large  
As hers who glowed upon the Nile-borne barge  
All may not hold. Her "infinite variety"  
In scope as well as strength might shock, "Society,"  
Whose very whimsies are conventional,  
Its vices cut to pattern. But the thrall  
Of Loveliness were strengthened fifty-fold  
Did the large heart and living fancy hold  
Far higher honour in her glittering court.  
The power of soul, the play of frolic sport,  
Are Love-auxiliaries that never fail,  
Yield Love-delights that "custom cannot stale."  
Would you, my pure-eyed *PSYCHE*, learn to be  
A blameless *CLEOPATRA*? *ANTONY*  
Lurks yonder; yes, I see him through the leaves,  
In tennis flannels, not the Roman greaves.  
Let the youth wait! He lives upon your smiles.  
Sweet diet truly! Not with serpent wiles  
Need you your sway to strengthen. But in love  
One may be a *sagacious* little dove,  
And shun the mere monotony of cooing,  
Remembering that life is not *all* wooing.  
This "infinite variety" above  
All lesser craft, is the true Art of Love,  
Best outcome of its nature, fine result  
Not of cold artifice, but careful cult.  
Man's heart hath many moods, and loving wit  
Will work those moods to vary and to fit.  
Two arms of Love, the phantasy that shifts,  
The sympathy that tracks, are dual gifts  
Of the eternal *Eros*, which too oft  
Are disregarded for the silken-soft  
And honey-sweet alone. Hence many a check  
In happy wooing, many a piteous wreck  
In Matrimony's sea.

There, *PSYCHE*! Now  
The troubled wrinkles leave that tender brow,  
And fades the wistful shade from radiant eyes.  
Sweet girl, 'tis not so easy to be wise,  
With weary life-lore, as a burden borne,  
Yet keep all shafts of mockery and of scorn  
Close in Wit's quiver, as yon genial God,



Who midst the myrtles waits his  
laureate's nod,  
Keeps his best darts from un-  
worthy heart,  
Cold, wicked, or world-hardened.  
Ah! you start!  
The genuine *Eros*? Yes. And  
as of old  
Your classic namesake felt his  
pure arms fold  
Gently about her gracious soul,  
may you,  
Fair English *PSYCHE*, know the  
tender, true  
Clasp of true love. You do?  
Well, *verbum sap*.  
*ANTONY* waits, and *PUNCHIUS*  
needs a nap!

FINIS.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM wants to know in what musical work is to be  
found the well-known line,

"Like kidneys blithe and merry."

She thinks the title of the Opera had something to do with cards.  
"Was it," she asks, "*Aces and Galatia*?" But she is not certain.  
Only it occurred to her at breakfast the other morning.



## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

## No III.—THE IMPORTANT CHIEF CLERK.



N TAKING his usual seat below the Magisterial bench, Mr. BIGLEY MAGNUS, the Chief Clerk, addressing the Usher, asked whether the learned Magistrate had yet arrived?

*Usher.* He had not arrived a moment ago, Sir.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Then I can only say it is a disgraceful waste of time. It is now four minutes past the hour, and if I, who have to come all the way from Dalston, can manage to be punctual, surely it is equally possible for the Magistrate, who lives in Mayfair, to be in time.

*Usher.* It's not my fault, Sir—

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk, angrily).* Hold your tongue.

The conduct of this Court is disgraceful, and ought to be noticed by the Press. Where are the Reporters?

*Usher.* I don't know, Sir. We've nothing to do with the Reporters. *Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Hold your tongue, Sir. How dare you contradict me? One can't, however, expect the Reporters to be punctual if such a bad example is set them by the Magistrate.

At five minutes past ten the learned Magistrate took his seat upon the bench.

JOHN DONOVAN, labourer, was charged with assaulting PATRICK MURPHY. MURPHY, whose head was entirely bandaged, deposed that at ten o'clock at night he was walking along the Euston Road—



"Bound Over."

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Which side?

*Witness (mistaking Mr. Bigley Magnus, the Chief Clerk, for the learned Magistrate).* The other side, your Worship.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Wrong district. Remove the Prisoner. *(To Witness.)* You must prefer your charge at Marylebone Police Court.

*Witness.* I prefer it here, your Worship.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk—to Gaoler).* Do as I tell you, please. *(To Witness.)* Leave the box—go to Marylebone. Call on next case.

*The Learned Magistrate.* One moment, please. I don't want to interrupt the proceedings more than necessary, but the Witness only said he was walking on the other side of Euston Road. I don't suggest otherwise; but, as it may transpire that the actual assault eventually took place this side of the road, I think it desirable that we should hear all the Witness has to say. Being the Magistrate, I have taken the liberty of offering my opinion upon the matter.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk—to Gaoler).* Bring the Prisoner back. My sole object was, if possible, to save the public time.

The Witness, PATRICK MURPHY, then proceeded with his evidence. He said:—I was walking along, your Honour, when suddenly I was struck a fearful blow, your Worship.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Now, that is the point. Were you struck the other side?

*Witness.* No, your Honour—this side.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Do you mean to say you were struck this side of the road?

*Witness.* No, your Honour. I was struck this side of the head? *(Laughter in Court.)*



Doing Things by Halves.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* If there is any further attempt at laughter, the Court shall be cleared. *(To the Magistrate.)* You see, Sir, you have no jurisdiction—the assault occurred the other side of the road. *(To Gaoler.)* Remove the Prisoner. *(To Witness.)* Go to Marylebone.

*The Learned Magistrate.* One moment, please. I have evidently



The Beak.

misunderstood the Witness. I heard nothing about his being struck the other side of the road. *(To Witness.)* Please to inform me—I am the Magistrate—in what particular position were you when you were struck?

*Witness (confused).* I was struck all of a heap.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk, violently).* But where? What spot?

*Witness.* In the middle, your Worship.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Middle of what?

*Witness.* Middle of the road, of course.

*The Learned Magistrate.* Were you assaulted on this side of the Euston Road—if I may be allowed to ask a question?

*Witness.* No, Sir; he only kicked me this side of the road.

*The Learned Magistrate.* This is certainly an awkward question of jurisdiction. The

Witness first was assaulted the other side of the road, which belongs to Marylebone district; then in the middle, which belongs, I presume, to both; and, lastly, this side of the road, which, of course, is in our district. I will retire, and consult my colleague on the point.

The learned Magistrate then left, and, on his return, in twenty minutes' time, said that his learned colleague, whom he had consulted, concurred in the opinion that the case could be dealt with in the present Court.



In Guitar Attitude—Harping on One String.

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* I know, Sir. I looked out the Jurisdiction Act, and discovered that immediately after you left, and so I remanded the Prisoner for a week.

*The Learned Magistrate.* You remanded him?

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* Yes, Sir. I thought it would save public time. With regard to the case of FRANCIS PUMPLECHUCK, charged, on remand, with embezzlement, the Prisoner pleaded "Guilty."

*The Learned Magistrate.* When?

*Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk).* While you were engaged in consultation upstairs, Sir; and, to save you a deal of trouble, and the Public a deal of time, I gave him six months.



## ANNALS OF A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

*Lady Visitor.* "OH, THAT'S YOUR VICAR, IS IT? WHAT SORT OF VICAR IS HE?"

*Lady Resident.* "OH, WELL, MIDDLING! HIGH CHURCH DURING THE SEASON, YOU KNOW, AND LOW ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR!"

## NOT SO WHITE AS HE'S PAINTED!

(Fly-leaf from an Elephant's Diary.)

NEARING the Zoo at last! Thank goodness! Not bad conveyance, though. Seems to be a huge trunk on wheels, and is nice and roomy. Still, it doesn't quite come up to my idea of the "Sacred Moveable Temple" in which BARNUM'S Agent, ratifying his oath with the lighting of the mystic fire, and a payment of five hundred dollars down on account, assured His Majesty I should accomplish my holy pilgrimage. Perhaps there's something symbolic in the word "Hudson" on the side. Perhaps this old dressing-gown I've got on is part of a religious ceremony. Shouldn't wonder. Anyhow, it's great fun being a "sacred beast." Still, it's strange they should want to drag me over here. A little boy has just looked through a chink, and shouted, "O my! ain't he black neither!" I'll ask the High Priest who has come with me as a steerage passenger, what this means. Tells me to "mind my own business, and be quiet before BARTLETT." Don't like his manner—a deal too mysterious. Something's up—that's certain. But what? *Mem.*—Try and think it out.

Come, this isn't half bad! Capital apartment, lined with green baize. Sort of "green room," in fact. Quite suggestive. Half inclined to take a nap, but can't on account of row outside. Listen. Voices in altercation. Listen again. Come—that is funny! Somebody seems very angry, because I'm not "white"! What a joke! Fancy a White Elephant! Why—whoever heard of such a thing? Yet they seem to be getting to high words about it. Yes, surely that's BARTLETT calling the High Priest "a swindling old nigger." This seems to have put everybody in a good temper again, for they are all laughing heartily. Catch random suggestions. Somebody wants to whitewash me. Somebody else says, "It will come off, and make him look worse than ever." I fancy the Secretary is trying to get me painted with white lead, and picked out with ver-

## ST. GILES'S TO ST. JAMES'S.

YES! I plays a little fairy  
In the Panto. at the "Lane,"  
And my togs is somewhat airy  
(But that's not where I complain),  
And I don't complain of waiting  
About them ice-cold wings,  
Nor of getting lots of "slating,"  
Nor of swearing and such things;  
For they're what we all get used to  
And must bear 'em with a grin;  
We are all of us abused too,  
But we never care a pin.  
Now what I wants to state is  
(In my *not* School-Boardish way),  
And, what me and my mate is  
Resolved too 's not fair play:—  
We can see you,—you and others  
(Don't we envy ev'ry one?)—  
With you fathers and your mothers,  
A-laughing at our fun,  
And we says, "There's young St. James's  
A-laughing at St. Giles."  
And the more our jokes and games is,  
The more you laughs and smiles.  
So we want you to remember  
That we're not a lot of things  
Who are born here each December  
In some tights and pairs of wings:  
We are kids, but we are trying  
Just to make a bob or two,—  
We are working when you're crying,  
And have nothing else to do.  
We have fathers and have mothers,  
And it's nice for us to know  
That we save them cares and bothers  
By earning what they owe.  
And, if our eyes are weary,  
And we tired look at night,  
And we can't be gay and cheery,  
Just you think we're weak and slight;  
Just think we're 'mong the many  
Who must labour for the few;  
Just believe we earn our penny,  
And not spend the pound you do,  
But believe (if you trust any)  
That we're children just like you!

million, like a Christmas Clown. This annoys the High Priest, who says Buddha wouldn't stand it, and he has called Mr. BARTLETT a "travangiallalloung"; but as there is no interpreter handy, the latter has simply retorted, "You're another!" Wish they would settle something without quarrelling. Fresh free-fight—evidently about me. All I can catch now is, "Then, wash him yourself." What will they be up to next? Sending for somebody, are they? Bother the lot!

Matters clearing. The "Somebody" has arrived, and is introduced, with much ceremony. Quite a charming person, with a large packet, which he presents to me, and wants me to sign something, and politely leaves a form for purpose. Open packet with High Priest. Contains twenty pounds of something very nice and transparent, done up in small oval tablets. We eat six each. Excellent! Ha! here's BARTLETT, with twenty attendants, scrubbing-brushes, mops, Hippopotamus sponge, and hot water. Offer him one oval tablet. Says it's a celebrated soap. Dear me!

Over now!—every bit of it used; but a precious time I've had of it! Such a lather! Still, the result is wonderful. I'm not white, but I certainly have come out fresh and pinky to an extent that quite startles me; and even the High Priest said "he wouldn't have known me," and is in constant fits of laughter. I have signed the recommendation form of that soap at once. Here it is, for the benefit of the proprietors:—

"I have used nothing else for ten minutes, and consider it matchless for the trunk and complexion." "Toung."

Installed. Ha! here come the British public in shoals. I suppose these are the devout daily "worshippers" guaranteed by BARNUM'S agreement with the Governor at home! Judging from their remarks, I don't call them reverent: but, bless you, what's that, as long as they'll only keep up those buns. Talk of Burmah after this? Gammon! Toung, my boy, you're having a time of it. So's the High Priest. Three cheers for both of us!



"HI, MISTER!" "WELL, WHAT IS IT?" "I SAY, ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US A PANTOMINE THIS YEAR OR NOT? IT WERE MAIN GOOD LAST YEAR!" "PANTOMIME! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "MEAN? WHY, DON'T YOU BELONG TO THE CIRCUS CHAPS AS IS JUST GONE ON AHEAD THERE?" [The Circus has preceded him on the road.]

### "ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE"

*In Bond Street.*

SHOULD anyone find himself, on one of these gloomy January afternoons, wandering in rather low spirits among the excellent collection of the great Sir JOSHUA's Works now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, let him take heart, and turn to the Catalogue. Whether it is that Mr. F. G. STEPHENS, the accomplished Gentleman who has contributed the historical and "illustrative" Notes to that publication, has either had a special eye to brightening up a melancholy half-hour or so, or has been in a great hurry over the correction of his proofs, it is difficult to say; but the fact remains, that in the letter-press for which he is responsible he has provided some very subtle conundrums. In his commentary on No. 5, a three-quarter length portrait of Sir JOSHUA himself in his Academic dress, he insinuates that there is something so speaking about the likeness of the President, that the very attire in which he is arrayed, is positively communicative. "The Red Gown," he says, alluding to Sir JOSHUA's trappings, "refers to REYNOLDS's costume of D.C.L.," though he does not explain in what terms the official robe expresses itself.

It is to be hoped, however, it conveys its meaning a little more lucidly than does Mr. STEPHENS himself, continuing his allusion to the picture, a few lines further on. *Sic.*

"A version, in a similar costume, of this picture are in the Florence Gallery of celebrated painters' portraits, presented by Sir JOSHUA to be placed in the great collection of portraits there, on his admission to the Academy there. The Duke of RUTLAND has a third picture in a similar costume."

"This portrait was exhibited at the British Institution in 1813, when the governors of that society formed their first collection of pictures by old and deceased modern masters, and inaugurated the series with a body of the works of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 143 in all, which, until the present exhibition was formed, was the most numerous aggregate of the kind. It was not included in the next considerable collection of REYNOLDS's, that which was made at the British Institution in 1823. It was in the same place in 1843."

Passing by "old and deceased modern masters," who, by the way, must have been a rather ghastly set of celebrities, Mr. STEPHENS scores again over No. 42, described as "*A Negro, said to be Frank Barber, Dr. Johnson's black servant,*" thus:—

"It was he who received Miss MORRIS, who sat for '*Hope nursing Love,*' by REYNOLDS, when she called on the Doctor, and, finding him on the point of death, heard his last words when he turned his face to the wall, saying, 'God bless you, my dear!'"

This is very quaintly confusing, though perhaps less so than another reference to the Doctor, made under picture 119 further on, which runs as follows:—

"In BOSWELL's account of his tour with Dr. JOHNSON in the Hebrides, 1773, is, with much other matter concerning the Earl, an interesting notice of a visit to Slains Castle, Aberdeen, and the reception of his friends by the Earl of ERROLL and his Countess (ISABELLA, born CARR of Etal, Northumberland) in that ancient feudal residence, with particular reference to this painting, which hung in the drawing-room when the pair went there to take coffee after dinner."

Here Mr. STEPHENS is almost at his best. How can "1773, with much other matter concerning the Earl," be an interesting notice of a visit to Slains Castle? This is a regular poser. Who, too, are "the pair"? The Earl of ERROLL and his Countess ISABELLA? or the Earl and one of his anonymous friends? or the ancient feudal residence and the painting? But, then—"Coffee after dinner"? It is really a most pleasing enigma!

But lack of space prevents a further quotation from this excellent and playful Catalogue. Those, however, who desire to see a specimen of artistic English, "as she can be wrote"—should lose no time in purchasing a copy; for, as the words "Under Revision" are printed on the cover, and Mr. F. G. STEPHENS's name is followed by the encouraging legend, "In Progress," it is reasonable to assume that a revised edition is already on its way.

### To Turtle-Mockers.

ARDENT reformers who speak disrespectfully of the LORD MAYOR, and say rude things concerning the Corporation, talk somewhat rashly of "making a clean sweep" of all the fine old Civic institutions. "Making a clean sweep" is somewhat analogous to washing a blackamoor white—a proverbially difficult operation, and notoriously unsatisfactory when accomplished.

A STARRING SOCIALIST.—*The Georgium Sidus.*

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

1. To Mr. Harry Paulton. 2. To M. Jacobi. 3. To Mr. Bancroft.

1. To Mr. Harry Paulton, at the Avenue.

MY DEAR PAULTON,

You are playing in *Falka*, and cannot get about, so I hasten to relieve your anxiety as to the success of *Princess Ida* and GEORGE GROSSMITH at the Savoy.

Well, I went there the other night—not the first night, but when it had been working for ten days or so—and I found (tell your Manager HENDERSON this, as I am sure he'll be only too pleased) the house crammed. In the third row of the Stalls I saw our old friend Lord HOUGHTON, who, before even the first note of the overture was sounded, had already assumed the black cap, associated in my legal mind with sentence of condemnation on the unlucky culprits, and passing the extreme sentence of the law. Such a display of bias on the part of a public man, considered I believe as a good judge, I have rarely seen.

I was not so near his Lordship as to be able to catch the exact terms of the judicial sentence, but it must have been something like, "Oh, you go and be hung!"—addressed to Author, Composer, Manager, and all the company,—which would be quite sufficient to account for the admirable way in which the operatic extravaganza was subsequently executed.

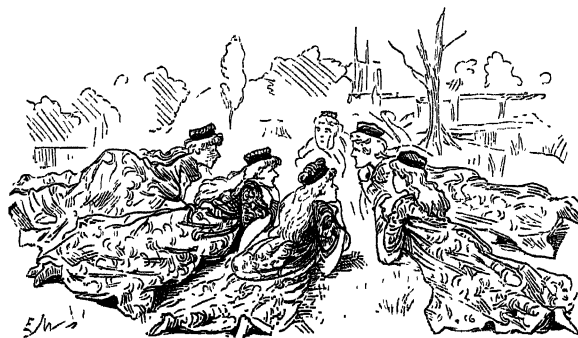
Now, what you are so eager about is to learn whether our excellent and amusing GEORGE GROSSMITH has a good part or not, and how he plays it, whatever it is. Well, candidly, it is a good part as far as it goes; but as it only consists of a good entrance, one capital song, and a few telling lines in the Prologue, nothing at all in the Second Act, and a bit in the Third, when he seems to be dragged on because "we must have GEORGE again with another song" (not equal to the first) and no action, no business, no situation whatever,—you will see the part does not go very far, and, having told you this, I am sure you will thoroughly sympathise with an audience who come "for the fun of the thing," and who don't get it at the Savoy in *Princess Ida*, because they see next to nothing of the only person on that Stage capable of raising a laugh. A friend of mine told me he thought GEORGE GROSSMITH "Robsonian," and I am sure, my dear PAULTON, that you will agree with me in saying that GEORGE is no more "Robsonian" than you are.

Nobody else is funny *per se*. There are three men in armour—the two gendarmes in *Genevieve*, with one added—whose combined force in the Bouncierian Rataplan style is at first amusing. I suppose Sir ARTHUR is bound to put in something of this sort now, as he has a Handel to his name. Their best time, however, is in the situation before their fight in the last Act, when they take off their armour bit by bit, and prepare to fight in their shirt-sleeves, as the Lifeguardsman told the King that he should like to do if Waterloo came over again. The best *jeu de mot* in the piece is where *Ida* tells the old woman who could not say "Amen" that "are men" stuck in her throat.

The Scenery—but this won't interest you so much—is perfect, simply perfect; the costumes of the first and second Acts charming; but not so those of the Prologue. There should be no faults at the Savoy, where time and money are no object, and Author, Composer, and Manager have only to attend to the getting up of one piece in every eighteen months or so. You are a good Stage Manager, and your friend Mr. FAIRBANKS used to be, and can be now if he likes, I daresay, where crowds in action have to be dealt with, and both you and he will be deeply grieved to hear that there is a meaningless monotony about the action of everyone in *Princess Ida* which is irritatingly wearisome.

Have you ever heard and seen GEORGE GROSSMITH do his "drama on crutches?" Of course you have. Do you remember his imitation of the Gilbert-Sullivan Opera with the action of the chorus of girls? Well, in *Princess Ida* it is all this. The girls—nay, even the three men when dressed up as girls—are either bobbing and curtsying or extending their hands beseechingly, or, if grouped, the most striking *tableau* is obtained by a repetition of the decidedly ungainly postures adopted in *Patience*, and the audience is shown a

row of girls lying prone, for no reason whatever that I could see, except that of exhibiting their rich students' gowns to what had



Strikingly Graceful Attitude of the Girl-Graduates.

evidently been considered the greatest possible advantage. Now, Mr. GILBERT, with all his resources, could have managed far better than this, had he chosen to do so, just as he has written in the dialogue portion of it, a better *libretto* to *Princess Ida* than he did to *Iolanthe*, only the song-words (excepting the one for GEORGE GROSSMITH, which is simply first-rate) are not a patch upon those in *Pinafore* or *Patience*, while there is something uncommonly like repetition of idea in the "*Ape and the Lady*," which recalls "*The Silver Churn*," while the duet between Miss JESSIE BOND (always sprightly and graceful) and the stately Miss BRANDRAM, recalls the duet in *Iolanthe* between Miss BRAHAM and Mr. TEMPLE—only, in both cases, to the disadvantage of *Princess Ida*. If you had had to do the *libretto*, and had had to act in the piece as well, I feel sure you would have made GEORGE GROSSMITH one of the brothers who disguise themselves as women, and would have written up *King Gama* for yourself, or *vice versa*. And you would have taken precious good care to have been on in the Second Act, and to have had your share of the fun. For, honestly, though it is all pretty and nice and smooth, with quaint conceits, and a fair amount of dry humour (after your own heart, my dear PAULTON), yet there is a lack of fun.

The Chorus-Girls sing and dance as well as any Chorus-Girls



Barnett Fair conspicuous by absence—not a Hoarse Fair we hope.



Author, Composer, and "the harmless necessary Carte."—Shakspeare.

(generally contemptuously described by Critics as "lugged in," at other Theatres) at the Avenue, Alhambra, Comedy, or Gaiety—neither better nor worse; though the choruses are musically stronger



The Performing "Gee-Gee" (George Grossmith).

than those at the first and last-named Theatres. The Principals have a fairish dance during, and at the end of every song, for all the world, as in an ordinary Burlesque, only that the dancing is not so good, and a few lessons from Miss KATE VAUGHAN, Miss NELLIE FARREN, and one or two others I could mention, would improve them. In fact, I was moved to laughter, rather, by their attempts at dancing than by any really well-executed comic steps.

I am sure that the Public, after the first curiosity is satisfied, will grumble at not having enough of "Gee-Gee" (my amusing way of naming GEORGE GROSSMITH, you see—and a Carte can't go on without a gee-gee or a donkey, eh?); but if you can chuck up whatever you're doing now, and come to the Savoy to play *King Gama*, and get your friends GILBERT and SULLIVAN to write up one of the brothers for GEORGE GROSSMITH, with a good song in addition to the present one about the "disagreeable Man," which can be easily transferred, and plenty of comic business, there will then be no reason why the piece shouldn't run for several years,—“for a score,” as Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN would say, if you didn't say it first,—but that wouldn't prevent him, as he'd re-set it, and give it such a turn as would give you such a turn when you heard it again. How's *Falka*?

Yours ever, NIBBS.

2. To Mons. Jacobi, at the Avenue.

CHEER JACOBI,

YOU cannot get away to hear SULLIVAN's music in *Ida*, which you must not confuse with *Aida*. Well—you, as a thorough musician, would be immensely pleased with it from a purely musical point of view, but, as a popular Dramatic Composer and Director, you will be sorry that there are not as many "catchy" tunes in it as there were in *Pinafore*, or even in *Iolanthe*.

As to the Orchestra, no one will be more delighted than yourself to see how well it is kept under, how the singers are allowed a chance, and how the audience's ears are spared the soothing but too frequent booming of the drum, the inspiring but deafening clanging of the cymbals, and the heart-stirring but head-splitting harmonies performed by the united brass in full blow! The performance of such an Orchestra would delight you. You will be also sorry to hear that, as I am informed, *The Golden Ring* is to be taken off the Alhambra boards at Easter. Anything going wrong at your old Alhambra home must be a source of deep trouble to your tender artistic sympathies.

Tout à vous, NIBBS.

3. To Mr. Bancroft, at the Haymarket.

DEAR BANCROFT,

I HAVEN'T time to tell you more than that BRUCE's Theatre, the Prince's, is open. Quite a near neighbour—just round the corner—so do look in. You will be delighted to find how wonderfully theatrical architecture has improved since you re-constructed the Haymarket. Such a smoking-room! Staircase quite a game of marbles! But I will give you a full description about it on another occasion. House brilliant—piece dull. Miss TILBURY made the hit—decidedly TILBURY forte.

Yours, NIBBS.

## THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DETECTIVE JOURNALIST.

### UNRAVELLING THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

#### PART II.—(Conclusion.)

It was a proud moment!

I had actually, assisted by my clever disguise as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, obtained admission to the room of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief at the Horse Guards. I was alone in the apartment. On my manly form was the composite uniform that had been kindly provided for me by the Bow Street Theatrical Costumier, and in my right hand I held the telephone which had put me into direct communication with Mr. GLADSTONE, President of a Cabinet Council being held in Downing Street.

I listened. There was a roar of laughter. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had made a joke. He had convulsed his colleagues with a Vestry side-splitter.

"Are you still there, your Royal Highness?" asked Mr. GLADSTONE through the telephone. Then, on my answering in the affirmative, he continued: "We have been chatting over the Egyptian difficulty. We none of us quite know what to do. Lord NORTHBROOK has suggested that we might send out a force of Marines under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, who, your Royal Highness will recollect, is Colonel of the Regiment. We thought, Sir, that you might be able to say whether your illustrious relative would like such a post."

"I am sure that, were His Royal Highness to be appointed to the command, he would make it a stipulation, before accepting it, that he should receive no pecuniary benefit by the transaction."

I said this, as I wished to show Mr. GLADSTONE that naturally, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, I knew the leading characteristics of the various members of the Royal Family.

"Certainly," replied the PREMIER through the telephone. "Cer-

tainly. But that is a matter that the Illustrious Duke may safely leave in the hands of the Lords of the Admiralty, by whom His Royal Highness's appointments to the command of the Reserves and the Channel Fleet were arranged. All I would say now is"—

I allowed the telephone to drop! I was transfixed with surprise, horror, confusion! I had been so engrossed in the remarks of the PREMIER that I had failed to notice the entrance into the room of a Gentleman of a decided Military appearance.

"Will you be good enough to explain to me," said the newcomer, in a grave gentle voice, which was absolutely free from excitement, "why you have taken possession of my room?"

I saw that there was only one thing to do—brazen it out.

"Your room!" I exclaimed. "I like that! Why, Sir, are you aware that you are addressing His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE?"

"I really think you are labouring under a mistake," responded the Gentleman of Military appearance, with polished politeness. "The more so, as in point of fact, I happen to be the Duke of CAMBRIDGE myself."

"Sir, you are an impostor!" I cried, with well-assumed anger, although my dominant feeling at the moment was rather shame than rage.

"I think not," returned His Royal Highness, calmly. "But if you will permit me, I will put the matter in dispute to a very simple test. Allow me." And the Duke stretched forward, and rang the bell.

In a few moments a Messenger appeared in obedience to the summons.

"Be kind enough to show this Gentleman the door," said the Duke, with a courteous bow of dismissal.

"You will see this person out," I exclaimed in my turn, haughtily.

The poor Messenger looked from one of us to the other, in much perplexity. Before he could make up his mind, the Hero of Tel-el-Kebir (I knew him at once, from having seen so many of his photographs in the shop-windows) entered the apartment. In turn we both appealed to him.

"My dear Lord," said His Royal Highness, "you surely recognise me?"

"GARNET, my man, if you have any doubt about me, send for HARRY ROBERTS."

"You speak with undue familiarity," observed Lord WOLSELEY, turning upon me, sharply; "that is not a characteristic of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief."

"Hang me!" I blustered.

"And you swear!" almost shrieked the Hero, aghast at the outrage. "And you dare to pretend that you are the Duke of CAMBRIDGE! You are arrested!"

In a moment I was seized by a number of Privates in the Guards, who until now had been comfortably warming themselves before a fire, and doing nothing in particular in the entrance hall. Meanwhile, His Royal Highness held his fingers to his ears, for fear that I should indulge in further strong language. I assured him, in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, that I would for the future keep a bridle upon my tongue.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the Duke. "Have you anything to say for yourself, Sir?"

"I am merely a Journalist in pursuit of my vocation," I answered, respectfully, but proudly.

"As I have explained in my *Soldier's Pocket-Book*," observed Lord WOLSELEY, "I should like to shoot all Correspondents *en masse*."

"Let us see if we can get anything out of the *Queen's Regulations*," said His Royal Highness, consulting a book bound in red, and having a brass clasp. "I suppose we ought to find him under 'Spy'?"

And the two greatest warriors of this age, or, indeed, any other, consulted for hours as to my fate. At length they came to a conclusion.

"Prisoner," said Lord WOLSELEY, "we have had it in contemplation to try you by Drum-head Court-Martial, under the Articles of War, when, no doubt, you would have speedily found yourself before a half-Company of Infantry with loaded rifles. But, considering that, in spite of your Tom Fool's dress, you are merely a Civilian, we have decided that you shall be removed from the premises—"

"By a Policeman," interrupted the Duke, "after promising never again to say naughty words—"

"And accepting membership in the Vine Club."

The last pledge was demanded by Lord WOLSELEY.

I gave the required assurances, and ten minutes later was on my way to the office of my newspaper.

"I CANNOT understand," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "all this fuss about Harbours of Refuse. Why can't they let the refuse float away out to sea? What do they want to harbour it for?"





## MUSIC AT HOME.

*He.* "ER—'M AWF'LY FOND OF MUSIC—AIN'T YOU? NOT THIS SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW. CAN'T STAND THE DRAWING-ROOM AMATEUR—NEVAH COULD. SORRY TO SAY 'VE NOT BEEN 'TO HEAR MADAME SCHUMACKER THIS YEAH. NEVAH HAD TIME. TOLD SHE'S IN SPLENDID FORM. LIKE HER PLAYING AWF'LY—SHOULD KNOW HER TOUCH A MILE OFF. DYING TO HEAR HER—"

*She.* "SO AM I—AND IF YOU WOULD ONLY BE SO VERY KIND AS JUST TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE, I DARE SAY WE MIGHT BOTH MANAGE TO HEAR HER NOW!"

[*Madame S. has been playing for the last Ten Minutes!*]

## THE OLD STORY.

*With a new Application.*

Who crieth "Wolf!"? Hot anger or cold derision  
His cry will wake  
From zealot hearty whose faith in optimist vision  
No shock will shake,  
From-greed astute of the spider-soul which spreadeth  
Its web unspied.  
A Wolf? That earnest creature who gravely treadeth  
Poor Toil beside,  
With preacher-unction and prophet-sternness telling  
The tales of hope,  
On wealth and weal with specious reasoning dwelling,  
And sounding trope?  
No, no, 'tis selfish Privilege, proud Possession,  
That thus malign  
An honest gentleman. Every soft impression,  
Each feeling fine  
Finds home within him whose heart is just a storehouse  
Of pure humanity,  
Whose sympathy ranges freely from throne to poorhouse.  
That grave urbanity,  
No little lupine weaknesses can surely cover;  
Serene he stands,  
The proletariat's sole unselfish lover,  
In all the lands.  
Wolf! Well, for all his staidness and saintly unction,  
*What teeth he shows!*  
Were beast equipped for crunching without compunction  
Or friends or foes,  
What mightier molars, what sharper-pronged incisors  
Could he display?

Labour, beware! Some would-be supervisors  
Of toil and pay,  
Stored Wealth's cool redistributors self-appointed,  
Sworn setters-right  
Of all in Time's long world-work that seems disjointed,  
Untrim, untight,—  
Some such, unconscious charlatans, pure fanatics,  
Thus only stray,  
That in dynamics doubtful, unsure in statics,  
They fain would play  
The social *deus ex machinâ*. But, friend Toil,  
Wolves watch the fold.  
Ware teeth! They mean *devouring*, and what their spoil,  
Ere all is told,  
The glib enthusiast wots not. Once have Theft  
Enthroned King Stork,  
And which of truer treasure will be bereft,  
Or Wealth or Work,  
Who knows? Sir Wolf in the old old youth-loved story,  
Though glib and mild,  
"Grandmamma" gone was not so long before he  
Devoured the child!

## Gas and Water.

THE audience were said to be very unruly at the production of Mr. PINERO's play. We think they showed great self-restraint, or they would have sung "*Turn off the Gas at the Meter!*" at the point when it is announced that the gas has been cut off. Let us hope the water will not be cut off as well, and that very *Low Water* will not become dry altogether. *Low Waters Run Dry* is scarcely like Lord TENNYSON'S *Brook*, destined to "go on for ever."

SUFFICIENT FOR THE "LAND."—*Jam satis terris.*—GLADSTONE.





## THE OLD STORY.

RED RIDING-HOOD (*a Bread-Winner*). "WHAT LARGE EYES YOU'VE GOT!"  
THE WOLF. "ALL THE BETTER TO SEE WITH, MY DEAR!"  
SHE. "WHAT A WONDERFUL TONGUE YOU'VE GOT!!"  
HE. "ALL THE BETTER TO *PERSUADE* YOU, MY DEAR!"  
SHE. "BUT—WHAT GREAT BIG TEETH YOU'VE GOT!!!"  
HE. "N'YUM! N'YUM!" (*To himself*.) "ALL THE BETTER TO *EAT* YOU, MY DEAR!"



## THE SLUM-DWELLERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

(A considerable distance after BURNS.)

My gentle Public, much-respected friend!  
 No pastoral pipe the present singer plays;  
 Nor birds nor babbling brooks their music lend  
 To limpid lines which woo the Critic's praise.  
 To you I sing, in sad and sombre lays,  
 The pariah's life in Town's sequestered scene,  
 The brute emotions strong, the loveless ways,  
 What Culture in a Rookery might have been;  
 A wonderland of woe to happier hearts I ween.

November chill bites keen through fog and snow,  
 The short dim City day is near its close,  
 To miry slums from gas-world's cheery glow  
 Like bird obscene to sinister repose,  
 The worn Slum-dweller to his rookery goes.  
 This night his weekly toil is at an end;  
 Some scant-scraped coins, one-half of which he owes,  
 He hopes in rest and revelry to spend,  
 So shivering through the mist his way doth homeward wend.

At length his den-like lair appears in view.  
 Beneath its entry doorless, eagerly  
 His children crouch, their cheeks with want pinched blue,  
 Waiting their sire. With curses frank and free  
 Their clamour he rebuffs. Not bonnily  
 His consort looks, and with no wifely smile;  
 The pallid infant huddled on her knee  
 Her heart to tenderness may scarce beguile,  
 Or his embruted soul to penury reconcile.

Anon his elder slips come lounging in  
 With dragging step and glance cast sullen down,  
 Prowlers and touts, alert to cage or sin,  
 Mendicant-pests or ruffian plagues of town.  
 His eldest girl, Flash JENNY, woman-grown,  
 Her eyes with harpy-avarice fired, some free  
 Soiled squalid smartness in her flaunting gown,  
 Her coarse hand prompt to clutch dishonour's fee,  
 Promise of passing ease and reckless revelry.

With callous scorn brothers and sisters meet,  
 With brutal rudeness, or with cynic jeers;  
 Or if they talk, lewd patter of the street,  
 Or crime's last chronicle is all one hears.  
 The parents seek what these, the young in years  
 Yet old in vice, of wage or spoil may show  
 From toil or theft; the mother checks the tears  
 Of hungered babes with cuffs, whilst oaths not few  
 The father deals around as admonition due.

O happy Home, where love like this is found!  
 O pleasant promise! charm beyond compare!  
 The Singer, fancy-winged, pursues life's round,  
 And Sentiment has bid the bard declare,  
 "If Heaven a draught of real nectar spare  
 As cordial in this sad and sombre vale,  
 'Tis when a love-knit, marriage-chastened pair  
 Survey their progeny in Home's safe pale,  
 Beneath their roof-tree gathered, ere their life-pulse fail."

No formal supper crowns their simple board,  
 "Board" have they none; they snatch uncertain food,  
 Beast-like alone as fortune may afford.  
 The pipe, fast comrade of the whole male brood,  
 They puff, rank-fumed, in sullen silent mood,  
 Or with such talk as the Muse may not tell,  
 Not e'en such Muse as SWIFT or RABELAIS wooed;  
 The slum, grown garrulous, shames the lower Hell  
 By the dark Florentine limned so hideously well.

Then in foul corners closely packed away  
 The youngling outcasts seek a loathly rest;  
 The parent pair their secret homage pay  
 To the Drink-Fiend, their solace, scourge, and pest,  
 If their joint mites,—community unblest!—  
 Permit such common tribute, side by side  
 Father, wife, daughter, son, frenzy-possest,  
 In one short orgy of mad zest divide  
 What for the slow week's scant subsistence should provide.

From scenes like these our land's dishonour springs.  
 With blots like this at home, why look abroad  
 For heathen hordes or semi-savage kings  
 To coax along the Christian's way to God?

For certes on that self-same heavenly road  
 Untutored Caribs might leave far behind  
 Our own slum-savages. What sharper goad  
 Than survey of these shames of human kind  
 Needs there to wake the blandly blundering British mind?

## A GREAT DISCOVERY!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM a born Philanthropist; that is to say, I have been one from my earliest infancy. As a child, I could have said with TENNYSON, had I known the line, "fast flowed the current of my easy tears," at the affecting story of *The Babes in the Wood*; as a youth, I shed them by the painful over the *Sorrows of Werther*; and in my mature manhood I heartily sympathised with DOUGLAS JERROLD's sensitive friend, who, when his coachman drove over a poor old woman, ordered him to drive on as fast as possible, for her shrieks were far too distressing for his agonised feelings to endure.

Such being the case, Sir, you may easily conceive with what lacerated feelings I perused one of Mr. SIMS' descriptions of "horrible London"—I could not manage more than one—and how eagerly I have read every scheme that has been suggested for the alleviation of its horrors by a more equal distribution of wealth.

The paltry circumstance that my share of this world's goods is comparatively small, has, I need scarcely say, nothing whatever to do with my cordial sympathy with these several patriotic proposals. No, Sir, philanthropy is my guiding star, pure, noble philanthropy. Of course, when some mocking sceptic, knowing that my small savings are safely locked up in Consols, suggested the possibility of relief being sought by what he calmly called the wiping out of the National Debt, I felt it my duty to speak up so strongly for the honour of my beloved country, that my cynical friend was glad to beat a retreat. The simple fact that there is a nice little bit of property in my own neighbourhood, belonging to a very rich man, who cannot possibly want it, but which would just exactly suit me, has, of course, nothing whatever to do with my strong predilection in favour of a re-distribution, but is a mere fortuitous circumstance that I feel myself bound in honour to mention.

The first scheme that I have examined into, is of a very simple and comprehensible nature, namely, that the Land, as it belongs to the People, should be fairly divided among us all, share and share alike; but my objection to this, otherwise very reasonable, proposition would be, that, as there are about twenty-six millions of us in England and Wales, and only about thirty-seven millions of acres of land, my share, as a single man, would be but about an acre and a half, and, as my little bit of freehold might be on Salisbury Plain or on a Welsh Mountain, I should certainly object to this arrangement, unless I had a very early choice.

The next scheme is that of a Mr. GEORGE, who has come all the way from America to teach us how to solve this nice little problem, and, for all that he has contributed towards its solution, he might just as well have stayed away, for a more supremely silly proposal was never submitted to a sane audience. His absurd scheme is that everybody is to pay the same rent as he pays now, but that he must pay it to the State instead of to his Landlord! How is this to relieve the very poor in their distress this American genius does not condescend to inform us, and as to the great body of working men, for whom he expresses such very needless compassion, all the good it would do for them would be to largely cheapen their gin and their tobacco, which most of their true friends, such as myself, who never indulge in either, think to be quite cheap enough already. The silly sop to the disconsolate widows, and the unmanly insult to the QUEEN, I pass by as beneath contempt, but with just the one obvious remark, that, if all widows are to be amply provided for, what sort of life shall we poor bachelors lead, especially if not blessed with remarkably strong constitutions?

No, Sir; these two propositions are alike absurd, and do nothing to alleviate the condition of those who most require assistance. But it does so happen that, after a lengthened and profound and dispassionate consideration of the whole complicated subject, I have evolved, out of my own inner consciousness, a scheme, so simple, and yet so comprehensive in its beneficial effects, that every very poor person, every working man, every toiling Clerk, every care-worn Tradesman, every small Manufacturer, and also, I am happy to say, every brain-worn Journalist or Literary Man, whether inhabiting his comfortable villa, or his small suburban snugery, or his thirty or forty-pounder, in his dull lengthy street, or his three or four decent rooms, or even his one miserable tenement, with its broken window, "that, coarsely patched, gives way to the rude tempest, yet excludes the day," and "its walls so blank, that their shadows they thank for sometimes falling there!"—all these veritable toilers and spinners would, at one fell swoop, as it were, be relieved of their greatest burthen, and be able to look the whole world in the face, with renewed hope, renewed courage, and renewed life! What that great panacea is, I must leave for a future day.

J. LITRE.

## THE GLOSS OF FASHION.

THOUGH the Aristocracy plunge freely into business nowadays, we tremble when we read the following in the *Sussex Daily News* :—

**WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.**—Send 13 Stamps and directed envelope for recipe, cost 3d., whereby Silk Hats, however shabby, may be repeatedly rendered as good as new, to —.

Can it be that a certain Nobleman, famous for his glossy hat, has determined to convert his secret into money, and is willing to make the hats of the world as resplendent as his own, for a consideration? But no, the very thought of such a thing is too awful. Besides, if everybody's hat is immaculate and unruffled, it will be distinguished to wear a head-covering that is shabby, unbrushed and bewrinkled. The "mouldy form" will be a mark of nobility.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—The most sarcastic Diplomatist now living is, we understand, M. DE GIERS.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 172.



"BIRD OF FREDUM SAURN;" OR, (BIG) LOWELL TAKING A LITTLE RISE.

BURLY JOHN BULL IS A PATRIOT STOUT,  
WHO LOVES HIS OWN "STARS," AND HATES OTHER FOLKS' STRIPES,  
BUT WHEN A TRUE EAGLE SOARS SUNWARD, HE'LL SHOUT  
FOR THAT RIGHT RARA AVIS 'MID SPARROWS AND SNIPES;  
AND JOHN B.  
(BRITISHER) HE  
SAYS BIGLOW IS THAT SORT OF BIRD TO A T.

## DEAR AT THE PRICE.

HERE is a chance for the *parvenu* of the period. The following advertisement appears in the *Times* :—

**NOTICE.**—The sum of 3,500*l.* will authorise the ADOPTION of the TITLE and RANK of CHEVALIER, or Officier. The production of certificate of birth or passport only required. — Address, —, Paris.

Is it possible that any Briton will be weak enough to send his money to this ingenious gentleman? What on earth is the good of being called Chevalier, or Officier? Better far wear the uniform of the Salvation Army, or the noble garb of the Forester when he goes in all his glory to the Crystal Palace.

## A Mystery.

MR. PUNCH has just published his Eighty-fifth Volume at Eighty-five, Fleet Street, and next year will be 1885, and therefore—but, no; we leave this interesting subject for the Astrologers to work out.

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

MY DEAR DUCHESS, 28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

So the great PASSWAY-BINKS was actually coming—his special engagement "for one night only" was duly announced in big letters—and his advent was eagerly watched for by us all. I was frightened to death at having to play *Robert Ffolliott* to his *Con*, and my alarm was in no way diminished by the Company, some of whom almost hinted that BINKS would *throttle me* if I didn't "watch it."

PASSWAY BINKS was to arrive from Slocum-on-the-Slosh by a train reaching Shellford at eleven A.M., and would at once come to the Theatre to rehearse. A deputation, consisting of Messrs. DERWENT-WATER, GARRICK, and SNOW (who I heard were subsequently joined by SPIDER, BONES, and Captain LARDY, the famous Shellford Sand-Niggers) went to meet BINKS at the Station, and I was left with the Ladies of the Company, anxiously awaiting the great man's arrival at the Theatre. He arrived in due course, and made a little speech to Miss POSTER. (Mrs. BINKS had just become a mother for the ninth time. Mr. GARRICK looked at me, as much as to say, "There, now—what did I say to you? Call *yourself* an Actor; why, you're not even married!") I was much disappointed in Mr. BINKS's appearance; he was a colossal man, he was *hot* and untidy, and had a faint suspicion, I thought, of gin about him. When rehearsal began, he seemed to me to know nothing about *Con*, and to confuse him generally with all Mr. BOUCICAULT's Irish characters. He called me "*Masther Hardress*," and "*O Grady*," and everything but *Robert Ffolliott* (but it was, I think, the hurry and bustle of the journey). It was his "perfect ease" Miss POSTER said she admired so much.

To my intense horror, I found that owing to Mr. BINKS's fearful

weight he couldn't jump off the Prison Wall on to *Harvey Duff's* back, for fear (as the great man put it) of transforming *Harvey Duff* into a poached egg. I was, therefore, requested to change clothes with this monster, inside the Prison Walls, and spring upon *Harvey Duff* myself. This, on the top of that *dreadful* revolving scene (where I have to hang half out of window, and tip a carpenter half-a-crown never to let go of my leg all the while the scene changes) almost collapsed me. I am no athlete, my dear Duchess, and I really felt I must give it all up if, as a necessary part of what I had understood was Art, I am expected to jump over walls, fire guns, jump down from heights, take headers on to badly-stuffed featherbeds, and so forth. But it was too late to give in now, and so I had to practise the jump. I was *more* than disappointed in BINKS; he must have weighed at least twenty stone, and he didn't remind me at all of Mr. DRON BOUCICAULT. I found out subsequently—quite by accident—that he owed Miss POSTER five pounds, and was "working it off." He worked me off the wall by pushing me in the back, so that I came down on *Harvey Duff* unexpectedly, which caused him a good deal of uneasiness later on.

The young lady who played my sweetheart behaved *very* badly—she got up suddenly from a bench, and it tipped over with *Father Doulan* and a glass of toast-and-water which was meant to represent whiskey. She stood so much in front of me I was forced to push her aside. Her excuse was (for I reported her to Miss POSTER) that she had heard of the death of her Aunt, and had "the toothache."

The costumes were funny—but I *did* succeed in persuading Mr. GARRICK not to dress *Father Doulan* in a mackintosh. I said I would go myself into the store-room, and try to find something more suitable. I succeeded in getting an old black cloth, used for *Juliet's* coffin, which I draped round him to some effect. When the toast-and-water was spilt all over him he regretted the mackintosh, he said! *Kathleen Mavourneen* ended about ten minutes past twelve, but Lady AWBERERY stayed out nobly to the end.



## UNLUCKY!

'Bus Driver. "'Twas JUST AT THIS 'ERE NEAR CORNER A OLD GENT WAS A STANDIN', AN' A 'ANSOM COME, AN' THE SHAFF' KNOCKED 'IM DOWN AN' KILLED 'IM ON THE SPOT! LEASTWAYS HE WAS TOOK TO THE 'ORSPTAL!'"

Passenger. "'TUT-T-T-T! DEAR ME!'"

'Bus Driver. "'YES, AN' WHAT WAS WUSS, SIR, HE 'D JUST 'AILED OUR 'BUS!'"

Thursday morning saw us rehearsing *Hamlet* the Dane. (I think I am getting excellent training for a sort of "WOODIN entertainment"—a few minutes behind a screen, and "Now you have JOE TINKLE the Railway Porter," and that sort of thing.) Mr. DERWENTWATER was really very funny as *Hamlet*. He considers that "BILL SHAKESPEARE" meant *Amlet* to be a "Low Comedy Merchant," he says!—and a very humorous reading he gave us of the Prince of Denmark.

Saturday was "A Great Popular Night," so the bills said. *British Born* is very much on the lines of *Right is Might*; or, *The Maiden's Prayer*. I was the British Consul at Demerara: I am always followed about by "FAGGLES," the Low Comedian, and I save *George Seymour*, the hero of the piece, from being shot by *Don André de Something*, by enveloping him in the Union Jack, which FAGGLES has most conveniently got concealed up his back. This is the great situation of the play.

In *Dred* I was quite black, and had only to say, "Oh, Massa, me no do dat; me pray for Massa." But, as "Massa," seemed to wish me to obey his orders, and *not* pray, I got thrashed all through the piece, till "Massa" is shot by *Dred*, which I confess I think rather hard lines, after the way I must have worried him all his life.

Dinner at Lady AWEERRRY's to-night has been a treat. I kept looking at wonderful Miss POSTER, and thinking, "Dear me, if our calm, dignified old hostess only knew what a week we've had of it!" But we don't tell *everybody*. Lady A. was very pleased at her visit to the Theatre Royal, Shalford, and is coming again. And "I'm to have a salary, Duchess, I'm to have a salary"—(new version of TENNYSON's *May Queen*).—"Call me early, mother dear," &c.). I think I shall get on with Miss POSTER. She is a very clever woman! I hope you won't think I'm becoming dreadfully vulgar! But I like you to know things as they are, and it will interest you, I am sure, to know how those who have chosen to practise this Art as a profession work at playing without any playing at work, and how they begin at the beginning, and how—ah! there it is!—how will it end? We're not all IRVINGS and KENDALS, and so on. Wish we were!

Yours, HUGO DE B\*\*\*.

## A CERTAIN YET UNCERTAIN CURTAIN.

OUR newest Theatre announces (among other attractions) the possession of an iron Curtain, worked by hydraulic machinery. This is a most valuable histrionic acquisition. Among its various merits we have discovered the following:—

1. Should the water freeze in the cylinders, the Curtain will not be able to go up or down.
2. Should the machinery stick, it will be impossible to raise the Curtain, and the current piece will have to be played in the lobbies.
3. Should the Manager come forward to make a speech, and the Curtain suddenly descend, the Manager's speech will be cut off abruptly.
4. Should a fire occur, the audience will be effectually prevented from using the Stage exits.
5. Should a fire occur, the Actors will equally be prevented from using the exits of the Auditorium.
6. Should a piece prove a disastrous failure, the lowering of the Curtain will prevent the execrations of the spectators from reaching the Stage.
7. Should London be in a state of siege, the Manager can easily render himself bullet-proof.
8. Should the Orchestra play out of tune, the Company can always be spared unnecessary torture between the Acts.
9. Should old iron rise in the market, the Curtain can be disposed of at a fair profit.
10. Should old iron fall in the market, the Curtain can always be lowered, possibly at a fair profit.

These are advantages for which we have long hoped and prayed.

"THAT's a regular London proverb," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM: "I mean 'People who live in Glasshouse Street shouldn't throw stones.' I turned out of Regent Street the other day, and actually found myself in Glasshouse Street. No stones were being thrown, I'm glad to say."



## INTERNATIONAL ILL-HEALTH EXHIBITION.

*Specimen Case, diagnosed by Dumb-Crambo Junior.*

Prize Liveryman of the City of London.



Frightful Effects of Injudicious Draining.



Example of Payne in the Chest.



Builders' Draughtsman.



How to get Coaled in the Head.



Cat, ah !



Infallible Cure for Tick.



Influence, Sir !



A Bad Fit of the Blues.

## MATCH-MAKING.

[The *Globe*, in an article on Matchmaking, says that "the Professors of this delicate art have fallen rather into disrepute."]

MATCH-MAKING ! Ah, it does seem strange  
If all our occupation's ended,  
If never more we shall arrange,  
That man and maiden be befriended,  
By kindly sympathetic souls,  
Who like to bring young hearts together;  
Just as an office now controls,  
On paper, changes of the weather.  
Young girls we see are often shy,  
And men we know are often stupid,  
How charming then it is to try  
And make them feel the darts of Cupid.  
We know that EDWIN longs to woo,  
And ANGELINA will not tarry,  
How sweet to make their dream come true,  
And see they ultimately marry.

There is no fairer task in life  
Than seeing with a soul prophetic  
How man must always choose a wife ;  
And since the Ladies are mimetic,  
They sometimes choose too, and then man  
Must yield, or else he'll rue full surely.  
Thus, ever since the world began  
The woman rules the roast securely.

Believe us that our rôle will last,  
Applauded in all future ages,  
We did good service in the past,  
As witnessed by historic pages.  
Match-making Kings we've often seen  
Their daughters teach to conquer shy men,  
And many a matrimonial Queen  
Has held the nuptial torch for Hymen.

## The Stock Exchange in Danger.

A CABMAN was, the other day, brought before Sir THOMAS OWDEN, and charged with creating an obstruction. The driver excused himself, on the ground that, if he had driven on, he would have run down several Stock Exchange Gentlemen. Sir THOMAS said, "If he were a Cabman, he would not stop on account of these knots of Gentlemen, but would drive on and disperse them." Let us hope this advice will be acted upon with due caution, or it may be a bad job for Stock-jobbers, and Stock-brokers may get broken if this principle is thoroughly carried out. After these words of Civic wisdom, probably the Accident Insurance Companies will charge special rates for the insurance of members of the Stock Exchange.

## PHILIPPE CHEZ ALPHONSE.

*(Leaves from a Pretender's Note-Book.)*

*First Leaf—a Fly One.*—Kind and considerate of ALPHONSE, after all, to remember we are cousins, though the *Almanach de Gotha* only knows what "remove" he can be. And he's been a Pretender himself, and knows what a helping hand is to a fellow in that position. It's such a tremendous pull to be recognised, when everybody about you is making believe you are only plain Mr. PHILIPPE ORLEANS, ex-Colonel of Cavalry, and innocent Author of a big book about America. It will pose me to be received at a real Bourbon Court; and I can turn round to France, and say, "There, you see; there's the kind of prestige your PHILIPPE SEPT would bring you; look at GRÉVY's poor relations, in comparison." And then he had promised to show me a few of those practical Kingly dodges, a sort of Macchiavellian Prince in a guillotine collar—of which, unhappily, I have no experience.

*Second Leaf—a Rose One.*—How wise I was to come! The little demonstration at the Station wasn't altogether everything a loyal Frenchman could wish, but the newspapers have been full of me ever since, and, if truth must be spoken, they had recently contracted a horrid habit of altogether ignoring me. There was that unpleasant question of AURELIEN SCHOLL going about: "*Comte de Paris? Oui, mais pas*"—and it was a distinct relief to have sentinels presenting arms, and station-masters putting on white gloves and

cravats, and the red carpet laid down at Madrid, and a live King to kiss one on the platform! I am remembering all my nice courtly ways; the Grandees are delightful, and the Queen isn't a bit jealous of the Comtesse.

*Third Leaf—a Sere One.*—But oh, that Cabinet Council, at which I was allowed to assist, to see how it's done! ALPHONSO's a plucky little fellow, but he really didn't look like anybody worth mentioning in the midst of his Ministers; and when he emitted that idea of an English alliance against the forces of Socialism, SAGASTA openly told him he hoped His Majesty would remember they had met to talk common sense. And then two conspiracies discovered the day before, and the Queen has a headache in her bedroom because we looked twice through the opera-glass at the ballet last night.

*Fourth Leaf—a Yellow One.*—Ah, now, *par exemple* ! Two crises in one day: and we mustn't go to Granada because the faithful bombardiers are likely to throw shells at their Sovereign, and MONTPENSIER, my own father-in-law, is supposed to be plotting with CANOVAS CASTILLO, while ZORILLA is said to be waiting at the frontier with dynamite. ALPHONSO says this is nothing—only the ordinary course of things; but—

*Fifth Leaf—a Fallen One.*—But I think I'll remain Pretender just a little while longer; and I wouldn't mind saying good-bye to ALPHONSO and Spain if there were a port or frontier town where they're not prone to shooting Princes. I really wish those Paris papers wouldn't make such a noise about my being here. Why can't a poor simple Citizen travel privately?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover

M.S., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of M.S. should be kept by the Senders.



## THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DETECTIVE JOURNALIST.

## ATTENDANCE AT A CABINET COUNCIL IN A STATESMAN'S COLLARS.

IMMEDIATELY I received the Editor's telegram, "Assume any disguise you please, but, without fail, find out what is going to appear in the Queen's Speech." I decided upon a course of action. Once again I had to make myself up—this time I had to appear in the character of one of the most eminent men of the century. Mistaken for the PREMIER, I would be admitted to Downing Street—to the Inner Chamber.

Fortunately, it was perfectly easy to carry out my plan. All I had to do was to adopt an ordinary—a very ordinary—morning costume, and a pair of gigantic collars. I was safe from recognition—my head was entirely hidden in the collars.

I walked to Downing Street, and knocked at the door of the PREMIER's residence. It was immediately opened by a bowing and smiling Messenger.

"In future, Sir, you will be able to gain admission more expeditiously. I have been desired to give you this little packet, and to say that the article it contains is again returned to you, on condition that you promise to make no more evening excursions to listen to what she said *you* called 'The Cry of Outcast London.'"

The Messenger handed me a packet.

"I think I ought to tell you, Sir," continued the Official, "that there seemed to be an impression that you and Sir CHARLES and Mr. BRIGHT are in the habit of seeking for 'the Cry' at the Canterbury, the Oxford, and kindred places of public amusement."

I now opened the packet. It contained a latch-key. Preceded by the Messenger, I ascended a flight of stairs, and found myself in the Saloon devoted to the holding of Cabinet Councils. Here the Messenger bowed, and left me.

It was a plainly-furnished apartment, containing a long table covered with green baize, which was surrounded by some dozen chairs. Most of the Government were present. The Cabinet were scattered about in groups. Here was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explaining to Lord HARTINGTON his notions about the breeding of race-horses, there was Lord GRANVILLE listening in rapt attention while Sir CHARLES DILKE instructed him in foreign policy. Both Mr. CHILDERS and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT were drawing pictures of proposed Ironolads, and attempting to attract the attention for their sketches of no less a person than Lord NORTHBROOK. In the background Lord DERBY was telling Lord KIMBERLEY what *he* (Lord DERBY) would do were he at the Indian Office; while Lord KIMBERLEY, in return, verbally mapped out the policy he should have pursued had he become Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The moment I entered the Ministers rose, respectfully saluted me, and took their places at the Council-Board, reserving a chair at the head of the table for my accommodation. Suddenly, the LORD CHANCELLOR entered the room in full-bottomed wig and robes of office. There was a general titter at his appearance.

"Really, I see no reason for this merriment," exclaimed his Lordship, angrily. "I was asked to come in this costume, because I was informed, by post-card, that to-day we were to be photographed. I insist upon knowing who sent me that post-card."

There was a dead silence. The Ministers seemed to be earnestly engaged in doing nothing in particular. I could not help thinking, however, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seemed ill at ease. This demeanour, so suggestive of guilt, also appeared to attract the attention of Lord SELBORNE, who was on the point of addressing the President of the Board, when I considered it time to intervene.

"I am afraid I must claim to be the culprit, my dear LORD CHANCELLOR," I said, from behind my collars, in the voice of Mr. GLADSTONE, which I imitated most successfully. "It was only a practical joke. You all know my playful waggish humour."

The Ministers seemed rather astonished, and the LORD CHANCELLOR suggested that perhaps, after all, the group might be photographed.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lord GRANVILLE. "It would be contrary to all precedent. We have none of the accessories. We want a number of half-opened despatch-boxes containing treaties, a few waste-paper baskets to scatter about, overturned, in the foreground, and, moreover, should all be sitting on the most uncomfortable of high-backed chairs. Unless the Public see the chairs, the treaties, and the overturned waste-paper basket, they will never believe that the picture represents the meeting of a Cabinet Council."

After a little grumbling, Lord SELBORNE acquiesced, and took his seat. Then there was a pause, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT rose, at the invitation of his colleagues.

"My dear and valued friend," he began, addressing me, "we have been considering what you said to us at our last meeting, and, as you insist upon it so strongly, we consent to the insertion of that joke of yours about *jam satis* in the initial paragraph."

"I only objected to it," continued Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in a conciliatory tone, "because I thought I had seen it somewhere before."

"And I, because it seemed to me, as an old-fashioned person, a little unconventional to make Her MAJESTY commence her address to

her faithful Lords and Commons with a pun—although I admit the pun was admirable in its mirth-provokingness." It was Lord GRANVILLE who said this.

"I am glad that you give way," I replied, from behind the safe ambush of my collars, and then, wishing to feel my way, suggested that I believed that there had been something said about Egypt at our last meeting.

"Why, we spoke of nothing else," shouted Lord HARTINGTON, suddenly, exchanging his habitual rather gloomy calm for a demeanour suggestive of the fiercest excitement. In a moment there was a perfect Babel of voices, in which I could only catch a few fragments of speech, such as "Chinese GORDON," "Immediate evacuation," and "Temporary protectorate." The contention waxed angrier and angrier, until I was really afraid that words would give way to blows. All of a sudden an apparition appeared at the other end of the table—an apparition which filled me with absolute terror.

"Before we discuss Egypt," said this apparition, which included an ordinary—a very ordinary—morning suit and a pair of gigantic collars, "I hope we are all now agreed that the initial paragraph of the Speech shall contain that little joke of mine about *jam satis*." And the apparition chuckled.

The Ministers were perfectly dumb with astonishment. They looked at me and then at the apparition. There was but one question, "Which of the two was Mr. GLADSTONE?"

"I would suggest," said Sir VERNON HARCOURT, timidly, "that the PREMIER should come out of his collars."

"Never!" cried the apparition and myself together. "Give up my collars! Never!" At that moment Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE hurriedly entered the room.

"Pa, I want to ask you a question," cried the youthful Lord of the Treasury, running up to his parent, and embracing him. "You won't be angry at this interruption?"

"The true PREMIER has been discovered by his son!" cried the Ministry *en masse*. "The voice of Nature has spoken!"

This was the last I heard, as five seconds later I was using my utmost expedition in leaving Downing Street.

## CLASS AND CLASS.

THAT worthy but slightly obstinate bore, Sir EDWARD WATKIN, has announced to the Shareholders of the South-Eastern Railway Company that "country clergymen, local shopkeepers, landowners, and rich old misers have no right in third-class carriages." As such an excellent authority cannot be gainsaid, we have prepared a table for Sir EDWARD WATKIN's approval, showing each class of carriage which ought to be used for the carriage of each class on the S.E.R.:

*First Class.*—Archbishops, Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Bishops, Barons, Baronets (first-rate), Stockbrokers, Money-Lenders, newly-married couples, Members of Tattersalls', Theatrical Managers, leading Actors and Actresses, operatic *Artistes*, newspaper Editors, Stage-door Keepers, Q.C.'s, Barristers (first-rate), Solicitors (first-rate), Special Correspondents, Members of Parliament, Chorus Ladies, Peers' younger sons, ironmasters, manufacturers, bankers, hotel-keepers, housebreakers, swellmobsmen, pickpockets (first-rate), landowners, rich old misers, and Sir EDWARD WATKIN himself.

*Second Class.*—Government clerks, City clerks, market-gardeners, country clergymen (rectors, vicars, &c.), local shopkeepers, prompters, second principals, baronets (second-rate), younger sons of younger sons, barristers (second-rate), solicitors (second-rate), barmaids (first-rate), estate agents, Ladies of the Ballet (first rank), innkeepers, housebreakers, swellmobsmen, pickpockets (second-rate), moderately well-off old misers, and Sir EDWARD WATKIN's *chef*, valet, coachman, and governess themselves.

*Third Class.*—Curates, dog-dealers, labourers, under-gardeners, local sub-shopkeepers, call-boys, younger sons of younger son's younger sons, potboys, hop-pickers, barmaids (second-rate), maids of all work, beer-shop-keepers, Ladies of the Ballet (second rank), Gentlemen of the Chorus, costermongers, housebreakers, swellmobsmen, pickpockets (third-rate), area-sneaks, policemen, soldiers, sailors, and Sir EDWARD WATKIN's scullions, boot-blacks, stable-helpers, and bottle-washers themselves.

By the way, Sir EDWARD WATKIN asserted that, according to *Mr. Punch*, wherever the South-Eastern went everything seemed to perish and decay. In opposition to this Sir EDWARD averred that wherever the railway had gone land formerly worth £50 an acre had risen from £500 to £2000. Sir EDWARD ought to know that, from an agricultural point of view, rot and decay are highly beneficial to land.

THE AFTER-PIECE AT THE LYCEUM (*by an Impressionist*).—A success for Miss ANDERSON. Title and Play rather mixed. *Comedy and Tragedy* (like *Cæsar* and *Pompey*) very much alike, especially *Tragedy*. A nice, crisp little melodrama, just long enough to send an audience home mournfully to bed and a nightmare. Like some Author's *Creatures of Impulse*, unquestionably clever. Mr. GILBERT seems always at his very best in One Act.

# CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO THE FIRST.

I.  
OH, thou! so oft invoked in gloom or mirth,  
Muse! gay or sombre at the warbler's will;  
Heaven-lit, or touched with lurid  
fires of earth,  
Wilt thou once more forsake thy  
tri-forked hill,  
Or let me dip in thy much haunted  
rill  
Lips little used to aught save  
earth's red wine?  
Lo! WHITMAN, WILDE, and TUR-  
PER twangle still,  
Perchance the most good-natured  
of the Nine  
Will even deign to grace a prosy  
tale like mine.



II.  
Lately in London's maze there  
dwelt a youth,  
Who in that aimless labyrinth  
took delight.

He skimmed his *World*, he trifled with his *Truth*,  
He watched Burlesque's belauded lamp at night.  
Ah me! he was in sooth a shallow wight,  
Much given to crackling chaff and hollow glee;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,  
Save ballet *belles* and bibulous company,  
And Turfdom's sordid thralls of high or low degree.

III.  
Childe CHAPPIE was he light:—but whence that name—  
A *sobriquet*—it needeth not to say;  
Suffice it that it was of modish fame,  
Like "buck" or "dandy" of an earlier day;  
For town's loud losel-swarms, gregarious aye,  
Are now, as in the mightier olden time,  
Slow, sheep-like souls, informing common clay;  
Not all Society Journals' prose or rhyme  
Can make their dull wits bright, their stupid lives sublime.

IV.  
Childe CHAPPIE basked in Fashion's fullest sun,  
Disporting in Mayfair like a Mayfly,  
Heedless that when his little day was done  
Came the long night of moody misery  
That lesser insects know not; the dull eye  
And nerveless hand of the exhausted "Swell,"  
The desert waste of dull satiety,  
That loathly limbo where drear memories dwell,  
More joyless and more lone than eremite's dark cell.

V.  
As yet Childe CHAPPIE was alert of heart,  
And with his fellow-frolickers would flee  
From home's calm haven, forum, fane, and mart,  
For cynic scorn congealed all fantasy  
And quick affection of fresh youth, and he  
Regarded these as tame and "awfully slow."  
He loved all haunts of modish revelry,  
Where pleasure rolled in full and feverish flow,  
And e'en for change of scene descended yet more low.

VI.  
And none did love him, though the town he'd scour  
With youths who called him "bonny boy" and "dear."  
These were but comrades of the cheery hour,  
The sharers of his "fizz" or bitter beer.  
Yea, none did love him—not his chum most near,  
Nor she who willingly his gifts would wear,  
For only the false Eros haunts the sphere  
Where folly's motes dance in the blinding glare,  
And callous Circe flaunts in aureate-tinted hair.

VII.  
But after his first "Supper" wild with glee,  
He seized his banjo, which the youth could string  
And twangle, for to nigger minstrelsy  
He long had found high zest in listening;  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And piped a farewell in *falsetto* high,  
His boon companions loudly chorussing,  
And with the "Boy" the beakers were brimmed high,  
While to his early haunts he piped his last "Good-bye!"

1.  
Adieu! adieu! Home life's a bore  
When one is twenty-two;  
Nights were not given to snooze and  
snore,  
Day's hours are all too few.  
When the sun sets o'er land and sea,  
Life's beacon blazes high.  
Farewell, domestic fiddle-de-dee!  
My early Home—good-bye!

2.  
A few short hours, and Sol will rise,  
To give grey morning birth;  
We shall be prone with sleep-crown'd  
eyes,  
Dreaming of night's mad mirth:  
Whilst yonder, round my father's hall,  
My sisters, dear, but dull,  
Will toss the early tennis-ball,  
Or pull the morning scull.

3.  
Let love be hot, let wine run high,  
I fear not love or wine.  
From tame delights of home I fly,  
Life's fiery press be mine!

I mean to do the whole mad round,  
Stage, Sport, Club, Friendship,  
Love;  
For in these things do joys abound  
Home's doldrums far above.

4.  
My sire will "row," me vigorously,  
My mother sore complain,  
But o'er life's wildest waves I'll  
fly  
Ere I touch shore again.  
Let sermons scare the goody-good  
From "Stage," or Bar, or Ring;  
But I, who am of gayer mood,  
Intend to have my fling.

5.  
With, ye, my bonny boys, I'll go  
The fastest pace that's set;  
With hopes to lead the field, you know,  
And cut all record yet.  
Welcome, the riskiest game that's  
on!  
Brim, brim the beaker high!  
Life's fizz till the last bubble's gone!  
My early Home—good-bye!

## HOW TO MAKE THE "A. P." HAPPY.

(A Fragment that ought to be picked up in the Twentieth Century.)

THE poor Old Man woke after his sleep of just a score of years. He had fallen off to slumber after the Alexandra Park had been closed, as a place of entertainment, to the Public. His drowsiness had been caused by the tones of a popular lecturer. He was recalled to consciousness by the bright voices of clean-looking children. A particularly cheery lad was standing beside him.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais vous êtes—?" said the boy to the Old Man, in excellent French. RIF was too feeble to reply.

Then the lad addressed him in ten different modern languages, each of which he pronounced without the vestige of a British accent.

"I do not understand you!" gasped the Veteran.

"English!" exclaimed the lad. "Why, from your poverty-stricken appearance, I believed you to be a foreigner. But allow me—you require refreshment." And before RIF could answer a word, the lad had felt the Old Man's pulse, and administered a restorative.

"I know a little about medicine," the boy observed, with a smile. "In fact, I know a little about everything. My weakest point is my knowledge of languages. I frankly confess that I scarcely know a dozen words of Chinese; and as for Hebrew, I only read—not speak it."

"You must be some young Gentleman of quality?" queried RIF, now perfectly recovered from his recent fatigue.

"I'm only the son of a bricklayer, and come from an educational establishment that has been recently opened in the neighbourhood. I belong to the Universal School (originated by the Combined Metropolitan School Boards), and am one of the dullest of its scholars."

"Marvellous!" murmured the Old Man. "And now, as my eyesight is rather weak, can you describe my surroundings?"

"Certainly!" promptly responded the lad. "Yonder is a ground used exclusively for athletic exercises. Many years ago, the same spot was a race-course. But we have improved upon that. The large building at the top of the hill is a public library, very extensively frequented on a Saturday afternoon by the costermongers. That Park to the right is a very perfect botanical garden, much in favour with the coalheavers, who have recently devoted the greater portion of their leisure moments to the consideration of the European *flora*. Beyond, a cricket-ground, a croquet-lawn, and a field devoted to archery. The public swimming-bath (once private property) is also a feature. That excellent road running up from the Railway Station (in conjunction with the Metropolitan line, upon which engines worked by compressed air are, as you probably know, now only allowed to be used); to the Farthing fish-dinner Saloon, is made from the chopped-up stones once forming Temple Bar. Then—"

"But where am I?" asked RIF, impatiently interrupting the boy as he was about to describe a hundred other improvements.

"Where are you!" echoed the lad. "Why, in the grounds of the old Alexandra Palace."

"But to whom does it belong?"

"To the People, of course," replied the urchin. "Twenty years ago the place was purchased by the London Corporation for the use of the inhabitants of the Metropolis for ever. They followed the advice of Mrs. GLASSE, 'first catch your air,' and have made the most of that air ever since."

"Are you really telling the truth?"

"Certainly. The Alexandra Park Estate was bought by the City in 1883, and will be a boon to the Public to eternity."

RIF was delighted to find that the Corporation, unlike himself, had not been asleep!



## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

No. IV.—THE GOOD-HUMOURED MAGISTRATE.



JOHN PUMMLE was charged before Mr. BOWERS, the presiding Magistrate, with assaulting CHARLES SHORT.

The Complainant (who had a black eye) deposed:—On Tuesday, your Worship, I was standing on a seat in the Strand, waiting for the Lord Mayor's Procession to pass. About four rows in front of me was the back of a man who I thought was ALF WATSON.

Mr. Bowers. And who is ALF WATSON?

Complainant. He is a packer at the Stores, you know.

Mr. Bowers. Well, I didn't know, but I'm always pleased to receive information. I hope he'll stick to his packing-cases, and keep out of assault cases. (Laughter.) However, we

had better not interrupt the evidence.

Complainant. Let's see—where was I?—oh, I know. Well, your Worship, the man in front, who I thought was ALF WATSON, turned out to be Defendant.

Mr. Bowers. What made you think it was ALF WATSON?

Complainant. The back of his head looked like ALF's.

Mr. Bowers. Oh, I see—a phrenological similarity.

Complainant. May be, your Worship. All I know is, some people's backs of their head is more recognisable than the fronts of their face. Look at the back of my head.

[The Witness here turned his back to the learned Magistrate, and displayed a triangular bald patch, which created considerable amusement in Court.]



Open Spaces.

Mr. Bowers. It would be as well, I think, to let the evidence now proceed without interruption.

Complainant. Well, your Worship, I calls out, "Hulloh, ALF WATSON!" and I leant over, and touched him gently on the back of his head with my stick—just so.

[The Complainant lightly tapped with his stick the ledge of the witness-box.]

Mr. Bowers. A rather striking illustration.

Defendant (interrupting). Not a bit like it, your Worship. He tapped me like this.

[The Defendant here struck with his stick a tremendous blow on the ledge of the prisoner's dock.]

Mr. Bowers. I cannot help thinking that that is a violent assault upon the Court. (Loud laughter, in which the Chief Usher joined.) Now I think we must let the case proceed without interruption.

Complainant. At all events, your Worship, I didn't hurt him.

Defendant. Oh, didn't you? Perhaps your Worship would like to look at my head.

[The Defendant turned his back to the Magistrate, and displayed a large contusion.]

Mr. Bowers. Of course it's impossible to judge at this distance, but it appears to me to resemble an extra development of the bump of Philoprogenitiveness. However, I will hear your defence at the proper time, Defendant; so please don't let us interrupt the Witness.

Complainant. What I meant, your Worship, was, if it had been my friend ALF WATSON it would not have hurt him.

Mr. Bowers. You mean—some heads are softer than others, and more sensitive to the touch.

Complainant. Yes, your Worship. Why, bless you, ALF WATSON's chump is as hard as a brick.

Mr. Bowers. You call him your friend—I can't help thinking he would not care to hear you say what you have, about him.

Complainant. He don't mind. He's here to prove it!

Mr. Bowers. I'm afraid I can't admit his evidence. Don't you see—the evidence of a man who doesn't mind being hit at the back of the head with a stick, cannot possibly affect the case of a man who does object to it. (Laughter.) But you really must proceed with your evidence.

Complainant. The Defendant turned round, and I said, "It's a mistake—I thought you were ALF WATSON." The Defendant, in reply, said, "Oh, is it? Wait till the Show has passed, and I'll ALF WATSON you in the eye."

Mr. Bowers. A new form of assault, evidently. And what passed then?

Complainant. The Lord Mayor's Show did. (Laughter.) The Defendant then came down on me like a ton of bricks, as my eye will prove.

Mr. Bowers. Ocular evidence. (To Defendant.) Now is your time to ask any question of the Witness.

Defendant. Thanks, your Worship. (To Witness.) What's your name?

Complainant. SHORT.

Defendant. All right. I'll soon make short work of you.

[Roars of laughter, in which the Magistrate joined.]

Complainant (indignantly). I don't consider this a case for joking, your Worship.

Mr. Bowers. You are right there; but I can't, in justice, rebuke a man for joking, when I've been doing it myself; therefore, I'll adjourn the case for a week, by which time, I hope, we shall all be in a more serious mood.

Biddy Flaherty, Molly O'Finnigen, Kate O'Leary, Patrick Mulgan, O. B. Jabers, Thady O'Flynn, Dan Dunnomore, and Phil Flanagan were summoned before Mr. BOWERS, charged with illegally detaining two bonnets, a towel-horse, a pair of blankets, a flat-iron, two pairs of pattens, a woollen shawl, and a bottle of whiskey, alleged to be the property respectively of BETSY O'HAGAN, KATHERINE CORR, MARY MUNSTER, PADDY MURPHY, and PHINEAS O'CONNOR.

Mr. Bowers. Ah! This is evidently going to be an interesting case. (Laughter.)

The first Witness called was P.C. JOB, 297 Z. He said:—On Wednesday week I visited 4, Durham's Rents, the first floor of which is occupied by all the parties connected with this case. I was called in by the complainant, BETSY O'HAGAN, who said—

Biddy Flaherty. You lie, you lie!

Phil Flanagan. Spake the truth.

O. B. Jabers. To the devil with ye!

Dan Dunnomore. Ooh, ye spalpeen!

Phil Flanagan. Where d'ye expect to go to?—

Pat Mulgan. Ye tell more truth when ye spake lies.

[There was great uproar, and when the Usher at length succeeded in procuring silence—]



Mr. Bowers.



*Mr. Bowers* said:—As this case will apparently be rather complicated, I wish to make a suggestion. I don't so much mind two of you talking together; in fact, I can sometimes manage three, but it's quite impossible for me to understand six of you at once, especially as you are very indistinct, and this is a very bad Court for sound.

The Officer again proceeded with his evidence, but the interruptions and abuse became worse than ever.

*Mr. Bowers (to the Defendant)*. Look here, if you don't leave off, I shall not only adjourn the case for a week, but I shall go on adjourning it till I do get silence.

*Patrick Mulgan*. Yer Honour, bedad, I'm not going to stand here, and hear them lies.

*Mr. Bowers*. Oh! aren't you? Very well, then, you shan't. I'll adjourn you for a week, at all events.

[The Defendant was then removed, amidst much laughter. *Biddy Flaherty*. I'll not desert PAT MULGAN. Let me go, too?

*Mr. Bowers*. By all means. Consider yourself adjourned *sine die*. *Biddy Flaherty*. Thank ye, yer Majisty. May you and Ould Ireland live for ever!

[The confusion at last became so great, that *Mr. BOWERS* ordered the parties engaged to leave the Court, an order which was not obeyed in a single instance.

*Mr. Bowers*. Well, as you won't leave the Court, I will; and I'll take very good care I do not return until you have left.

[The learned Magistrate then retired.]



AN IRISH CASE; OR, ERIN AND TALKING.

### "ICH DIEN."

HONOURED SIR,

I AM a widower with four children—this is my misfortune, not my fault. So also is the fact that I am absolutely without menial assistance. Yet again is another fact: viz., that on Tuesday last I attended Mrs. BUNSHAW'S Agency for Domestic Servants, whither I was directed by a Lady who has been kind enough to endeavour to alleviate my misfortunes. Like myself, she is solitary in the midst of plenty of children. On arriving at Mrs. BUNSHAW'S outer office, I was reminded by a smiling young female of some forty Summers (without counting her Springs, Winters, and Autumns), that five shillings was the customary fee for "registering."

Following Sir ROBERT PEEL'S advice, I promptly but not unreluctantly did so, at the same time timidly inquiring for a Parlour-maid. In return for my two half-crowns, the damsel handed me a ticket inscribed as follows:—

#### TERMS—FIVE SHILLINGS

For each Servant required. No Alteration can be made in the description of Servant booked for.

The addresses of Lady and Servant must be exchanged on partial engagement.

#### THIS TICKET EXPIRES

Directly the Servant enters upon her Situation.

Armed with this domestic railway-ticket, I entered a long room, around which were posted various groups of the gentler sex (not a male among them), who, like myself, had "booked for" Servant-galism. Scarcely had I looked round, when a stentorian voice shouted, "Mr. DIONYSIUS JONES," and I blushing cast my eyes down on my ticket, as three or four young women made towards me. At the same time, I remembered that I was not a Lady, and that "a partial engagement" was associated only in my mind with a strong attachment or a breach of promise.

"Eighteen pound a-year, beer-money, and the usual Sunday out," cried a voice, in my ear.

I looked up, and beheld a slender sallow-faced young female, who had evidently tried to make up for the skimpiness of her figure by the breadth of her hat-brim, and for the want of blood in her cheeks by the fiery hues of her ribbons and shawl.

"That seems a good deal," I ventured to falter.

"It would be a good ideal for some people," she replied, tartly.

"How about the beer-money?"

"I provide the beer myself," I answered, firmly. "Are you a churchgoer?" I added, wishing to turn the subject, not knowing where the "partial engagement" began or ended.

"Yes," she sniggered, "when it's cold meat on Sundays."

"I'm afraid you won't do," I began, when she cut me short with, "No, I don't suppose I should. Mother says I ought to be particular."

In less than ten seconds she was engaged in negotiations with an elderly lady on my right.

"You're not a lodging-'ouse keeper, I 'opes, 'cos I 'ad to leave my last place on account of the drefful 'ard work. Six dinners a-day, b'lieve me. Fust at one for the old gent with brown kits in the parlours, then for the old lady with parallee in the droring-rooms at two, then for the newly married couple on the second floor at three, then for the City gents at 'arf-past five, then for Missus orff what they'd leff at 'arf-past six, and then orff what Missus 'ad leff, supper-like, for me—oh! Sir, it was offal. But if you're not a lodging-'ouse keeper, I'm ready for the sitivation. My name's MARTHA CRACKLES."

The speaker was a determined-looking female, with any amount of cheekbone, a glance like a bull's-eye lantern, and a hand as broad as a spade. Had I been a woman, she would have been my mistress, as it was, I felt I was in presence of my master. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I was about to surrender, when an angel (figuratively, not literally) came to my rescue, in the person of an old woman, with threescore years, and twice that amount of feathers pressing on her brow, who passed by us. My antagonist (doubtless recognising her), without a word of apology, hurried in pursuit. When next I saw MARTHA CRACKLES, she had that old angel, carefully laid by, under her right arm.

A prepossessing-looking female, dressed in deep mourning, next approached me, in a somewhat timid manner.

"I understand, Sir," she said, "that you're looking for a parlour-maid. I also understand, Sir, that you are a widower. Sir, I can sympathise with you, for I am, alas! a widow"—(here she grasped my hand)—"and mean to remain so. My poor dear husband"—(here four square inches of calico evacuated her pocket)—"was of superior birth. He was town butler in a nobleman's family, but his perquisites, Sir, were not of that commanding nature (owing to the poverty of his employers) to enable me to enjoy that position which is mine by right and nature. Sir, you have a feeling eye, and I well know what sympathy means. (Here the calico travelled to her eyes.) The situation of parlour-maid is not one that I desire, but it may lead to other and better things. (I began to remember the "partial engagement" clause.) And if one stricken heart can strike with another, let that lot be mine. (Here she clutched both my hands, and accompanied the movement with a sacrificial odour of gin.) Let that solace be mine. I only ask twenty pounds a year as a solace for my affliction. I only ask—"

I did not let her ask anything else. I fled from Mrs. BUNSHAW'S. My courage expired before my ticket. I am laying my own table. The situation is mine. Try your own *café au lait*, is the advice of

Yours joyfully,

DIONYSIUS JONES.

THE SEX OF OYSTERS.—All females. *Moll-usks*.



### ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

*Local Buttermilkman.* "IT'S IN FUST-RATE CONDITION, YER GRACE, AND I SHALL BE MOST 'APPY TO SELL IT TO YER GRACE FOR TEN POUNDS!"

[Feelings of noble M.F.H. may be imagined.]

### GETTING A LIFT!

*Grand Old Man of the (Red) Sea loquitur—*

"For this relief much thanks!" 'Twas getting nasty.

This is a stroke of luck!

This dark Egyptian slime is slab and pasty,  
I felt like getting stuck.

*J'y suis, j'y reste*, with rather a new meaning,  
Appeared to be my motto.

On broken reeds a little tired of leaning,

And not sure where I'd got to,

I felt as awkward as infallibility

Can ever feel. No doubt of it,

I might have trusted my well-tried agility,

At last, to get me out of it.

But folks are so impatient. Why, a pyramid

Was not built in a jiffy.

But then wild Tory gibes and Jingo ire amid

E'en my Rad friends get tiffy.

Just look at the *Pall Mall* now! Surely, surely,

They might awhile have waited,

And by the organ once ground on by MORLEY

To be—yes, almost slated,

Is rather trying. Well, their tip was GORDON,

And so I hope they're gratified,

And that he likes the shifting of the burden.

I really feel beatified

At missing its worst drag. If he should stumble

'Twould bring us both to grief;

But they who clamoured for him scarce can grumble.

Meanwhile what a relief

To have his sturdy legs and broad back under one

Through this Egyptian mess!

He's a strong man, who is not given to blunder, one

Whose *habit* is success.

*A deus ex machinâ*, who, at this crisis,

'Tis rare good luck to get.

If he can solve our mystery of Isis,

We may be happy yet!

### THE CURSE OF CANE.

AN Evening Contemporary falls foul of "a learned Baronet who presides over a County Court," because that Gentleman prefers the birch to the cane," and the Evening Contemporary goes on to state that, "if boys were consulted, it is certain that they would prefer the cane." Would they? Not if they were wise boys. The cane is an abominable relic of the Middle Ages, devoted to those of tender years. The cane is a thing of much weal, and no end of woe. It is an instrument of torture which makes the punishment of years pay for the fault of an hour, as witness, the enlarged knuckles, the ingrowing nails, the scarred shoulders and arms of thousands of men, who will bear the Curse of Cane as long as they are able. Now, the birch, even taken in the bud, tempers justice with mercy. It is furious in its onslaught, stinging in its attack, resolute in its chastisement, but it is a generous foe, and bears no resentment. When an Eton boy has been "swished," he is never obliged to carry his arm in a sling, nor call in a Surgeon to bind up his wounds. He may suffer some temporary personal inconvenience for a few days, affecting both his *chair* (Fr.) and his *chair* (Engl.), but there the matter will end (unless, indeed, he be "complained of" again). To sum up: the cane is the weapon of a fool, often of a coward, and, maybe, of a brute. The birch is an instrument to which the highest-born have and may bow, for are they not brought to the highest legal punishment—the block.

THE SACRED BEAST.—There has been some mistake about the colour of the Elephant. He turns out to be grey, his companion is WHITE. What his hue may ultimately be, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he has had a good "slating" all round.





## GETTING A LIFT!

OR, "THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE (RED) SEA."



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

1. To Miss Victoria Vokes, at Her Majesty's, about Lotta, at the Opéra Comique, and, 2, to Mr. George Grossmith, at the Savoy, about "Falka," at the Comedy.

1. To Miss Victoria Vokes, at Her Majesty's.

MY DEAR MISS VICTORIA,

As your time is entirely taken up by playing *Little Red Riding Hood*, for which I see you are having extra special Morning Performances, you will be very glad to hear from me what our latest visitor from America, LOTTA, is doing at the Opéra Comique.

In exchange for Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY, you see they have given us Miss MARY ANDERSON, Miss MINNIE PALMER, and the above-mentioned, LOTTA,—whether she is a Mademoiselle or a Madame I cannot gather from the Advertisement,—but if you and



"They've been a 'tizing of me."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

your brother saw her, I am perfectly sure that the latter would say, in his quaintly humorous way, that she is decidedly "not a-miss." You would be charmed with her dancing and her grotesque attitudes, and would roar with laughter at her eccentric movements, the like of which I have never seen equalled on any Stage.

As to the piece in which she appears, of course you know by heart every line of DICKENS'S *Old Curiosity Shop*, and, therefore, you would fail to recognise in it any of the merits and beauties of that delightful story, so utterly has it been hashed, slashed, smashed, and transmogrified by its Adapter, in order to suit the requirements of the eccentric LOTTA, and, I suppose, American taste, as far as she is concerned.

It is true that you see before you the old Grandfather, *Little Nell*, Mr. *Richard Swiveller*, *Quilp*, *Sampson*, and *Sally Brass*, but they appear in very slightly-connected scenes, and thus more resemble illustrations of character in a Variety Entertainment than dramatic personages in a real Play. They are names, and little more. So that of the Adapter, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, one might say, with the old Clerk in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "His own son, Sir! his own son, Sir!" and with Mr. *Swiveller*, sing the poet's line, slightly altered,

"When he who adapts thee has left but the name,"

which I am sure strikes you as most applicable to this "per-version," as Mr. GILBERT would call it, of the *Old Curiosity Shop*.

You, my dear Miss VICTORIA, with your great reverence for old familiar tales, would as soon think of asking your author, Mr. FRANK GREEN, to make the meek and gentle *Cinderella* into a bouncing, dancing hoyden, or dear simple *Little Red Riding Hood* into a grown-up tomboy, who fearlessly confronts the Wolf, fights and conquers him, as have asked the Editor of *Household Words* to reduce *Little Nell* to a posturing nonentity, and to have transformed the *Marchioness* into a genuine "Yankee gal."

LOTTA'S *Marchioness* is a sort of white *Topsy*, which is a very topsy-turvy way of dealing with the character, and when I quite got rid of all the associations of this part with the original of DICKENS'S creation, I thoroughly enjoyed, as you would have done had you been there, LOTTA'S extraordinary antics. You will be pleased to hear, though she has not much voice, she knows how to manage and make the most of it, and sings in excellent tune, and tell your leader—no, I mean your Manager, Mr. LEADER, what I know will delight his generous heart—that in spite of the badness of the piece, LOTTA herself is likely to prove a very great success.

If you can get a spare minute, do take your brother to see Mr. WYATT dancing as *Dick Swiveller*, and he will be enchanted to

witness the achievements of one of his evidently most earnest and admiring pupils.

In other respects Mr. WYATT is rather too serious for *Dick Swiveller*; he would make a capital first dancing tragedian, if there be such a person, and I don't see why there should not be a Hamlet in a ballet as well as in an opera; suggest this to your brother FREDERICK; he, as *Hamlet*, you, as *Ophelia*, in a ballet all arms and legs, and no songs or dialogue.

Mr. PATEMAN'S *Quilp* is a very clever performance, but not sufficiently impish; if he and Miss HOWARD, who makes a charming *Mrs. Quilp*, had only had a good song and dance together, just as Mr. WYATT and LOTTA have, and if the four had then all combined for a jig, with Mr. WYATT throwing his legs alternately over the heads of Miss HOWARD and LOTTA, it would have been more consistent with the spirit of the adaptation, and I am sure that both you and your brother would have enthusiastically declared that such an *ensemble* must bring down the house, and ensure a run of three or four hundred nights.

Probably the idea first struck LOTTA of playing the *Marchioness* in her topsy-turvy fashion, and then, having taken an inch, it occurred to her that she might as well take a *Nell*. Certainly, she herself is the greatest curiosity in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, and if she would only get Mr. CHARLES DICKENS to eliminate all the sentiment, and call the piece *The Marchioness*, with songs and dances for everybody, it would draw all London.

With kind regards to Brer Fox and Brer Wolf in your Pantomime, I remain, my dear Miss VICTORIA,

Your old friend,  
NIBBS.

2. To Mr. George Grossmith, at the Savoy.

MY DEAR GEE-GEE,

WHICH is, of course, addressing you by your initials as I explained in a previous letter, when, in proper order, I put the horse before the Carte, though you are the last man to indulge in any horse-play on the stage. Thoroughly occupied, as you are, with rehearsing, playing, entertaining, and various other employments (for I have heard it whispered that you have the entire management of a considerable small coal and potato warehouse in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, to which you give your attention when not assisting the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, or making notes for the Astronomer Royal in Greenwich Observatory), you have not been able to gratify the one desire of your heart, which is, as you told me, when Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN were well out of hearing, to see *Falka* at the Comedy Theatre, and as you asked me to go, I went, and I will now tell you all about it.

It is the very sort of piece you would enjoy, not depending on the comicality, or even the singing of one person, but on the united efforts of one of the best comic operatic companies that have been seen in London for some considerable time. Had you been in the Stalls with me, there would have been no holding you, so supremely delighted would you have been with the dry drollery of Mr. HARRY PAULTON, the comic idiocy of Mr. KELLEHER, the eccentricity of Mr. ASHLEY, the hopeless absurdity of Mr. PENLEY, the laughable



Knife and Falka.

burlesque-style of Mr. HAMILTON, and the careful character-acting of Mr. JAMES FRANCIS; and if Miss LEONORA BRAHAM had been seated with us, she would have been in raptures with the singing and acting of Miss VIOLET CAMERON, and the dashing appearance and artistic vocalisation of Miss WADMAN. There are plenty of small parts, all with more or less singing and speaking, and all satisfactorily played.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN would be pleased with the music by Monsieur CHASSATGNE, though he perhaps might find fault with it



### A READY-MADE REJOINDER.

He. "YOU MADE A FOOL OF ME WHEN I MARRIED YOU, MA'AM!"

She. "LOR! YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME YOU WERE A SELF-MADE MAN!"

occasionally for lack of originality, and here and there detect a few phrases which, it might occur to him, he had heard somewhere before.

You know, my dear Gee-Gee, what good stage management is, having been so well stage-managed yourself, and your Mr. GILBERT would not have sufficient words of praise for the permutations and combinations of form and colour which Mr. H. B. FARNIE, author and stage manager, has contrived to exhibit throughout the three Acts of *Falka*. I am sure, too, that Mr. GILBERT and yourself will thoroughly approve of the absence of all long speeches from the libretto, and that both will appreciate the ingenuity of Mr. FARNIE, who, as the action of the piece takes place in 1750, and the scene is laid in Hungary, has enriched his dialogue with comic but direct allusions to the topics of the present day, both social and political, in such a plain matter-of-fact way as cannot fail to be intelligible to the newspaper readers of all shades of opinion in the mixed audience that, as Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE will be delighted to hear, crowd this theatre every night, and leave it thoroughly amused and delighted with the entertainment.

By the way, your sense of the fitness of things will probably induce you to remonstrate with the Author of *Falka* for making Mr. HARRY PAULTON constantly address Mr. PENLEY as "Holy Father," when Mr. FARNIE himself has carefully described this character in the bill as "Lay-brother Pelican, door-keeper of the Convent." Take my advice, and as you have nothing to do in the long Second Act of the *Princess Ida*, just put on your ulster and drive round to Pantion Street, and see as much as you can of *Falka*. In case you should be enticed to stay over your time, leave word with Mr. CARTE, or Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, or Mr. MICHAEL GUNN, or Mr. GILBERT, to go on and double your part, as I don't think you would be missed in that Third Act for once in a way.

With kind regards to Mr. BARRINGTON, who, as I see, makes up in this piece to resemble Mr. BERNARD BECKER, I remain

Yours devotedly, NIBBS.

A REAL "Happy Dispatch" in Chinese GORDON to Egypt. Every one hopes he will succeed. "Why, Soudanly!"

A GENUINE "STATES"MAN.—An American.

### CHIPS AND SAWDUST.

[LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at Blackpool, among other vehement denunciations of Mr. GLADSTONE, declared that as a Political Woodman he had given us "nothing but chips."]

To spend four long columns in slating the Woodman, Like a farce in three Acts, is but tedious fun.

How blackly you paint him, vain, voluble good man:

*Demogorgon, Domdaniel, and Tartuffe* in one!

'Tis pure waste of pigment; you kick o'er the paint-pot,

And call your splashed canvas a portrait! Dear me!

If *au grand sérieux* you the Radical's saint pot,

How dreadfully wretched—or green—you must be!

But no, 'tis of course mere political jaw-dust,

You'd never belabour *Old Chips* as you do,

Or wildly and fruitlessly "let out your sawdust,"

Unless you'd some practical object in view.

Bad names why insanely and shriekingly call so?

Why trounce and denounce, taradiddle and mock?

Unless 'tis to prove that you, RANDY, are also

A chip—of the old Beaconsfieldian block?

### "TAUNG TALOUNG WILL OBLIGE AGAIN!"

THE White Elephant—we do not care twopence whether he is white, or drab, or slate, or mud-colour, or black, we prefer to call him white—has been as welcome to the newspapers just now as big gooseberries in the dead season. We are grieved, however, to see the following paragraph in the *Times* :—

"The Elephant was unusually elated, and made several attempts to stand on his head, attempts which were promptly checked by his keeper."

Can it be that the "sacred" one is nothing but a stage-player, after all; that he is not even a prophet in his own country—though he may make considerable profit for BARNUM out of it—but simply a performing Elephant? It is to be feared the *Times* has let the cat out of the bag; but we wonder who let the Elephant out of the Circus!

MR. GLADSTONE'S MOTTO FOR THE COMING FARMER.—  
"Jamjam futuris rusticus."—HOR. Epod. Lib., Ode II.

### SOMETHING LIKE A PLANT!

To quote from the "Literary Jottings" of a Contemporary. It appears that—

"Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS have in hand a new work by the Author of *The Village Life*, Mr. J. H. STODDART, Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, under the title of *The Sagacity and Morality of Plants: a Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom*."

This is certainly news, and opens up, especially for that advanced and select class of thinkers who hold that man himself is but a well-developed, if not very palatable vegetable, a fine field for reflective speculation. Indeed, nobody, who has a fancy for his modest salad, can read the announcement unmoved; and to those who have found themselves, after a little free indulgence in the apparently harmless bowl overnight, not unfrequently consigned, the next morning, to a sort of Stygian gloom of despondency, it can scarcely fail to come home with significant force. That there may be some inherent vice in a cucumber, for instance, seems more than probable;—still, it is difficult, all at once, to take in fully the conception, either of an intelligent pumpkin, or of a badly-conducted radish. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. STODDART will not leave the unsuspecting housekeeper in the dark, but give a good and clear character-list of all the inhabitants of the kitchen-garden likely to find their way into his premises. Anyhow, the subject is full of interest, and suggests much. Why should there not be a link of sympathy between man and the cabbage he eats? Is it that both have hearts? Again, what hidden tenderness is it that forces one who gazes long at the onion that has been much cut up, to melt in tears, and turn sadly, but hurriedly away? These are psychological riddles that Mr. STODDART, no doubt, will solve. By the way, if he prove, beyond a question, that the potato has a real eye for beauty, and that a head of celery, if it only keep cool, is fit for anything, what will become of the Vegetarians? They ought certainly to get hold of Mr. STODDART's book without delay.

We are rejoiced to hear our old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, has had a nice little legacy left her. She intends "to investigate the entire sum in the Induced Free per Cents."

## A WORD FROM WINTER.

"Mild Winters encourage vain expectations.... The records tell us, with almost too much emphasis, that a mild Winter may be followed by a late Spring, and by the most unkind weather that we can imagine as intervening."—*Gardener's Magazine*.

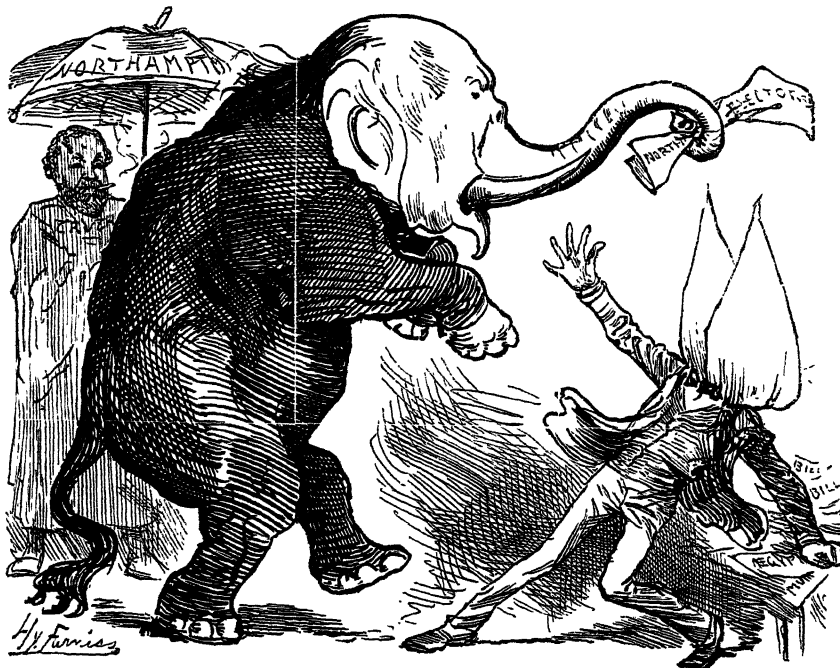
LEAVE the Yule-log alone,  
For the Winter is ended,  
And all folks must own  
That the weather is splendid.  
Here come the Spring hours,  
And half blooms e'en a dim rose,  
And, 'mid many flowers,  
We can welcome the primrose.

We've never seen snow,  
And there's no harm in stating  
That, as all men know,  
We had small chance of skating.  
Old Christmas was here,  
He's a regular comer,  
Why did he appear  
As the herald of Summer?

The huntsmen we see  
On each day don the scarlet,  
And chase o'er the lea  
What old "sports" call "the varlet;"  
On hunting this year  
Does no frost put a stopper,  
Though still 'twould appear  
That some men come a "cropper."

The gardener speaks,  
With his words of dread warning,  
We've had pleasant weeks,  
But one day comes a morning  
When frost bites once more;  
Can't we say with good reason,  
That never before  
Was there seen such a season!

THE LATEST SPECIMEN OF A NIHILIST.  
—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE lecturing on  
"Nothing."



## THE PREMIER'S WHITE ELEPHANT.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIM?"

MR. BRADLAUGH has explained more exactly than before the tactics he intends to adopt when the Session opens. He will not attempt to swear himself in before the Queen's Speech is read. This is what he proposes to do:—"He should go to the House on February 5. After leaving the cloak-room he would enter the House and take his seat in the part of the House open to Members only. After the Queen's Speech had been read he might, or might not, go to the table; if he did, no one could prevent him. The police could not, because they would be outside the door, and he would be inside. If he went to the table, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would object, or he would not. If not, then the oath was taken and the seat occupied; if he did, he (MR. BRADLAUGH) could wait till he had finished, as he had done before, or take no notice of him, but swear himself in at once, and take his seat."

## TEACHING THE OLD IDEA.

YESTERDAY afternoon the second of the series of the new and highly successful popular lectures recently inaugurated by Dr. MORELL MCKENZIE at the School of Dramatic Art was delivered at that Institution. As soon as it became known that the subject selected was "Hygiene in the front of the House," and that it would be handled by no less an authority than Dr. RAWLINGS, F.R.M.S., the application for places was so great, that the one pupil, for whose benefit the series of lectures had been primarily intended, was instantly offered a half-holiday by the governing body, and every corner of the room was immediately filled by a distinguished and elderly audience, in some respects even more miscellaneous in character than that which had attended the previous lecture.

In addition to all the leading actors and actresses, teachers of elocution and singing, vocalists, amateurs, acrobats, Peeresses, celebrated Military and Naval Authorities, Members of both Houses of Parliament, and a large sprinkling of Provincial Mayors, prominent places were occupied by Messrs. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, the Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway Company, Professor STOKES, the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, and a host of other more or less well-known figures not hitherto publicly associated with the progress of Dramatic Art.

The Lecturer introduced his subject by defining "hygiene" as applicable to the "front of the house," remarking by the way, amidst a good deal of laughter, that although it was generally admitted that prevention was better than cure, a great many Managers failed to realise the method of producing a healthy condition in their receipts till they had lost them altogether. The first necessity of "hygiene" in the treasury was undoubtedly to avoid cold. This could only be effected by packing an audience well together, and keeping them physically occupied by clapping their hands. Audiences, however, required some stimulus on the other side of the Curtain to warm them up to effort. A frost was, therefore, to be avoided. The wind might sometimes be raised by posters, and the public might literally be driven into the theatre for a night or two by violent puffing outside; but the secret of such a procedure soon got blown, and the Manager himself, as a consequence, at last

only found himself left out in the cold. This brought him to the recently-developed craze for decoration. There was a very baseless and unsubstantial belief now current that the mere trappings of the Auditorium and its approaches were in themselves a sufficient attraction for the public. This was a mistake. Such trappings caught nobody but the Manager. He might be left alone in his House to admire them, but if he did this he must put his foot in it. As to the public, they would no more stand mere stuff and padding on this side of the footlights than they would on the other. A splendid dado was a fine thing in the right place; but he might lay it down as an axiom of "Managerial hygiene," that the more persistently and lavishly the interior of a House was papered, the worse inevitably would be the ultimate condition of the treasury.

The Lecturer then, amidst some uproar, proceeded to make a vehement onslaught on the folly of several Managers who had obstinately refused to stimulate the "failing hygiene" of their respective establishments, by a recourse to a series of original five-act plays of his own, the dialogue of which he quoted, and the principal scenes and situations of which he was proceeding to illustrate on a blackboard, when it was announced that the one pupil of the College, who had apparently been at a loss what to do with himself, had just tumbled down an area, in Argyll Street.

Upon this information being whispered by a distinguished Personage present to a member of the governing body, a vote of thanks to the Chairman was hurriedly proposed by the Deputy-Secretary, and—everybody present promising to come again next week and bring some fresh friends with them—the further hearing of the lecture unanimously adjourned.

FRIVOLOUS INQUIRY.—The sale of the Library of the Diss Book Club, recently dissolved, is announced in the *Athenæum*. Our Tire-some Contributor writes to know if it was dissolved on account of its being a Diss agreeable Book Club, and whether the inspection of the books would be denominated a Dissolving View?

M. AICARD's new play at the Théâtre Français is called *Smilis*, but there is no laughter in it.



## A GREAT DISCOVERY!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

THE immense amount of eager curiosity exhibited by an excited and incredulous Public to learn the nature of the scheme that is to accomplish what no Act of the Legislature, nor all the benevolent ideas of the Philanthropists, nor all the wisdom of the Philosophers has hitherto succeeded in achieving,—though but natural, has been almost overwhelming. I will begin by saying what my plan is not. It is not, then, a mere Utopian scheme that the incredulous scoffer need turn from with derision, or the impecunious spendthrift with contempt, because it affects not him. It is not the wild dream of an enthusiast, but the calm development of a philosopher. Like all very grand discoveries, Sir, my great scheme can be stated so shortly, and so simply, that four words will suffice.

My scheme is "The Abolition of Rent!" I give your readers time to recover their breath at this mighty revelation, before further explaining its various details. Suffice it to say that I shall be able to prove not only to my own entire satisfaction, but to that of all other reasonable men, that my plan is as comprehensive and as just in its application, as it is bold and original in its conception. I sat down in my solitary chamber, at my well-worn desk, to consider the whole matter calmly, philosophically, and fundamentally.

What is Rent? Rent is the result of a superfluity. It is a charge made by somebody for something he does not want, to somebody else who wants it very badly. If a man wanted his house, of course he would not let it to me. Can anything then be more ungenerous, can anything be more selfish, or more opposed to the purest principles of philanthropy, than to make me pay enormously for this trifling accommodation? Think too of the sad results of this very absurd arrangement. What is the greatest nuisance of our otherwise happy lives, if not from the very highest, certainly to the very lowest? Rent! What makes us all dread Quarter Day? Rent! Its abolition, too, strange to say, would not only largely benefit the many, it would also really benefit the few—whom, to a superficial thinker, it would appear to injure—by relieving them of a large amount of quarterly anxiety, induced by the uncertainty of their expected receipts, and of the possibility of having to enforce claims, that to a truly philosophic mind must be absolute torture.

What must be the agony endured by a son of Israel who has to turn out his miserable tenant from his one miserable room, because he or she cannot pay the miserable Rent!

What must be the torture of a sensitive house agent of Low Church proclivities who has to sell up a poor toil-worn clerk! What must be the moral despair of a professional philanthropist, who never hides his light under a bushel when joining in a fashionable public subscription, at having to issue an execution against the household goods of a poor stricken tradesman, or, with a profound sigh of regret, to make him a bankrupt, because he cannot pay his crushing Rent! All this poignant-regret, all this mental torture, all this moral despair, will be at once and for ever at an end.

Rent is the first difficulty that besets the youthful pair, Rent is the last straw that breaks the bankrupt's back. Why then should this miserable vampire be allowed any longer to prey upon all alike, on the majority with the fangs of anxiety, on the minority with the fangs of remorse?

In my own poor case, which I doubt not is a representative one, I always feel a strong repugnance to this particular payment. Its very regularity is offensive to me, I detest having to take it nearly three miles, on a particular day, at a certain hour, or to incur an offensive reminder of what I certainly have not forgotten. My butcher's and baker's bills I pay with comparative willingness. I know and feel that I have received certain articles of food that have contributed considerably to my enjoyment; but what do I get, in exchange for my Rent, of a tangible character, that I can handle or taste or examine? Nothing, literally nothing. I must, of course, live somewhere. My Landlord is a wealthy Peer, who has, I am told, hundreds of houses similar to mine. If I and all his other tenants chose to leave what he calls his houses, and no other tenants could be found for them, he would be compelled to admit an inferior order of persons, whom he would have to pay for taking care of them, and preventing them from going to ruin, so that really I am, in addition to paying him an odious tax, in the shape of Rent, actually saving him in addition a large expenditure. Surely, surely, this cannot be just! and certainly, certainly, it is most inconvenient to me.

Besides, Sir, as we learn from various sources of information that the great object of all government is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, who can doubt but that my philanthropic scheme would achieve that desirable object in an eminent degree. In the sister country, the Law enacted lately that the more Rent a poor Tenant owed to his cruel Landlord, the more should he be excused from paying. This, Sir, was, I need hardly say, but a very small step in the right direction; mine goes the whole distance, for, with a simplicity and a completeness that would, I verily believe, disarm even a Land-Leaguer, I not only forgive all arrears in the past, but abolish all rents in the future.

The head of your statistical department has furnished me with some startling facts, from which I learn that the annual income of the country being £585,223,891 17s. 4d., omitting fractions, and rent being calculated at rather more than half of that amount, it follows, that my philanthropic scheme would relieve the rent-paying portion of the Public of the very handsome yearly payment of about three hundred millions of money, and, at the same time, relieve the comparatively small number of rent-receivers of an amount of deep anxiety, of mental torture, of poignant regret, and of moral despair, such as no pure philanthropist like myself can contemplate without a shudder.

What, Sir, is a contemptible sum of three hundred millions of miserable lucre, screwed out of the necessities of our poor human nature, compared with the noble gratification of having contributed largely, out of mere superfluities, to the happiness and contentment of thirty millions of our worthy fellow-countrymen, the toilers and spinners of our Native Land?

The first practical steps towards the realisation of my purely philanthropic idea, will be the formation of a strong Committee, and the collection of a large subscription for preliminary expenses. I have no wish to push myself unnecessarily into notice, so I at once announce that I should firmly refuse the position of Honorary President or Vice-President. No! my best and only reward will be the conviction that I have developed a noble idea that is destined to change the present sad condition of things in this wealthy land to one of peace, of satisfaction, and of prosperity. But, as of course it will be necessary that an efficient Secretary should be appointed to mould the affair into shape, I have no objection to accept such office, but, as I do not care about mere titles of honour, I should refuse the name of Honorary. Subscriptions may, in the first instance, be forwarded to the Punch Office, Fleet Street, under cover to the Secretary of "the Abolition of Rent Society, Limited."

J. LITIGUÉ.

## "OLD TONGUE'S" STABLE TALK.

(Communicated by the Hippopotamus next door.)

BUSINESS seems fine, and buns excellent; but I don't care about these scientific fellows always hanging about, and poking me in the face with umbrellas. Looks suspicious. "Marks on my face"? Of course I've got marks on my face,—but what of that? "A dusty dirty dun-colour"? Well—who said I wasn't? What are they driving at, I should like to know? Botheration! Why don't those two blundering High Priests turn up? A little "Service" would soon set all this right. Besides, I'm beginning to feel quite small. Why, except by a learned Fakir who has several times offered me a sacred powder, I haven't been worshipped for three months and a half!

Ha! Here he is again! Taken his card-case out of his pocket. Calls himself "BALMANO SQUIRE." Good name. Says he is a magician, and can make me black. What a lark!—but not if I know it. Have, however, accepted powder graciously, and put it into the mahout's curry by way of experiment. Wonder what colour he'll turn?

More scientific nuisances with umbrellas. Hear they've had a leader in the *Times* about me. Splendid advertisement, but it won't do to be run down in this fashion. When will "the clergy" turn up? Having a private entertainment on their own account at Liverpool, I'll be bound! Bother them! Feel I ought to do something beyond eating buns to show my sacred character. Good idea! Have some rum and stand on my head. Have done it. Effective.

That fellow, SQUIRE, wants to "cure" me now! Well, I never! And he's ruining me in the papers! Here are a couple of lines knocked off for speculative friends in Dacca—

"To have your praises sung, if you aspire—  
Don't trust the business to BALMANO'S choir!"

Come, that isn't bad for a sacred beast fresh to the language.

Crowds still pouring in; but feel in the worst of spirits. FLOWER has just been here, and said that that little bit of religious fun fixed for Monday won't be allowed to come off in the Gardens, after all. Hear the High Priests have got something to do, as a stop gap, at the Aquarium. Wish I had. Too bad!—I shall wire to BARNUM at once. A precious country this, where even an Elephant can't have his rites! Call this the land of liberty? Gammon!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was talking to a friend about her recent journey from Calais to Nice. She remarked, "Yes, it was a very long way, certainly; but then we went all the way in a *coupon*, so we were not so very tired, after all."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

NO V.—LORDS AND COMMONS.



A Good Judge too.

Mr. J. P. CORN, instructed by his brother-in-law, Mr. POOPHRIES, conducted the prosecution, and Mr. LEWIS GEORGE appeared for his Lordship.

Mr. GEORGE asked his Worship if Lord WATERLOO RHODES might be accommodated with a seat on the Bench.

Mr. *Tory Spenlow (the Magistrate)*. I am afraid I cannot quite accede to that request. Its refusal, I am certain, his Lordship will quite understand. If Lord WATERLOO RHODES had been summoned on a trivial offence, I should have been pleased to have given him a seat beside me. But his Lordship is charged, on a warrant, with fraud—and it is against all regulation for gaolers to be seated on the Bench; and, as Lord RHODES is at present in their custody, I could not invite one without the others.

The matter then dropped.

Mr. J. P. CORN, addressing his Worship, said: I must, Sir, before opening the case for the prosecution, ask your protection with regard to repeated annoyances to which I have been subjected this morning. I have received, since I have been in Court, ten notes, asking me if I am any relation to Mr. GRAINEY CORN, the popular entertainer. Of course, I do not deny that he is my brother—I will even go further, and admit I see considerable merit in his performances. But I object—I strongly object to be known only as "the brother of GRAINEY CORN." I have conducted many notorious prosecutions; I have succeeded in getting many notorious criminals—



"I tell 'em my brother's a Marquis."

Mr. *Lewis George (interrupting)*. Convicted.

Mr. J. P. CORN. I must object to being interrupted by Mr. GEORGE in this manner.

The matter then dropped.

Mr. LEWIS GEORGE said: I think, if your Worship will permit me, I can save a deal of public time. His Lordship has been guilty of no fraud. A little mistake has been made.

Mr. J. P. CORN. Really, your Worship, this is most irregular. Mr. LEWIS GEORGE commences with his defence before I have even had the opportunity—

Mr. *Tory Spenlow (the Magistrate)*. I think Mr. LEWIS GEORGE is only about to make a preliminary application respecting Lord PETER, which I think I must hear.

The matter then dropped.

Mr. *Lewis George*. I was about to observe, your Worship, when I was rudely interrupted by Mr. GRAINEY CORN's brother—(laughter)—



Georgium Sidus.

that the prosecution having advanced his Lordship five thousand pounds upon certain property—

Mr. J. P. CORN. Which his Lordship never possessed.

Mr. *Lewis George*. Really, Mr. CORN, you mustn't interrupt me like this. I repeat—advanced his Lordship five thousand pounds upon certain property which he shortly will possess.

Mr. J. P. CORN. That's the question.

Mr. *Lewis George*. Pardon me, there's no question about it. No doubt your Client, Mr. S. I. J. Moss, Financial Agent, of Tottenham Court Road—

Mr. J. P. CORN. I notice Mr. LEWIS GEORGE always sneers at Clients beneath the dignity of Viscount.

Mr. *Lewis George*. These interruptions are most unseemly. They would do very well in one of your brother's entertainments, but they are out of place in a Court of Justice. To proceed: Mr. Moss naturally wants his money—he shall have it.

Mr. J. P. CORN. Upon what authority do you make that statement?

Mr. *Lewis George*. My own word ought to be sufficient, but (I did not wish to mention it) I happened to meet at dinner, last night, not only his Lordship's elder brother, the Marquis, but his father, the Duke of STRAND, and from what they said to me (in confidence) I can assure the Financial Agent that he shall have his money.

The Prosecutor stepped into the box, and said, if he had the money at once, he would withdraw the charge.

After a short consultation with his Lordship, Mr. LEWIS GEORGE said: I happen to have my cheque-book by me, and, in order to save time and satisfy the Financial Agent—my principal desire—I will write out a cheque for five thousand pounds myself.

Mr. TORY SPENLOW said he never did approve of compounding a felony, but the case of his Lordship was evidently different, and he would therefore dismiss the case.—The matter then dropped.

Later in the day, Mr. LEWIS GEORGE appeared before Mr. WHIGLY JORKINS (who had relieved Mr. TORY SPENLOW) to defend the Earl of DATCHET, who was summoned for wilfully blocking up the corner of Hamilton Place, Hyde Park, with a phaeton.

Mr. *Whigly Jorkins (the Magistrate)*. Where's the Defendant?

Mr. *Lewis George*. He is beside your Worship, on the Bench. You have just shaken hands with him.

Mr. *Whigly Jorkins*. Oh! Who put him there?

Mr. *Lewis George*. According to the courtesy—

Mr. *Whigly Jorkins*. I dare say. The Defendant must take his place in the summoning Dock. The Defendant was accordingly removed.

The matter then dropped.

A Constable having given evidence as to the alleged obstruction, Mr. WHIGLY JORKINS asked if there was any defence?

Mr. *Lewis George*. His Lordship was not aware, Sir, that he had done wrong.

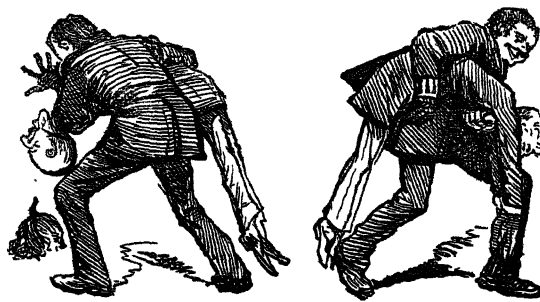
Mr. *Whigly Jorkins*. I will not insult the noble Earl's intelligence for one moment, by believing that he thought he was doing right. Five days.

Mr. *Lewis George*. Surely, you would not imprison his Lordship?

Mr. *Whigly Jorkins*. I can only fine him about twenty shillings, and what punishment is that? Five days!



The Earl of Datchet.



Police Courtiers.

The Earl of DATCHET and Mr. LEWIS GEORGE were carried fainting from the Court. The matter then dropped.

## A PLAYGOER'S PROTEST.

"Their courtly associates in the house of *Clarice* unfortunately do not rise, except in dress and appearance, much above the level of the old Adelphi guests."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THEY sneer at SHAKESPEARE nowadays;

And often I reflect

BOB ROMER they would hardly praise,

Or treat him with respect!

When others scoff, 'tis sad to sing—

The Playgoer protests  
Against this wholesale libelling  
Of brave Adelphi Guests!

Imind me of their courtly grace  
And unassuming charm;  
Of how they strolled about the place,

Linked closely arm-in-arm!  
They waved their Berlin fingers  
while

They banded merry jests  
With finished ease and pleasant smile,  
O rare Adelphi Guests!

Again in fancy I admire,  
And mentally recall  
The wicked Earl, the honest Squire—

Both bidden to the ball.  
The Majors of ferocious mien,  
With thickly-padded chests;  
The gushing girls in pink and green,  
O grand Adelphi Guests!

Once more I hear the merry tune,

I see the chaste quadrille;  
And in the sparsely-gilt saloon  
The Guests are dancing still!  
Talk not to me of high-class plays,

Or Drama's interests;  
The Drama's dead in modern days—

We're no Adelphi Guests!

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 173.



PHINEAS T. BARNUM,

BIGGEST SHOWMAN IN THE WORLD; BAR—NONE.

## IDLE TALK.

It is satisfactory to find that the Zoological Society have repudiated the proposed exhibition of so-called religious rites in connection with the White Elephant. Can this account for the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*?—

**IDOLS.**—FOR SALE, a collection (five pieces) of Buddhist and Hindu IDOLS, specially selected. Price £10.—Address, for view, &c.

No doubt the Agents of BARNUM will secure these at once. For the Americans, having seen Jumbo, will require something more than a discoloured Elephant for their money.

## New Song of Society.

*Esoteric Ephemeron sings—*

I'd be a Buddha-fly,  
Live on Club ana.  
SINNETT and ARNOLD, die,  
Go to—Nirvana!

THE *Athenæum* says that "M. VAN DAM is preparing an English translation of M. DE MAUPAS' *History of the Coup d'Etat*. It will be shortly published by Messrs. J. S. VIRTUE & Co." Good gracious! Fancy strict VIRTUE coming out with a big, big D.! We wish the publication every success, and hope that the Critics will not Dam it with faint praise, or say that it is not up to the Author's usual mark, and therefore not worth a DAM.

THE RIGHT SORT OF PIANO  
FOR A COMPANY (LIMITED).—  
A Bord.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL CATECHISM.

FOLLOWING the example of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Punch proposes to address a set of questions to Members of Parliament, in view of the proximate resumption of their Legislative duties at St. Stephen's. These questions, however, will not be confined to one side of the House only, and will differ considerably in character and object from those upon the successful outcome of which our contemporary so complacently plumes itself. The following specimens will give some idea of the nature of Mr. Punch's Political Catechism:—

1. What is your conception of the function of a Representative of the People? (a) Subservient flattery; (b) Crotchety independence; or (c) some rational and mutually honourable *tertium quid*?

2. Is it your sincere belief that Hole-cum-Corner (or other your constituency) is so conspicuously supereminent in intelligence, public spirit, and magnanimity, that (a) what Hole-cum-Corner thinks to-day, the country will think to-morrow; (b) the representation of Hole-cum-Corner in Parliament is the crown and summit of the highest conceivable human ambition?

3. If you do not think so, how would you candidly characterise the practice of emphatically and repeatedly protesting that you do?

4. What is a lie?

5. When is a lie not a lie? (*This is not a conundrum imitated from a well-known model, as might be hastily supposed. It is hoped that great care and caution will be taken in answering this and the preceding question. A candid opinion on this point is extremely committal, and covers a deal of—political—ground.*)

6. Does your idea of "independence" include (a) The right to "nag" your political leaders at every opportunity, and vote against your party on every important division; (b) The right to bespatter and be-pamphletise any particular leader who has incurred your dis-

like, after the fashion of Mr. ISCARIOT; (c) The privilege of pledging yourself to a particular vote, when sore-pressed at a public meeting, and of casuistically wriggling out of it when put to the proof, in the style of Mr. FITZ-PENDRAGON?

7. What is your opinion of the frying-pan as a weapon of offence and defence amongst Gentlemen?

8. Is there any essential difference between striking an opponent with a dirty kitchen-utensil, and assailing him with undeserved abuse and insulting innuendo?

9. What, in your opinion, would be the solid residuum of fact and sense, if from the ordinary party-harangue were deducted, (a) Falsehoods; (b) Foul language; (c) Malicious misrepresentation; (d) Wanton imputation of base motives; (e) Rank nonsense?

10. Do you really believe that your political opponents—that is to say, approximately, one half of your fellow-countrymen—are idiots, or villains, or both?

11. Do you not believe that anyone who really *did* think so would be qualified for a lunatic asylum?

12. Is it not, nevertheless, quite common to attribute to honourable and patriotic political opponents motives that would have shocked TARPUFFE, and maxims that would have disgraced TITUS OATES?

13. Apart from political life, would not a person indulging in such language be looked upon as either a lunatic or a—liar?

14. Is imbecility or untruthfulness less disgraceful in a politician than in other men? If so, why? If not so, is not the stupid slanderer (in politics) as truly "bad form" as any other sort of abusive "cad"? And if all parliamentary "cads" (in this sense) were (as surely they should be) "sent to Coventry," how many Members would be found sitting for that interesting Constituency?

Mr. Punch will be pleased to make known the results—if any—of this Catechism, which he is sure will be as interesting to the general Public as the more professional inquisition of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.



### DEMORALISING EFFECT OF THE FEMALE GAZE ON THE HIGHLY-STRUNG ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

IT WILL BE OBSERVED THAT CLAUDE AND PETER PAUL ARE LOOKING AT THEIR CANVASSES WHEN THEIR EYES OUGHT TO BE INTENT ON THEIR PALETTES—AND VICE VERSA!

#### "ALL IN TO BEGIN!"

SCENE—*The Outside of St. Stephen's Show.*

"*All in to begin!*" There's been huge preparation;  
A hundred rehearsals at least have been tried.  
Of talent you'll find a most rare combination!  
Magnificent Company! Just step inside!

Whoop! All the old favourites smarter than ever,  
With new parts that fit them right down to the ground.  
A troop of true "Stars" more prodigiously clever  
Are not in the whole of the Fair to be found.

Walk up! Just in time! just in time, friends! No waiting!  
New properties got up regardless of cost!  
Just step up and prove 'tis the truth I am stating!  
Now, Gentlemen, now! there's no time to be lost.  
Tremendous attractions! Most startling sensations!  
Entirely new piece by an Eminent Hand!  
Press teems with most flattering recommendations;  
Gus HARRIS not in it this time, understand!

The "Stars" will walk round, Gen-tle-men, on the platform.  
Now then! Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub!  
Ah, where will you look for an equal to *that* form?  
From WILL with the chopper to WILL with the club,  
They are simply first-chop. Look at JOEY. Just twig him!  
Most artful, elastic, and cheeky of Clowns,  
Our rivals endeavour to slate and to w(h)ig him;  
But can't we just trust him to pull in the browns?

Rootle-too! Awful combat twixt Virtue and villainy.  
Bandit a little bit small, but what odds?  
If the Public have liking for pluck, cheek, and skill any,  
RANDY must fetch them, *he*'ll bring down the "gods."  
Two up, and two under! The midget's a wonder!  
Lord! how he lays on like a pocket *Macduff*!  
And though Virtuous WILL will down on him like thunder,  
At least he'll allow that his foeman has stuff.

Then, *what* a Strong Man! Twig his midriff and muscle!  
Before that big grip, that Herculean club,  
The Snappingest Turtle must quail in the tussle.  
The true Modern Milo, Sirs! Rub-a-dub-dub!  
Our dark Heavy Villain the Cockneys call thrillin',  
He's really A 1 at the scowl and the cloak,  
And if there's an opening for sneering or killin',  
He's always on hand with the snarl or the stroke.

Whoop! Harlequin! Talk about smart transformations,  
Just see what our CHARLEY can do in that style!  
See, Slum-dwelling, reeking with a-bom-i-na-tions!  
Hey presto! The trim little villa fronts smile!  
Then look at our genuine genial Old 'Un!  
No peace of his life, the dear worthy old joker,  
Along of jimp JOEY, that brazen, bad, bold 'un,  
Who's always somewhere near his rear with the poker!

Then, if you like anything Nautchy and Coptic,  
Cast eyes on our PUSS-HEE, licks SARA as Sphinx!  
Mr. LONG could not paint you a black almond optic  
To wipe PUSS-HEE's eye at soft smiles or sly winks.  
And, if you've a fancy for dark necromancy,  
Our Northampton Bogey-Ghost-Banshee— But there!  
*His* chance of success seems a leetle bit "chancy,"  
So let's leave him out of the *fun* of the fair.

Now you with the gong, if you'll just stop that banging,  
The Public,—and bless 'em!—may hear my remarks.  
Whoop! Just going in! Bar Hibernian slanging,  
JOHN BULL may look out for exceptional larks.  
Walk up! Leading Actor, though older, is grander,  
And seems in the merriest possible pin.  
The season's success under such a commander  
Looks promising! Walk up! All in to begin!

THE NEW OATH.—The Conservatives swear "by Jingo!" the ultra Radicals "by GEORGE!"



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

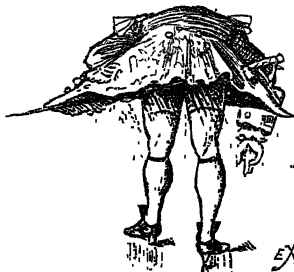
*To Miss Ellen Terry, in America, on the New Piece at the Lyceum.*

MY DEAR MISS ELLEN TERRY,

I HASTEN to fulfil my promise of writing to you while you are in America, to inform you how things are going on at the Lyceum in the absence of yourself and HENRY IRVING. Miss MARY ANDERSON, who has to do duty for you both, and represents Youth and Beauty combined (I hope you will take this as a graceful allusion to yourself and HENRY IRVING), has made, as you may have already heard, a remarkable success in the statuesque part of *Galatea*, and has now achieved another triumph as *Clarice* in the one-Act Play of *Comedy and Tragedy*, which is announced in the bill as having been "specially written" for her by Mr. W. S. GILBERT.

The scene is laid in Paris during the Regency of the Duc d'ORLÉANS. The exquisite costumes are of the period of LEWIS—WINGFIELD. A chief feature of Mr. HAWES CRAVEN's brilliant scene is a splendid staircase, more suitable for what *Mrs. Gamp* might have called "*Claridge's*" than *Clarice's* house. It reminded me of a similar arrangement of scene in *Lords and Commons* at the Haymarket. *Clarice*, an Actress, virtuous as she is beautiful, is the wife of a *Captain d'Aulnay*, who, to be near her, has thrown up his commission in the Army, and has accepted an engagement as an Actor.

The licentious *Duc d'Orléans*, not a whit worse, by the way, than those by whom he was surrounded, and not so bad as some of them, has persecuted her with his attentions, and insulted her by his



The Duke, his Grace; a View near Barnes.

dishonourable proposals, which, I suppose, would have been considered honourable at that period by the majority of young and beautiful Actresses on the Stage, when morals were muddled, and Cardinal DUBOIS was anything but the representative of the cardinal virtues. Of course, in our highly respectable Nineteenth Century, which is graced by our existence, we are horrified at even the possibility of such things happening, and sympathise as deeply with *Clarice* as our great grandmothers did with RICHARDSON'S *Clarissa*. As *Monsieur d'Aulnay*, by becoming an Actor, had, *ipso facto*, sacrificed his position as a Gentleman (wasn't this a curious state of Society?), the *Duc d'Orléans* could no more have accepted a challenge from him than from his own butler; so the beautiful and virtuous *Madame d'Aulnay* and her honourable, high-spirited, and indignant husband, ex-Captain, and now Actor, conspired together to entrap the Duc, and not only to thrash him, but, if possible, to murder him; giving the Duc, however, one chance, which was that of killing *D'Aulnay* before *D'Aulnay* had time to kill him. This might be called all fair in love and war—I say it might be called so—for anything more mean, pitiful, and vile, on the part of such a virtuous and highly honourable couple, I own I cannot well conceive. However, the trap is laid in the house of *Clarice*, the bait is a supper, with the addition of *Clarice* herself à croquet as the sweet to follow, when the wicked Duc will get his dessert. It really reminds me of the conduct of the eminently respectable couple, Mr. and Mrs. MANNING, whose wax effigies are, I believe, still among the attractions of the Chamber of Horrors.

Well, the *Duc d'Orléans*, accompanied by his friends, foremost among whom is the *Abbé Dubois*, who, by the way, was at that time a Cardinal, comes to the bachelor party given by *Clarice*, who has led the guileless Regent to suppose that she has been for some time separated from her husband, and is, therefore, a free and decidedly easy woman: naturally the Duc, who professes profligacy, exclaims, with the *Baron Gondromac*, in *La Vie*, "Yat a larks!" and is perfectly ready to take advantage, it must be admitted, in the most courtly manner, of such an occasion.

*Clarice* sends her guests upstairs (I said the staircase was very useful) to amuse themselves as best they can at gambling in a side room off the gallery while she detains the Regent below, lures him to a sofa, and just when he is beginning to pass the border line of the most respectful admiration, and has actually clasped with one hand the back of—the sofa, in pops *Mr. d'Aulnay* by the window, very much as honest *Captain Crawley* came in suddenly and surprised the virtuous *Marquis of Steyne* on his knees to the immaculate *Becky Sharp*. "This is a trap," says the *Duc d'Orléans*. "Yes, it is," reply the high-minded, respectable couple. And then, in order to qualify himself for murdering the *Duc d'Orléans* (a puffy, heavy-bodied, over-fed, flabby voluptuary, in comparison with the

dapper, active, spry, and determined ex-captain), *Monsieur d'Aulnay* tears up his actor's engagement without giving a fortnight's notice, and putting his Manager to great inconvenience, unless there was an understudy ready at hand; and then the Duc, stretching a point in his favour, consents to go out in the back garden and fight him,



Regent and—Caught.

on condition, however, that this little episode should never be mentioned to any one—except, of course, Mr. W. S. GILBERT; and so strictly has this promise been kept that though, as I understood from the action and dialogue, dapper little *Monsieur d'Aulnay* killed the elephantine *roué* in the aforesaid back garden, yet historians, ignorant of this fact, have represented the *Duc d'Orléans* as dying of apoplexy four months after the decease of *Cardinal Dubois*, and eight months after he had ceased to be Regent.

While the Duc and her husband are fighting outside, *Clarice*, who has locked the door and window, and given the key to a doctor, entertains her guests—who, tired of gambling in the little back-room off the gallery, are now sprawling on the staircase and grouped about the stage—with an improvisation which interests them and amuses them mightily. All this time she knows that either her husband is killing the Duc, or the Duc killing her husband, being ten to one in favour of the former, and they are fighting so absurdly near the house that the clashing of swords is perfectly audible—they must have been cavalry sabres or pantomime broadswords to have made such a noise—and at last, when *Clarice* hardly knows whether she is standing on her head or her heels, and settles the difficulty by dropping down on to the floor, a loud sigh, or sort of a howl, is heard, suggestive of a violent fit of indigestion, and we all felt instinctively among the audience that it was the "bitter cry" of the overfed voluptuary, and we were right, for the next second in again pops through the window *Captain D'Aulnay*—his time is passed in popping in and out of this window—and we all presumed that the Duc had been left quivering on a daisy. He pleasantly informed his wife that the voluptuary's goose was finally cooked, at which *Clarice* appeared delighted; and nobody took any sort of trouble to go out and see what had become of the Regent of France.

Now, as to the acting. You will at once ask me how is it possible for any one to adequately represent the part of an intensely virtuous, highly respectable, and honourable couple, of whom one, the wife, plays the part of the decoy, and the other, the husband, the rôle of a bully? A virtuous and respectable *Becky Sharp* is a contradiction in terms; but Miss MARY ANDERSON having chosen the part for herself, plays it, and assumes the responsibility of the interpretation.

She looks it to perfection, and from a certain point of view, which must be her own, or she would not have selected the piece, plays it admirably. I can imagine what SARAH BERNHARDT would have done with it, but she could never have enlisted the sympathies of the audience as an honest wife; but the Actress who can enlist the sympathies of the audience by acting as a Lucretia could but imperfectly portray the seductive caresses of a Phryne. Miss ANDERSON sacrifices the Phryne to the Lucretia, and her consistently impossible character is entirely in keeping with the utterly artificial and purely theatrical situation. The recitation with which *Clarice* attempts to entertain her sprawling guests (it must have been the dullest party conceivable) has been ingeniously devised and cleverly written. It is at once the *tour-de-force* of both Author and Actress.

Give my love to HENRY IRVING—he will be delighted to hear that the Lyceum keeps up its old reputation, that it is as choke-full every night as when you, and himself, and all his talented Company, with all his beautiful scenery, were playing *Much Ado About Nothing*. Hoping to see you again soon, and promising to keep you well posted up in all theatrical matters that may interest you, I remain,

Your old friend,

NIBBS.









"ALL IN TO BEGIN!"





## HUNTING PUZZLE. No. 2.

HOW TO GET THAT WHIP?

## VIVE LA CHIFFE!

(Notes on the Next Revolution.)

*First Day.*—The Government had sat up all night, until M. GRÉVY declared that, at his age, he could stand it no longer, and would rather resign at once, without putting by anything more out of his Civil List. This brought matters to a crisis, and M. FERRY's valiant and concise programme, Resistance, had just been voted, when a deputation from La Chiffe demanded to be heard. "Washed or unwashed?" inquired the Cabinet, who had pungent recollections of recent interviews. "Unwashed!" roared the rebels, defiantly, breaking into the Council Chamber, and immediately proving that theirs was no vain boast. Their *ultimatum* was concise and explicit: Firstly, the municipal, or rather the præfectorial boxes are to be esteemed private boxes, one for each *chiffonnier*; secondly, everything in the loathsome shape of a *propriétaire* must fill his box night and morning with pictures, old china, and bronzes.

Ministers consulted. On their return, La Chiffe was strewn on its back all over the Elysée, and M. GRÉVY's cellar was void.

*Second Day.*—Informed of the fact that the Chambers had refused to accept their conditions—relying on the assurance of M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC that he would pull them through—La Chiffe immediately, though unsteadily, descended into the street, and raised the banner of revolution—the largest rag in their possession, bearing the noble motto: "*Tout pour la Chiffe et par la Chiffe.*" At every street corner, as if by magic, rose barricades of rubbish-boxes and dust-carts. Five Provisional Governments sat in so many wine-shops, and issued proclamations in the name of La Chiffe.

*Third Day.*—The "Sorters" had hardly succumbed to the repeated assaults of the "Pickers," when the "paper" dealers intervened, with superior capital, and, by dint of bribery and corruption, proclaimed themselves a Constitutional Assembly. But the rag-merchants insisting on a Senate, it was agreed to toss for it over fifty thousand *litres* of potato-brandy.

And at the nine thousand and third *litre*, the shadow of two cocked hats on the wall dispersed the Revolution, which was already being rapidly asphyxiated by the accumulation of rubbish. Governing doesn't *always* mean removing nuisances.

## JUMBO AND TAOUNG.

(A Spirit Colloquy.)

SAYS TAOUNG to JUMBO, talking of the times,  
 "I'm very glad *we* are not men, they're most preposterous mimes.  
 They'll worship any brand-new god,  
 BARNUM, or GEORGE, or MUMBO.  
 I find the midgets mighty odd."  
 "Oh, right you are!" says JUMBO.

SAYS JUMBO to TAOUNG, "Last year they wept for *me*,  
 And now they're running after *you*, a greater fraud can't be,  
 The pendulum of their wild wits  
 'Twas Proteus, I should say, who hung.  
 They beat rogue-elephants to bits!"  
 "What's that to *us*?" says TAOUNG.

## "Props" of the Constitution.

(Sure to be in use during the Coming Session.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Eye-Glass; Lord RANDOLPH'S Moustache;  
 Mr. WARTON'S Snuff-Box; Lord HARTINGTON'S tip-tilted Hat; the  
 Sergeant-at-Arms' Beetle Costume (complete); Lord SALISBURY'S  
 Frock-Coat; Duke of ARGYLE'S Cock-a-too "Front;" Mr. BRAD-  
 LAUGH'S Umbrella; Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Cigarette; Sir STAFFORD'S  
 Spectacles; Mr. BIGGAR'S "Latin;" the LORD MAYOR'S "Greek;"  
 Mr. NEWDEGATE'S Neck-tie; Mr. FORSTER'S Boots; and last, but  
 certainly not least, Mr. GLADSTONE'S Collars.

WHY NOT?—"Actors' Saturday"? Capital institution. Brings  
 in a lot of money for those who do not happen to be coining it as  
 Managers or public favourites. But why not extend the idea?  
 Why not establish "Authors' Saturday" at all the circulating  
 libraries; "Painters' Saturday" at all the Exhibitions; "Jour-  
 nalists' Saturday" at all the News-vendors; and "Musicians'  
 Saturday" at all the Concerts? Why should not every dog have  
 his day as well as those uncommonly lucky dogs the Actors?





PLAYING THEM IN.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 4.—Just looked in to take look round. To-morrow Parliament meets "for despatch of business," as *Gazette*, with grim sarcasm puts it.

"There'll be precious little business despatched to-morrow, or for several more morrows," JOSEPH GILLIS says. Glad to meet JOBY B. looking well and hearty. Say so. "But, Lor!" JOSEPH replies, "it's hard work that agrees with me. Been terrible busy last three weeks arranging things. RANDOLPH and me's going to see things through, I can tell you. Wanted me to join the party. Offered to put me over WOLFF and GORST. But think we'll do better if I stop where I am, and we play into each other's hands. Besides, PARNELL couldn't spare me. 'No, JOSEPH,' he said, when I mentioned proposal, 'we haven't so much grace and culture in our party that we can afford to lose you.'"

Found TENNYSON in the House of Lords also taking look round. "Not sure I like it now it's so near, TOBY, dear boy," he said, glancing nervously round. "Begin to think I made a mistake. Fact is, found I was no longer a Poet, so thought I might as well be a Peer. Won't see me here often, I can tell you. Shall come down now and then and read them "*Queen of the May*," or "*Lotos Eaters*;" but don't feel up to debate on Franchise or Merchant Shipping. Besides, I know SHEERBROOKE would be taking my cloak in



## A REALIST!

*Miss Cribbleton (questioning Old Sailor with a view to "Copy" for her thrilling Novel in the Mayfair Magazine). "DEAR ME! WHAT A DREADFUL SHIPWRECK! AND HOW DID YOU FEEL WHEN THE BILLOWS WERE BREAKING OVER YOU?"*

*Old Salt. "WET, MARM—VERY WET!"*

*[She gives him up!]*

mistake for his Inverness, which becomes bore after third time. So short-sighted, you know."

Sir HENRY BRAND here, too.

"Sorry you are going to leave us," I said. "Successor may be a good man, but you are hard to beat. It's like House of Lords taking the orange and leaving us the Peel."

"Not at all, not at all, TOBY," says SPEAKER, blushing. (Wonderful how the young thing blushes yet. But he's seen a good many things in the House of Commons.) "You will see a good deal of me yet. Know I can't stand a House that gets through its work between five and six in the afternoon. Still mean to have my chop between eight and nine, and back again in a quarter of an hour. Worst of it is, I know that first few nights at least I'll be calling out, 'Order! order!' as I rise to leave my seat in Peers' Gallery. But must put check on myself."

GLADSTONE bustling round in high spirits and still higher collar.

"Never felt fresher in my life," he says. "Been awfully bored for last three months. Scarcely anything to do. Had rather good time last Thursday. Received four deputations, and made four speeches in one morning. Just gave me appetite for lunch. But that's only once in a way. Now life begins. Going to have lively times. Think we shall see something this Session. Sorry you wouldn't move Address. But genius and greatness are ever modest."

True for WILLIAM, though I say it that shouldn't. Off home to bed early. Shan't get another chance for six months.

## PROSPECTS OF SUNSHINE.

It is a remark rather commonly made just now, that "Reform is in the air." If that is a fact, then perhaps we may hope for brighter weather.

"STARVATION COVE."—Alderman PORTSOKE who knows nothing of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his ill-fated Expedition, has been put on short commons by his Physician, and declares "Sir ANDREW" to be the real "Starvation Cove!"

## ANOTHER WHITE ELEPHANT.

THERE is a certain eminent Minister who, like another BARNUM has long been seeking for something that would render him famous, and he has selected, as his huge White Elephant, the most gigantic Municipality the world has ever seen. He has been at infinite pains to persuade incredulous Londoners that it really is what he states it to be—a beautiful White Elephant, and certain members of the Press have expressed themselves very freely upon the subject.

The *Daily News* says that although not absolutely white, it is not nearly so dark as its predecessor, the Corporation *Jumbo*. The *Times* says it would rather wait to see how it will look when well washed, before giving an opinion. The *Standard* says that it is a gross impostor, and the sooner it is got rid of the better, as, if allowed to grow to his full size, he would in all probability prove to be very dangerous. The *Economist* says that he seems likely to prove a huge, unwieldy, unmanageable monster, and certainly not worth the enormous cost it will require to keep him going; while its three faithful attendants, commonly known as the three solemn Leaguers, declare, with all due solemnity, that it is exactly what it is represented to be, that they have fondly watched over it from the day of its birth, that it bears all the marks of being what the PREMIER would probably call "Real Jam." Its huge unwieldy size no one can dispute. Its softness is emblematic of the heads of those upon whom it is to be imposed. Its long tail is represented by the long train of eager enthusiasts who are looking forward for a share of his cakes and ale; and its square chest by the mighty money-bags requisite to hold the Rates of the future.

But all in vain; the Public refuse to believe in him, but pass on to their several avocations, smiling somewhat contemptuously at the large amount of fuss made by the eager attendants on both the unlucky White Elephants, whose credentials they continue to doubt, and whose usefulness they fail to appreciate.

THE VERY PLACE FOR LES JEUNES "SPORTS" PARISIENS.—Coaching China.

## GREATER LONDON.

(A Story of the Immediate Future.)

THE Traveller had left St. Paul's for more than two hours, and was still travelling underground in the direction of the broad Atlantic. He looked at his electric distance-marker, and found that he had journeyed some hundreds of miles. At length the train stopped, and he was told he had reached the terminus. He looked out, and saw, half obliterated, on a notice-board the words, "Land's End, Cornwall."

"Come, I have escaped at last!" he murmured. And then, to be quite sure that he was at length out of London, he asked a passing porter, "What is the name of this Station?"

"West Kensington, Sir," was the prompt reply.

The Traveller stamped with rage. Then he tore his hair. Then he jumped into a train just leaving the platform. He found that he had got into an Express. He tore through the earth (the line was underground) for hours—perhaps for days. Once he fancied he saw St. Paul's, but it might have been only a fancy. But on went the iron horse, on and on. It came to a standstill at last. He put his head out of window, and recognised the sea. Apparently he had reached the Norfolk or Yorkshire coast.

"Where am I?" was his question.

"East Kensington, Sir," replied the Guard, touching his cap.

"We have only got as far as this at present, Sir. The line to the new buildings will be ready in a month or so."

The Traveller foamed at the mouth.

"Can I never be quit of this hateful Metropolis?" he shouted, and once more jumped into a just-departing train. This time he was hurried towards Scotland. Most of the line was underground, but now and again he caught a glimpse of scenery (covered with houses), which showed him that he was travelling towards the land of the Gael. At length the train was again brought to a standstill.

A Highland Station-Master opened the door of the carriage.

"Have I reached Inverness?" asked the Traveller, alighting.

"Inverness!! There's jist na sich place!" replied the Official with the broadest of broad accents. "Ye've jist come to Narthe Kensington!" The Traveller shrieked. But there was one thing to be done. He retraced his steps. And now he journeyed towards India. For months and months he hurried on. Nay, his excursion consumed the better part of a year. He felt the heat of the equator, which gradually gave place to antarctic cold. Covered with furs, at length he reached the spot, which was, he felt sure, the Antipodes of the North Pole. As far as he could see, there was snow and ice, amid things that looked like smoking chimney-pots.

"I am alone!" he murmured. "Still this is good—I have left London behind me! At last I am satisfied."

At this moment he noticed a native of the place. The man was a dwarf, and evidently belonged to some race similar to the Esquimaux. The Traveller questioned this strange-looking person, but without effect. The native spoke an odd sort of language, quite unlike any European tongue. At length the Traveller succeeded, by signs, in making the resident know that he was anxious to learn the name of the place to which he had come. Could the native say where the Traveller was? He could, and would. And his answer was the last words that the Traveller ever heard, for they killed him.

When asked for the name of the place on which they were standing, the native replied, "South Kensington!!!"

## PLAYFUL FACTS AND FANCIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WAS prevented by circumstances, over which I had no control (I like to be original in the selection of my phrases), from being present at the initial performance of *Camaralzaman* at the Gaiety Theatre. The next morning I eagerly bought four of the daily papers to learn from them some particulars about the performance of the night before. I was greatly gratified to find from the *Daily Telegraph* that "the story of the old Persian Legend was told with admirable directness and point," and that the play "was to all intents a Drama, well-constructed and intelligible to the most careless observer." Glancing at the *Times*, however, I was sorry to notice that the Critic of that journal was evidently "the most careless observer," if, indeed, not something worse, as that Gentleman was forced to admit that the story "was by no means clear to his unassisted understanding." Turning to the *Daily News*, the representative of that admirable journal boldly asserted that "the Author was loudly called for, but did not appear," an announcement flatly contradicted by the proverbially courteous *Morning Post*, which declared that "Mr. BURNAND appeared, and bowed his acknowledgments." When Doctors differ, who shall agree?—Yours ever,

A PUZZLED PLAYGOER.

WHAT THE NORTHAMPTON RADICALS DESIRE.—Labour—chere.

## IRRESOLUTION.

SCENE—The Home Office. Tables covered with huge heaps of official returns, from the Corporation, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Thirty-Eight Districts of the Metropolis.

The HOME SECRETARY discovered, looking weary and worn. He throws himself back in his uneasy chair, and soliloquises—

To be, or not to be, that is the question;—

Whether 'tis better for awhile to suffer

The harmless follies of the Corporation;

Or to bring on myself a sea of troubles,

Much easier raised than ended. To pass my Bill,—

No more; and by a Bill, to say we end

The headache, and the thousand natural worries

That place is heir to. 'Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To pass my Bill;—

To pass! perchance to fail;—ay there's the rub!

And in that fierce debate what Cads will come,

When they have shuffled much in that turmoil,

And give me their paws! There's the respect

That makes calamity of my bored life;

For who would bear the patronage of FROTH,

The oppressive candour of that proud man BEALE,

The pangs of chaffing DILKE, SELBORNE's delay,

The insolence of CHAMBERLAIN, and the spurns

My patient merit of the PREMIER takes,

When he himself might peace and quiet make

By mere inaction? Who would boredom bear,

To groan and sweat under official life,

But that the thought of doing something great—

That undiscovered thing, that seldom comes

To poor Home Secretaries—urges me on,

Though I would rather bear the ills we have,

Than fly to others that I know not of?

Thus, too, sharp Londoners, poor cowards all,

May think—if so, I pall in resolution.

My enterprise, though of great pith and moment,

Which none regard, and which seems all awry,

Loses the name of action.

## THE RIGHTS AND WISDOM OF JURIES.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—This is an age of sham sentiment and sickly gush, and those who were once considered—and rightly, too—the most practical common-sense nation in Europe, have developed into a conglomeration of snivelling idiots. Wipe out the name "England" from the map, and substitute "Colney Hatch." One day we are maudlin over an over-sized beast, whose departure from these shores I, for one, rejoiced at; the next we are shedding maniacs' tears over the arrival of an over-sized black king more hideous, if possible, than the departed monster. Then we shriek over another enormity; and, as if that was not low enough for us to fall, we select a lower depth in admiring and adulating the British Jury. What next?

I may tell you candidly that I have the greatest contempt for the British Jurymen. A smug-faced tradesman, with no ideas beyond the contents of his till, and his knowledge that his Queen's Taxes and Water-Rates have been paid, linked to a female whose mind cannot extend beyond her brats and her servants' delinquencies, is, I confess, no character before whom I can fall down and worship.

I will ask Mr. CHARLES READE a few simple questions:—

Has he ever been wrongfully accused of forgery?

Has he ever been put on his trial for that offence?

Has a Jury ever found him Guilty?

Has he ever undergone eighteen months' hard labour, resulting from that finding?

BECAUSE I HAVE!

But enough. I think I have shown, without any bias or prejudice, that this present admiration for British Jurymen is absurdly excessive and despicably weak.

Yours sincerely,

A LATE INMATE OF THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Mr. CHARLES READE's letter deserves to be printed in gold, and I can heartily endorse every word he has said with regard to a case of my own. I was committed for trial not long ago at Bow Street Police-Court. At the Central Criminal Court, the Grand Jury returned a true bill, evidence was dead against me, the Judge summed-up strongly—even more strongly than the Counsel for the Prosecution—for a conviction, and twelve honest men and true, without leaving the box, found a verdict of Not Guilty. All honour to them, and to Mr. READE.

Yours thankfully,

L. P. LOADER.

## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

## No. VI.—GAMBLING.



One of the Pack.

*R. Chinks*, the proprietor of the Square Club, together with the Secretary, the entire Committee, and about four members, appeared before Sir JACQUES INKEM to answer the charge (upon summonses) of keeping, and being concerned in, a common gambling-house.

Mr. St. JAMES WILLNER said: I am here, Sir JACQUES, to prosecute these summonses on behalf of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, and I think it only right to admit that Mr. CHINKS and the rest of the Defendants have co-operated with me most willingly, and assisted me in bringing this charge against themselves. Of course, a charge

of this description is at all times most difficult to substantiate, on account of the enormous difficulty in getting the Police the *entrée* to these Clubs. But, to meet this difficulty, Mr. CHINKS has come forward with a written statement, in which he honestly admits that he permits gambling for very large sums, say thousands of pounds. He goes further, and says that he makes no profit out of the coffee-room, the kitchen, wine, and cigars. His profit is made entirely out of the gambling. He has therefore admitted, most honourably, what we could not very well have proved. The Committee, who are charged, are also here, and quite willing to give evidence against themselves. There are also four members of the Club, who, although Defendants, will support the prosecution. The whole of the members, even those who never played, were really anxious to be charged. However, I could not

charge for the practice of this game is one sovereign the first hour, two the second, three the third, and so on, in proportion. The members often playing till ten the next morning, which, of course, Mr. CHINKS finds very profitable.

Mr. WILLNER then read every Act of Law and Parliament, from the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, bearing on every kind of games, from the Elgin marbles to *Trente-et-quarante*. This occupied two hours. Mr. WILLNER then read all the repeals of those laws. This occupied two-and-a-half hours. He then read a very recent Act, passed, in fact, last Session, which he said was the only one having any bearing upon the present case. He then called and examined one of the Defendants, Mr. COKEMAN.

Mr. COKEMAN said: I was playing on one of the nights in question. I lost eighteenpence. I have lost eighteen thousand pounds at "Pitch and Toss," but never now. I never play now. I heard these summonses were to be taken out, and so I played a little, in order to be included in the charge. I have made a statement against myself.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. (who appeared for the Defendants). Tell the Court, if you please, Mr. COKEMAN—do you consider "Pitch and Toss" a game of skill or chance?

Mr. Cokeman. Skill, most decidedly.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Where does the skill come in?

Mr. Cokeman. A great deal of skill is required in pitching up the coin. For instance, I have a very big hand, and therefore a deal of skill is required in tossing up a threepenny piece.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Suppose it falls on the ground. What then?

Mr. Cokeman. The members then make a rush for it, and he who gets it first—keeps it, and cries "Collard!"

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. What then is done?

Mr. Cokeman. I pay him a pound, of which Mr. CHINKS gets ten per cent.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Is there any other skill required?

Mr. Cokeman. Not unless we play Turkish Rules. The skill then is to toss up the coin so that it falls the side you intend it to.



GIVING A "BAC."

quite arrange that, as there is not space in the Court. Many of them, therefore, are on the Bench at the present time, while the others have gone, I believe, to Monte Carlo and Nice, to collect evidence. The particular offence charged against Mr. CHINKS is, that a game called "Pitch and Toss" was permitted to be played, for high stakes, by him in the Square Club. I know that my learned friend, Mr. FUSSLE, Q.C., who is specially retained for the defence, will endeavour to show that this is not a game of chance.

Mr. St. JAMES WILLNER then read from the printed rules of the game of "Pitch and Toss," and said: The principle of the game is, that a coin of the realm, say a sovereign, half-sovereign, five-shilling piece, half-a-crown, florin, shilling, a sixpence, fourpenny piece, threepenny bit, penny, halfpenny, or farthing, so long as it has a "head" one side and what is understood as a "tail" the other (no coin being permissible having on each side a head, or on both sides a tail), should be pitched up in a manner to enable it to fall on the table with either the head up and the tail down, or *vice versa*. Should the coin fall on the edge, and so stand, it is claimed by Mr. CHINKS. If, however, it falls as before stated, the members are at liberty to make a guess as to which side is uppermost, Mr. CHINKS receiving five guineas for each guess made by any individual member. The

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Do you not know that gambling is carried on at the most respectable of Clubs?

Mr. Cokeman. It is. Both at the Minerva and the Cannibal Clubs. I have heard that the Bishops play Spillikins for cups of tea at the former, whilst a gambling game known as "Tommy Dod" is extensively practised at the Cannibal Club.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. What are the stakes in the game "Tommy Dod"?

Mr. Cokeman. Generally glasses of whiskey and brandy.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Do you know whether money is ever played for at the Cannibal Club?

Mr. Cokeman (emphatically). Never! Never!

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Don't, pray, lose your temper.

Mr. Cokeman. I thought the world knew that no member of the Cannibal Club ever had any money.

Mr. Fussle, Q.C. Then pray, Sir, how do they pay for these glasses of whiskey and brandy for which you say they gamble?

Mr. Cokeman. They don't pay for them.

Sir JACQUES INKEM, the learned Magistrate, here interrupted the case, and said: He had issued all the summonses against the Defendants under a wrong Act. Fresh summonses must therefore be served upon the Defendants immediately, and they could either





### THE EXCEPTION THAT CONFIRMS THE RULE.

*Sir Peter (who is of a moralising turn of mind).* "IT'S AN ODD THING, LADY MIDAS, BUT WHAT PEOPLE ADMIRE THE MOST IN THOSE THEY REALLY LOVE, IS THE VERY BEAUTY THAT IS MOST CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE!"

*Lady Midas.* "NOT ALWAYS, SIR PETER! FOR INSTANCE, I DOAT ON MY SON, GORGY, OVER THERE, BETTER THAN ANYTHING ON EARTH. BUT I SEE NO PARTICULAR BEAUTY IN HIM, BEYOND HIS LOOKING LIKE A GENTLEMAN, YOU KNOW!"

elect to accept the service of these summonses, or be committed for trial at the Old Bailey, or plead guilty, and be discharged forthwith.

Mr. FUSSLE, Q.C., consulted his Clients, and said, they decided to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Magistrate.

Sir JACQUES INKEM delivered his decision as follows:—The great point in this case is whether, within the meaning of the Act, the game of "Pitch and Toss" is a recreation necessary for the health of man, to enable him to better perform his duties in life. I must reluctantly decide that playing (with only a short interval for refreshment) from three in the afternoon till seven o'clock the next morning, during the six week-days, and losing perhaps £4000 a night, is *not* a recreation necessary to the better health of man. The next point is how to describe excessive gambling. Dukes and Earls, and—may I say Bloated Aristocrats?—

*Mr. Chinks.* You may, Sir JACQUES.

*Sir Jacques.* Thank you, Sir!—Bloated Aristocrats—can afford to lose £4000 a night, but I don't think Somerset House clerks and officers can. However, this is your first offence, and taking into consideration the social position of you all, and my unwillingness to convict you, I shall not only discharge the Secretary, but impose a merely nominal fine of £40,000 on Mr. CHINKS, £30,000 on the Committee, and £20,000 on all the Members.

On leaving the Court, Mr. CHINKS said, "I'm sorry I spoke!"

THE "FINE" GENTLEMEN OF LONDON.—Sir JAMES INGHAM, Messrs. FLOWERS, NEWTON, HANNAY, BARSTOW, CHANCE, D'EYN-COURT, MANSFIELD, and LUSHINGTON.

### THE PIGEONS OF ST. PAUL'S.

[A Correspondent writes to a weekly paper, begging he may not be thought a Vandal if he suggests the cleaning of St. Paul's, and the abolition of the pigeons, which he considers out of place on a Cathedral.]

THE Pigeons of Saint Mark's may fly

Near all the long lagoons,  
They circle 'neath Italian sky,  
On summer afternoons.  
The silent city in the sea  
Has magic that enthral's;  
But still you have a charm for me,  
O Pigeons of Saint Paul's!

There, 'mid the City's ceaseless roar,  
WREN's dome its head uprears,  
As it has stood from days of yore,  
For twice a hundred years.  
Below it still, by day and night,  
Each weary toiler crawls,  
While round it wheel in endless flight  
The Pigeons of Saint Paul's.

You flash past pediment and frieze,  
By summer sunshine kist,  
You sail around the sombre trees,  
And brave the Autumn mist.  
You hear the civic stir and strife,  
The City's cries and calls;  
Methinks you scorn our busy life,  
O Pigeons of Saint Paul's!

What memories the great church keeps  
Of all the great and brave;  
There WELLINGTON with NELSON sleeps,  
There PICTON finds a grave.  
And still at morn and eventide,  
From out those massive walls,  
The holy music floats outside,  
O Pigeons of Saint Paul's!

Your ancestors in olden days,  
As ye fly now, flew then,  
And heard how wond'ring cits would praise  
The mighty dome of WREN.  
"Si monumentum quaris," he  
The Critic's word forestalls;  
And bids you too "circumspect,"  
O Pigeons of Saint Paul's!

Although no tribute you may gain,  
But what my verse can give,  
Soar upwards o'er Paul's sacred fane,  
Beneath whose eaves you live.  
But hark! the clash of evening chimes,  
And swift each shadow falls:  
To you I dedicate these rhymes,  
O Pigeons of Saint Paul's!

### PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is a great deal being written about the above subject in the newspapers just now, and although I have not read one single word that has appeared, yet the topic is one worthy of grave and serious attention. The other night, at the Club, I picked up the *Nineteenth Century*, a paper I had never heard of before, and which seems to me to be singularly behind the period it professes to represent, as far as theatrical news and racing intelligence are concerned, and I saw that Professor HUXLEY has been looking over his son's examination papers, and declares himself highly satisfied with the way in which they are set.

Now, curiously enough, while in the country at Christmas, I was persuaded by my sister to look over her son's examination papers, and more unmitigated twaddle I have never seen. The boy will be rich, so perhaps can afford to fool away his schooldays. I am desperately hard up, but, out of deference to my parents, I had to fool away my schooldays. I had to translate TENNYSON into Latin verse; I had to study EUCLID; I had to have an intimate acquaintance with the life of HANNIBAL. I wasn't bad at it either, but I ask you what good has it been to me since? I can make no money by Latin verses, I can break no bank with a combination of all EUCLID's problems put together, and as for HANNIBAL, only one man in ten knows who he was, and that one doesn't want to hear him talked about. Practical Education is a subject which must be grappled with, and, *pace* Professor HUXLEY, this is my idea of a thoroughly practical paper, the successful answering of which would enable a boy to get through the





THE QUEEN'S VALENTINE TO MR. PUNCH. (FEB. 14, 1884.)

## AN UNUSUAL CHANCE.

WE have heard of well-dressed young gentlemen who go to dinners and evening parties, and tell anecdotes, crack jokes, sing songs, and make themselves generally agreeable, at a fixed charge per evening. Though we do not remember to have ever encountered one of these bogus guests, there can be no doubt of their existence. The following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* shows another variety of the genus:—

A SINGLE Young Gentleman, of position, requires APARTMENTS and BOARD in the house of a respectable, comfortable family (no children). Genial, intellectual, cheerful, naturally refined, not very fashionable, conventional, or orthodoxical, but still religious. Terms moderate. West London or suburbs.

There is an unmistakable business air about this brief trade circular, and the advertiser shows no disposition to hide his light under a bushel. One would very much like to know at what "figure" at which this young gentleman, who frankly avows he is "not very fashionable, conventional, or orthodoxical, but still religious," would come and reside with us. Unfortunately he veils the remuneration under the somewhat vague phrase "terms moderate." We are afraid he would charge more for all these accomplishments than we could afford to pay.

world comfortably, and not spend a youth of buying experience, a maturity of poverty, and an old age of duns. Yours truly,

POVERTAS.

1. What are the odds at Baccarat in favour of the banker against the punter?
2. Mention any instances, if you can, of punters who have not drawn on four; and state whether they ended their days in affluence or Hanwell.
3. How many men have you heard of, or known, who have been ruined by their love for the Drama? State in what proportion their love belonged to these branches of the dramatic profession:—  
(a) Tragedy. (b) Comedy. (c) Burlesque.  
Deduce moral.
4. Enumerate the salient points in the finish of last year's Derby. What effect should these have on your selections for the Spring Handicaps?
5. Given a peremptory letter from a tailor whose account has been running three years, which of these courses would you adopt?—  
(a) A bill at three months. (b) An order for half-a-dozen suits of clothes. (c) Take no notice, and change your address.  
In each case state reasons, and instance precedents.
6. What proportions does truth assume to falsehood in the average conversation of women? and is there any variance in these proportions in respectively single and married women?
7. Who is more likely to be prosperous—the man who picks up the first cab he sees, and pays it off at his journey's end, or the man who selects a Forder carefully, and keeps it the whole of the day?
8. Of what Clubs does the membership stamp a man as possessed of neither birth, breeding, nor affluence?
9. Compare the advantages and expenses of staying in country houses with that of sojourning in hotels.
10. Name the specialities in food, drink, or cigars to be obtained

at the Army and Navy, Garrick, Bachelors', White's, and Orleans Clubs.

11. Which are the most objectionable bookmakers to owe money to, and which do you consider the easiest to get on with if your account is missing for a time?
12. Wishing to create a favourable effect, in what phrases would you couch a letter which would be harmless, as far as you were concerned, either in an action for Breach of Promise or a Divorce Suit?
13. At what hotels in London can you always obtain refreshment during unlicensed hours?
14. Write the history of a writ from the original lawyer's letter to enlodgement in Holloway. State at what period in its history the latter catastrophe can be averted, and by what means other than that of paying the original sum.
15. What relative advantages and disadvantages, social and pecuniary, are to be obtained by posing before the world as a misogynist?
16. If a man, notoriously hard up, suddenly blossoms forth into splendour, and is seen about with either a Gambling-Club Proprietor or a Jew money-lender, what effect does this sight produce on his treatment from his social equals?
17. Who suffers most at pigeon-shooting, the birds, backers, or bookmakers?
18. What is the smallest sum on which you can live at the rate of £5000 a-year? Show how it can be done (1) by a man with a title (2) by a Commoner.

## ANGLO-FRENCH APHORISM.

"THE Metropolitan Bobbies," remarked Mr. WILLIAM SIKES to an associate, "is the most dangerous crushers in the world, but fortunately there's sitch a werry few on 'em."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 5.*—"This comes of gallivanting round with Emperors, Kings, Prime Ministers, and Poet-Laureates," said Inspector DENNING, a little grimly, when at nine o'clock this morning, as if delivered by early post, DONALD CURRIE appeared to open new Session.

"Not usual to take Currie at breakfast now," Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL said, sneeringly.

But this only Scotch jealousy. Last year, MACFARLANE, as mentioned at the time, provided himself with oatmeal-cake, bottle whiskey, wrapped tartan round him, slept in Palace Yard, and so got in first. CURRIE did better than that. Got into Post-Office over-night, made himself comfortable, wrote Chapter of his forthcoming work, *Pranks with the Premier; or, Conversations with Crowned Heads*, and was out fresh and early in morning to secure deathless distinction. Four o'clock early enough for most Members to come down, avoiding stupid ceremony of Commission. "If that sort of mummery is to go on," Mr. LABOUCHERE observes, "better have it done at Madame Tussaud's. Easy enough to pick out five figures to sit on bench, and look like Lords Commissioners. Would draw Public, too. Fine thing for Tussaud's. Perhaps it might be put up to auction. Privilege secured for highest bidder. Purchase-money to go in reduction of National Debt."

Royal Commission doesn't hurt anybody and may please some, though not Noble Lords in comedy dress. More practical point to consider absurdity of speeches in moving Address. VERNON, who seconded Address in Lords, spoke only five minutes, and 't' other Lord who moved Address, was only three times as bad. But in Commons, hour wasted in dreary business; only for SAM SMITH's sword might have been another half-hour. Would get between his legs as he proclaimed his adherence to Peace Policy. When he paused to abstract it, pinked Mr. DODDS who sat next him. Wanted ELLIOT to hold it for him till he had finished.

"No," says that shrewd young man. "Got one of my own; much as I can do to keep the hilt out of GOSCHEN's mouth or the point out of HARCOURT's back. Besides, remember you at CAINE's dinner, when you first arrived from the country. If you are once free from encumbrance, you'll go on till eleven o'clock. Never mind DODDS; these public-spirited men must suffer little inconvenience."

After this whispered colloquy, SAMUEL started again. But, what with consciousness of knee-breeches, and struggle with sword, finished in half-an-hour, to manifest delight of House. Then BOURKE began with Amendment to Address. Interesting summary of Opposition speeches during Recess. But House really couldn't stand it. Subject of crucial importance. Issue critical. Honour of England involved. Safety of Egypt at stake. Opposition determined to die at their posts in attack on most venal Government of modern times. At ten



The Westminster Play. First Night—"Bourke'd!"

minutes past eight, when BOURKE finished oration, only five Conservatives dying at post. Others, presumably dead, carried off to be laid out in Dining-Room.

Debate about to collapse when BOURKE sat down. DE WORMS rescued it; but, after gallant struggle, was worsted, and nobody else volunteering, the portentous structure tumbled to pieces. Division taken, and, amid jeers, it was announced that 20 voted for the Amendment, and 70 against.

After this, Address might have been forthwith agreed to, but for unexpected incident. SPEAKER put question, when there arose from front bench below the gangway a youthful-elderly figure, and a boyish face that nervously smiled behind imposing pair of spectacles.

"Toots, by Tel-el-Kebir!" exclaimed Lord WOLSELEY, who looked down from Peers' Gallery. "Didn't know he was Member of the

House. Looks as if he had been sitting on *Florence Dombey's* bonnet again."

"No, Only One," I answered. "That's Birkenhead's inscrutable joke. That's MACIVER."

Nobody noticed Mr. Toots except the generous WARTON, whose soul aflame with indignation at recent discovery of fresh iniquities in whooping-cough mixture, seized opportunity to expand himself.

*Business done.*—Bad beginning made.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*—Always had a strong personal liking for RANDOLPH. Don't know anyone who more charmingly mixes light-heartedness of schoolboy with craft of statesman. In dull round of Parliamentary life he is always fresh. No circumlocution with him. Right or wrong, he goes straight for the point, saving infinitude of time. Look at Opposition tactics that opened Session. A long Resolution carefully prepared, and BOURKE selected to lead attack. RANDOLPH growls and says nothing. Respect for pastors and masters too deeply ingrained in his youthful mind. Ricketty Resolution dies of sheer exhaustion.

This happened yesterday. To-day RANDOLPH comes down, and brushing aside carefully woven webs of elderly Parliamentary tactics, demands dismissal of Ministers. Others may "deplore," and "Humbly assure Her MAJESTY," and what not. RANDOLPH settles affairs in two words. "DISMISS GLADSTONE." House roars with laughter at freshness of idea. "Dismiss GLADSTONE," says RANDOLPH to his Sovereign, "and call to your Councils others having the confidence of your subjects."

"Who? who?" "Name! name!" House hilariously cried.

But this is not for RANDOLPH to decide. With downcast eyes and faint blush mantling his thoughtful brow, he says nothing. Everything in order. First get rid of GLADSTONE, and Heaven will raise up successor. SPEAKER rules RANDOLPH out of order. Appears we can't just on spur of moment get rid of Ministry. To-morrow, or day after, perhaps. But not this afternoon. RANDOLPH not to be denied, so moves Adjournment of Debate.

"Has the Noble Lord forty supporters?" the SPEAKER blandly asks.

Up rises every Conservative on back benches. Only ex-Ministers sit, a serried row. Pretty to see Sir STAFFORD looking round to see how things are going. Grand CROSS Sir RICHARD, tweaks his head about, more than ever like inquiring sparrow. Evidently this won't do. Tail irresistibly wagging head; so, after awkward pause, the grave Gentlemen on Front Bench slowly and sadly rise, amid mocking cheers from the Liberals, and RANDOLPH is master of the situation. *Business done.*—More Bills brought in than will reach the Statute Book.

*Thursday.*—Lively time for DODSON at Question Time. Agricultural Members get him in corner and bay at him about the Cattle Plague Bill. DODSON lowers head, and runs at them one by one, but hits nobody.

"Fine sport, though the bull a little too bovine," Mr. GIBSON says.

"Why should a man, when asked a question, immediately rush at interlocutor, and try to knock him down? DODSON always replies to most innocent query as if he were in the company of sharpers who had designs on his pocket, only to be frustrated by display of unusual shrewdness and threatening snappishness."

CHAPLIN had the House to-night with Amendment to Address, insisting upon fresh Cattle Plague legislation. Ministers had promised Bill, which was awkward for CHAPLIN. They had given him what he asked before he made his speech. But speech must be delivered. Altered Resolution so as to express satisfaction at promised Bill, and demanding for it precedence over everything else. Fresh attempt to bowl out CHAPLIN. HENEAGE, with sublime young-man-from-the-country air, asked the PREMIER whether precedence could be given? GLADSTONE, with surprised air, as if he had rather believed HENEAGE was in Australia—couldn't imagine how he should be here with this opportune question—fully replied. Not the faintest excuse now for debate; but CHAPLIN's speech ready, and must be delivered. So it was. Other speeches prepared for other circumstances, got off, and evening agreeably wore away, finishing up with a scolding match between Lord Mayor DAWSON and Lord CLAUD HAMILTON.

"Getting on nicely," said the Grand Old Man, as we walked home together, his spirits a little raised by having dodged the Detective. "Been at it three days now, and except for formal business, which might have been done in an hour, no forrader."

*Business done.*—None.

*Friday Night.*—There being nothing to do, no question of public interest or anxiety about, House devoted Sitting to squabble about Orange outbreaks in Ireland. On the whole, a little dreary. PARNELL's comedy, in new character, as advocate of law and order in Ireland; fine, but lacking in chiaroscuro, as Lord GRANVILLE says about Lord SALISBURY's denunciation. Don't know what that means, but like look of word. Only real flash of interest, through dreary evening was when PARNELL, reading extract of report of Orange meeting, cried "Shoot BIGGAR!" Then House laughed and cheered, and JOSEPH GILLIS softly smiled.

*Business done.*—None.

## GAIETY AND POLITICS;

OR, WHY THE FIRST EGYPTIAN DEBATE SUDDENLY COLLAPSED.

It was the opening night of the Session. The Queen's Speech had been read, and the Mover of the Amendment to the Address had nearly undisputed possession of the House. The Ministry and most of the Opposition were in the Tea-Room. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had made a remark.

"Not seen *Camara-zaman*?" exclaimed the Ministry *en masse*, while the leaders of the Opposition expressed astonishment.

"It is a fact, I assure you," continued the Right Hon. Gentleman, "I have been so very busy. What is it like?"

"Bright scenery, pretty dresses, and good music," replied the PREMIER, "I do not pretend to be a Masher, but I certainly enjoy it. Then I was very pleased indeed with the book. When I sit listening to some of Mr. TERRY's most amusing allusions to his existence as a Djin, I often fancy that my translation of *Homer* would be none the worse for a few puns."

"TERRY is immense in the part of *Danasch*," exclaimed the Earl of DERBY, "I absolutely roared at his mock flying in his burlesque of *Aeneas*. And so did you, my Lord High Chancellor, didn't you?" "I certainly was vastly amused," admitted the Earl of SELBORNE, and then the Chief Officer of the High Court of Justice continued—"but what pleased me most was the dancing and acting of Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST. She is positively charming. So graceful and refined."

"Why, certainly," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. "And you must know, CHAMBERLAIN, that there is a capital whistling-duet between TERRY and Miss NELLIE FARREN. By the way, the young Lady I have just mentioned is as lively and pretty and clever as ever. What would the Gaiety be without its NELLY?"

"Ah, what indeed!" echoed the Grand Old Man, "and you will be glad to hear, JOSEPH, that Mr. W. KILTON has an excellent part that exactly suits him. As *The Shah*, he shows to nearly as great advantage as he did in *Cakban*."

"And is SQUIRE in it?" asked the President of the Board of Trade, putting up his eyeglass, and looking round, in his search for information.

"Of course," replied Mr. DODSON. "He appears as the Emperor of China, in a very clever make-up. And CHILDERS (who was in the next Stall to mine) was immensely pleased with Mr. WARDE, in the character of *Li Kwinki*, described by BURNAND as a 'Djin-inferior spirit.' Weren't you pleased with him, HUGH?"

"Indeed I was," replied the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. "I thought his business with the oil-can on the engine, in the Second Act, exceedingly funny. Then the music, selected, composed, and arranged by Herr MEYER LUTZ, could not be better; and CHASEMORE's dresses are in excellent taste."

"I really should very much like to see it," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "Is anyone going?"

"We are!" replied Lord HARTINGTON, the Earl of NORTHBROOK, and Lord CARLINEFORD in a breath.



Coming off at the Wings.  
(From a Sketch by Mr. Glad-st-ne.)



Spring Time.  
(From a Design by Mr. Br-ght.)

"And so are we!" added Lords KIMBERLEY, SPENCER, and GRANVILLE.

"And I shall look in for the Second Act," observed Mr. GLADSTONE. "I do so enjoy the Post-horn Gallop song, about rheumatism—is-m—ism."

"Let's make up a party to go," said Mr. BRIGHT.

"Two parties," added Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with a meaning smile.

The proposals were taken up with enthusiasm, and a long procession of hansoms rattled away from Westminster to Wellington Street.

An hour later the Egyptian Debate on the Address had broken down, because there was no one capable in the House of carrying it on properly. But what of that? If the attendance at St. Stephen's that evening was poor, there was, on the other hand, an unusually distinguished audience at the Gaiety!



Hop-erratic.  
(From an Etching by the L-rd Ch-ne-u-r.)

## RAISING THE WIND.

"If you wish," said Mr. RUSKIN, addressing his hearers the other evening at the Royal Institution, "to see, in a hurry, what the sun looks like through a plague-cloud, you have only to throw a bad half-crown into a basin of soap-and-water."

As, under the circumstances, a little supplementary experiment, in further illustration of Mr. RUSKIN's lecture, may not be out of place, the following may perhaps be essayed with amusement and advantage by some of the learned Professor's more practical disciples.

## HOW TO SIMULATE A PLAGUE-WIND.

Natural Phenomena (Mr. Ruskin). Method of artificial reproduction.

## I.

"It is a wind of darkness—all the former conditions of tormenting winds, whether from the north or east, are more or less capable of co-existing with sunlight, and often with steady and bright sunlight; but whenever and wherever the plague-wind blows, be it but for ten minutes, the sky is darkened instantly."

Light every fire in your house with damp wood and small coal, taking care to close all the registers. Now buy half-a-dozen pairs of full-sized kitchen-bellows. Having done this, sit in a thorough draught in a passage with a coal-sack over your head, and get six people to blow down your neck at once.

## II.

"It is a malignant quality of wind, unconnected with any one quarter of the compass; it blows indifferently from all, attaching its own bitterness and malice to the worst characters of the proper winds of each quarter. It will blow with drenching rain from the south, with ruinous blasts from the west, with bitterest chills from the north, and with venomous blights from the east."

## III.

Now scatter your bellows-blowers (the most cantankerous members of your family), and let them continue their work from all sides simultaneously. Keep this up, requesting some of them to vary their labour by pitching pailfuls of iced water over your back, with a random shovelful or two of refuse from the dust-bin.

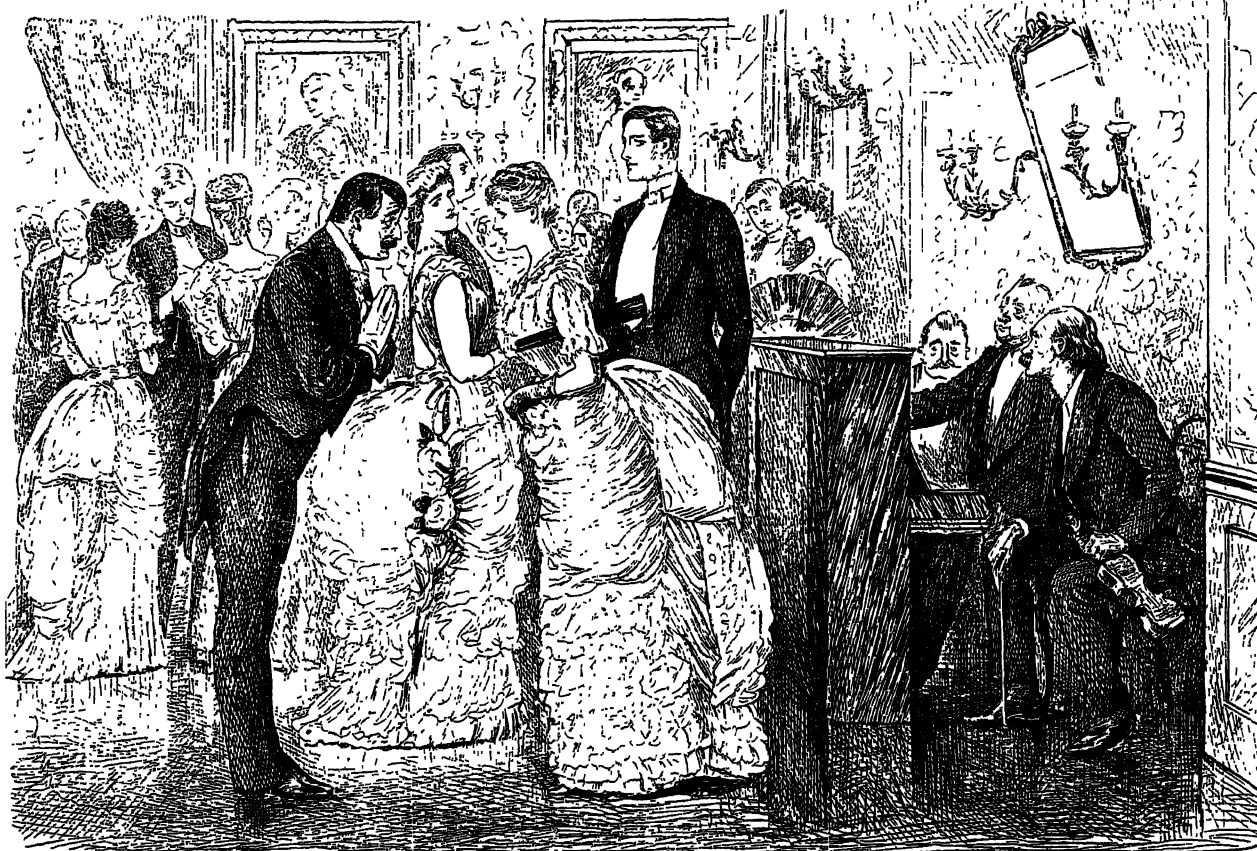
## III.

"It always blows tremulously, making the leaves of the trees shudder as if they were all aspens, but with a peculiar fitfulness, which gives them an expression of anger as well as of fear and distress. You may see the kind of quivering, and hear the ominous whimpering in the gusts that precede a great thunderstorm; but the plague-wind is more panic-struck and feverish, and its sound is a hiss instead of a wail."

## III.

Make for the biggest church-organ in your neighbourhood, and, just before the Service begins, rip open the bellows with a carving-knife. You will now instantly have about your ears the plague-wind with all its most striking peculiarities; your own fear and distress, the anger of the organist, the ominous whimpering of the boy-blower of the organ, the hiss of the summoned policeman drowning the wail of the—outraged Vicar.

The above serves to show how, with a little judgment, a "rough and ready" illustration, of a most useful kind, may be within the reach of the very humblest student of Science, who is pressed for time.



## AN OLLENDORFF WANTED.

*Fascinating Parisian.* "OH! MISS MARY! VEUILLEZ M'ACCORDER ENCORE UNE VALSE, JE VOUS EN SUPPLIE!"

*Jealous Briton (sotto voce).* "SAY YOU'RE ENGAGED FOR ALL THE REST OF THE EVENING."

*Miss Mary.* "OH, JE SUIS SI FÂCHÉE, MONSIEUR, MAIS JE SUIS FIANCÉE POUR TOUT LA RESTE DE LA SOIRÉE!"

[Monsieur goes home and writes a Chapter on the temporary nature of English betrothals.]

## WHY SHOULD ENGLAND WAIT?

WAIT? He *has* waited till patience grows shameful,  
Bound in the meshes of muddling pretence,  
Well meaning blunders *are* blunders and blameful,  
Nemesis heeds not the fumbler's defence,  
Hangs on the track of the footsteps that falter.  
Out on word-juggleries tortuous, tame,  
Fiats that hesitate, speeches that palter,  
Heralds of shame!

What are *we* doing 'midst rout and disaster,  
Fooling about on the edge of red strife,  
Like *Hotspur's* popinjay? If not as master,  
Crime's swift avenger, or warder of life.  
What does the Lion of England here, surely  
Muzzled and weighted, and held by the mane,  
Whilst savage slaughter is raging securely?  
Loose him again!

Loose him! He never should thus have been hampered,  
When from the fierce desert spearman pell-mell  
Egypt's poor cowardly conscript-herd scampered,  
Helpless the Lion looked on. Was it well?  
What? "Not responsible?" Plea of poltroonery!  
He's no menagerie brute to appear,  
Poor whip-tamed adjunct of circus buffoonery.  
Why is he here?

Someone must answer what England stands asking,  
Doubt on her spirit, and shame at her heart,  
Weary of mumming, and muzzling, and masking,  
Roaring should not be her Leo's sole part.  
Show her her task and she'll go for it straightway,  
Caring no jot, though 'tis heavy and great;  
Here 'tis to meet Europe's foe in the gateway!  
Why should she wait?

## A GREAT DISCOVERY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,  
ALLOW me to acknowledge the receipt of the following communications. J. LITGUE.

*To the Secretary of the Rent Abolition Company.*

SIR,—I sympathise heartily with your magnificent proposal, the more so as I owe a year and a half's rent to my grasping Landlord, who absolutely threatens to deprive me of those goods and chattels which I claim as my birthright as a true-born Englishman.

SIR,—After giving the matter full consideration, I prefer your scheme infinitely to Mr. GEORGE'S. The fatal blot in his plan is, that I should still have to pay rent to somebody, to which I strongly object; yours entrances me by its sweet simplicity. If you would kindly let me know about what time the Bill for the Abolition of Rent is likely to pass, I should feel much obliged, as I should like to move into a much larger house.

SIR,—I have occupied my present residence for nearly a year without paying any rent, under the plea that my remittances will arrive in April. Supposing your admirable Bill to pass before I pay any rent, should I lose my legal right to my house?

SIR,—Your scheme is truly admirable, but one point requires clearing up. I live in furnished lodgings, and presume that my widowed, but pitiless Landlady would not be allowed to remove her paltry furniture from what would then be my legal and happy home. It would be a great inconvenience to me if she were, and any such attempt would, I should think, be regarded by the Law in the light of a trespass upon my premises.

Allow me, Sir, to add that unless the Public reply more generously to my appeal, I shall dedicate what I have already received to my necessary expenses. J. LITGUE.

THE real Muzzle-man (*where the British Lion is concerned*).—GLADSTONE.



## WHY SHOULD ENGLAND WAIT?

MR. BULL, "UNMUZZLE HIM AT ONCE!—YOU OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE PUT IT ON AGAIN!!"





## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

1. To Mr. Kendal, at St. James's.

MY DEAR KENDAL,

As they cannot spare you out of the *Scrap of Paper*, I write to relieve your curiosity about *Our Regiment*. I thought it was exactly what you would have liked had you seen it, but it had nothing whatever to do with *The Discarded Son*, alias *The Queen's Shilling*, alias *The Lancers*, in which *Lancers* you were such a prominent figure. If you had been with me to see *Our Regiment*, I'm sure you



Dundreary's Grandson.

would have gone into convulsions of laughter at the piece generally, at the acting of Mr. GERALD MOORE in particular, and, in the "Impulse" of the moment you would have exclaimed, loud enough to have got you turned out of the house, "Dear me! *Guy Warrener* must be some relation of *Captain Crichton's*!" who, in his own peculiar way, would have insisted upon the resemblance, and have said to *Guy Warrener*, "O, you are! you know you are!" I have not laughed so much for some long time as at Mr. GERALD MOORE's manner when he first comes on, and when he appears in somebody else's clothes as another "Guy."

The Author, Mr. HAMILTON, has made his young Curate too farcical, but it is very well played by Mr. GARDINER, as is also *Captain Featherston* by Mr. LETHCOURT. Mr. HENLEY, who, in *Blue Beard* at the Gaiety, gave us such a striking imitation of HENRY IRVING, was very well made up as the disagreeable Mr. Dob-

binson, and played it capitally. As the fussy old idiot, *Ellaby*, be glad to hear that *Dundreary's* descendant is highly appreciated by the audience.

Remember me affectionately to your partner, Mr. HARE FAIRS, or Mr. FAIR HARES—I don't know which name he has taken, though I know he has done something to it by special Act of Parliament—and with sincere congratulations to Mrs. KENDAL and yourself on the continued success of *A Scrap of Paper*. I remain, your old friend, and boon companion,

NIBBS.

P.S.—One of the great attractions at this theatre is the energetic conductor of the orchestra, who directs the overtures and the *entr'acte* music entirely out of his opera-hat, which is always on the desk in front of him. I suppose he composes it first in his own head, and then it gets out of that into the gibus. It is immensely clever.

2. To Miss Violet Cameron, at the Comedy.

MY DEAR MISS VIOLET CAMERON,

You couldn't be present at the first night of *Nell Gwynne*, as you were playing in *Falka*; but, had you been there, you would have been delighted with Miss ST. JOHN's success. To quote the Poet, "She danced like a fairy and sang like a bird." I must defer particulars till another time, and it must suffice for the present to tell you that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS was immensely funny in a part which is a sort of parody on *Gasper*, the Miser in *Les Cloches de Corneville*; that Mr. BROUGH was funny as Mr. BROUGH, dressed as a Beadle, with nothing particular to do, nothing particular to sing, and nothing funny to say, except when he adresses everybody to witness that their Beadle has been called an idiot. That this is a bit of highly original humour will be seen at a glance by everybody except a few ill-conditioned, carping Critics among the Public, who will swear that they've heard something like it before, and may



"Ah! que j'aime les Militaires!"

have the malevolence to refer to the scene between *Dogberry* and his prisoner, *Borachio*, when the latter has called him an ass.

That such a comparison should be instituted, speaks highly for Mr. FARNIE's familiarity or, as might be said in this case, his undue familiarity with the text of SHAKESPEARE. During two Acts I am sure that, even in spite of your great perspicacity and remarkable intelligence, you would have been unable to bet, with any accuracy, on what was exactly the plot of the story, or to have decided at any given moment why somebody came in, or anybody went out, and why, after all was said, sung, and done, it had ever been called *Nell Gwynne*. Of course the evident retort would be—why not call it *Nell Gwynne*? And on consideration you, with your strong logical mind, would have immediately repeated, "Why not?" as one name is as good as another; only, that, as a title, *Nell Gwynne* is rather better.

You would have been amused by a Miss REYNOLDS, who tried to give reminiscences of LOTTA and MINNIE PALMER, and I fancy that after the performance was over, you would have gone round behind the scenes, and, with your great candour and good sense, would have advised her to give a totally different reading of the character for the future. Just to brighten up the play with a little local colouring, we had what I may call twopenn'orth of CHARLES THE SECOND in the last Act. But such a CHARLES THE SECOND!—"Charles, her friend," as he may be called in relation to NELL GWYNNE—he was well worth all the money and more; he hadn't much to say, which was quite in keeping with his historically taciturn character; but he had a great deal to think about, and a lot to listen to. To judge from his continually varying expression and constantly changing attitude, he was so deeply affected by what he had heard that he was forced to run through a whole chromatic scale of emotions, finishing on the deepest note with his head turned away from the audience, as if the power of histrionic expression could no further go, and would require a treble EDMUND KEAN-cum-GRIMALDI's tragic and pantomimic talent to produce one additional effect which should not be an anti-climax. Of the music I will tell you in my next, perhaps, something of the story, too, when I have found it out; but I rather think that as my old friend, *Lord Dundreary*, used to say, "it's a sort of thing no fellow can understand."

Yours truly, NIBBS.

3. To Mr. Augustus Harris, at Drury Lane.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS HARRIS,

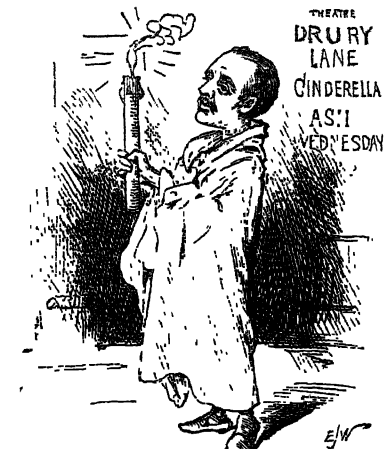
You will be grieved to learn that next Saturday will be the last night of the Pantomime at Her Majesty's Theatre. Both you and I knew how it would be when the Manager of that establishment persistently quoted in his daily Advertisement the opinion of the *Saturday Review* as to the superiority of *Red Riding Hood* over your *Cinderella*. That was quite enough to settle anything. The Sabbath-Day Reviewer had said that *Red Riding Hood* "was something like a Pantomime."

Now, my dear AUGUSTUS, if an Entertainment is intended to be a Pantomime, it must be that or something quite different; but how anything calling itself a Pantomime can be considered by any sane person as better than a real Pantomime because it is not a Pantomime—but "like one" is the sort of problem that a Sabbath-Day Reviewer can have his Sabbath-Day leisure to think out.

They are going to finish up well, however, at Her Majesty's, as Miss ROSINA VOKES reappears for the Benefit of Mr. LEADER, and of the Public generally, in the *Belles of the Kitchen* for that night. Take my advice, and after Easter drop your comic scenes, stick in two or three new effects and new songs, and run your Pantomime through the Season, and, with a few more changes, right up to Christmas. I am glad you were touched by remorse for having sold tickets for an Ash Wednesday's performance. Are you really giving up the Stage, and coming out as Canon SHUTTLECOCK's Curate?

Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,

NIBBS.



The Reverend Augustus Harris doing penance before Canon Shuttleworth, for having sold tickets for a performance on Ash Wednesday.

SAID at the Strand Theatre, in the midst of the applause of kidded palms—"Palmer qui meruit ferat."

### THE ISTHMUS OF SEWAGE.

THE proposed transformation of the Thames into a Sewage Canal, and the conversion of fifty-five acres on its bank into an Isthmus of Sewage, is at the present moment attracting a deal of attention. The aforesaid acres are in the parish of Mortlake, and the Vestry strongly object to sewage-works being there erected. They naturally fear that the place will become Mortlake by nature as well as by name. The Local Board of Chiswick, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, the inhabitants of Richmond, the representatives of fifty rowing-clubs, the diners at the "Star and Garter," the saunterers in Kew Gardens are all vehement in their denunciation of the scheme. The place chosen for the erection of works is alongside the Oxford and Cambridge Course, and will seriously interfere with the handiest racing and training quarters for all London rowers. The Thames is every year becoming more valuable as a playground, and it is to be hoped this vigorous protest may not be without its effect. Some years ago, the efforts of a few energetic people prevented the disfigurement of the banks of the Thames by the Waterworks at Ditton. The present case is far more serious; and it is to be hoped no pains will be spared to prevent the establishment of an Isthmus of Sewage which will seriously interfere with the aquatic sports, the athletics, and the enjoyment of our great Metropolis.

THE SITUATION IN THE SOUDAN.—Pull devil, pull BAKER!

### PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 174.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.,

DRAWING HIS SWORD, AS COLONEL, FOR THE LAST TIME.

### A STRANGE FANCY.

THERE is no accounting for tastes, and it is impossible to know to what length the vagaries of the young people of the present day will lead them. Look at the following, from the *Daily News* :—

DAILY COOKING or Charing WANTED by a respectable Young Woman.

Now why should this Advertiser want to be cooked every day? Most "respectable young women" do not care about getting into hot water, and object to being roasted. A burnt child dreads the fire, the proverb tells us, but this extraordinary damsel is desirous of being boiled, baked, or scorched every day. She should however remember there are two "r's" in "Charing." Possibly, after all, the maiden is merry and facetious, and is only on the look-out for a cheap Turkish Bath.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR SIGNED ARTICLES IN THE "P. M. G."

—*My Opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Mrs. BOOTH. *What to do with a Tribute.* By Mr. C. S. FARNELL, M.P. *Should not a Redistribution of Seats in the Cabinet precede all Reforms?* By the Right Hon. G. J. GOSCHEN, M.P. *Lord Derby as a Diplomatist.* By President KRUGER. *Our Shums.* By the Artful Dodger. *Mr. Chamberlain.* By the Marquis of HARTINGTON. *The Egyptian Difficulty.* By the False Prophet.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE GARMOYLE MATCH.—*C'est Finney!*

### ON THE CARDS!

#### THREATENED SOCIAL TRAGEDY.

"The principle laid down in the law seemed to be that all gaming which promoted idleness and led to avaricious ways in persons who otherwise might be employed to the advantage of the country was unlawful."—SIR JAMES INGHAM.

#### ACT I.

SCENE—Drawing-room of a fashionable West-End Mansion. Noted Member of the Stock Exchange discovered with his Ambitious Wife awaiting the arrival of guests invited to dinner.

*Noted Member of the Stock Exchange (continuing glowing account of the day's transactions).* So, having bought for the rise, you see the result. As I stand on this rug to-night, I am a richer man by one hundred and twenty thousand pounds than I was at this same hour yesterday!

*Ambitious Wife.* Ah, that, EPAMINONDAS, is good news indeed; for, now, dear, you can of course let me have a perfectly fresh set of diamonds, a couple of new carriages, and take that corner house in Belgrave Square that we have so often envied together.

*[She throws her arms caressingly around him.]*  
*Noted Member of the Stock Exchange (coldly).* Nay, PRISCILLA, nay! We must be cautious. To tell you the truth, this good fortune makes me much more inclined to take a small villa at Peckham. You seem to forget that the sudden acquisition of unexpected wealth has sometimes a deadening influence on the more generous susceptibilities of our weak nature. For instance, I heartily wish now that we had not invited these people to dinner this evening. Far, far

rather would I have saved the money. A Stockbroker is but human, and, if it were possible, even now, believe me, I would rush out myself to the nearest grocer's, and replace the expensive Champagne I have so recklessly provided for the occasion by a sweet creaming four-and-twenty-shilling wine. But, alas! I see it is too late; for here are our guests. Meantime, however, as I am growing not only shabby, but frivolous, I can while away the interval before dinner with this.

*[Retires to a corner of the room, and plays by himself at cup-and-ball.]*

*Enter Guests.*

*First Guest (taking out note-book).* Then he has made a large fortune?

*Second Guest.* In four-and-twenty hours.

*Third Guest.* Really? And the amount?

*Fourth Guest.* One hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

*Ambitious Wife.* Yes, indeed! And, would you believe it, the naughty man won't let me squander as much as I can in a fortnight?

*First Guest.* Ha! Then financial success has made him close?

*Noted Member of the Stock Exchange.* Certainly; it has made me extremely close. See: I can not abide this waste of gas. *(Turns out two chandeliers.)* More. The thought of this costly entertainment fairly crushes me. I must countermand it. *(Rings the bell, and does so.)* And now leave me. I heed not what you think of me,—I wish to economise, and amuse myself with this!

*[Continues his game of cup-and-ball.]*  
*First Guest (throwing off disguise).* Just so. What I was informed. I am employed by the Unmitigated Fool and Rascal Protection Society. Here's my warrant. *(Produces it.)* You're taken



### VERB. SAP."

*The Curate had been dining at the Hall, and the Squire sent him home in the Dog-cart. 'Twas a bitter Night.  
'Sam (the Groom—as they neared the Village). "IF YE PLEASE, SIR, WILL YE PUT NAE WATER IN'T!"*

up on a charge of gaming that has promoted idleness and led you to avaricious ways. This is the fifty-first test-case I've had to-day. No fuss. You'll come along with me!

*[Whistles for fifteen Policemen, who enter and handcuff him as Act Drop falls.]*

### ACT II.

SCENE—A little Back-Parlour in the Suburbs, thirty years afterwards. Aged Broken-down ex-Stockbroker and Sad, Serious, and Experienced Wife discovered awaiting the arrival of homely neighbours to tea.

*Aged Broken-down ex-Stockbroker.* Ah! my dear! That fifteen years at Portland sobered me a good deal: and the next spell I got for winning that Club Sweepstake took it out of me. Still, I am thankful to say I am alive; and, though much shattered, I look forward to this quiet, innocent rubber with all the early and hot fervour of my youth. *(Brightening.)* We play, you know, for halfpenny points.

*Sad, Serious, and Experienced Wife.* Halfpenny points! Oh, EPAMINONDAS, beware! Think of the law, and be careful where you draw the line. Pause! If you must play, oh, let your game be the harmless "beggar-my-neighbour" of your childish years,—your stakes its simple, but sufficing, lemon-drops!

*Aged Broken-down ex-Stockbroker.* Never! Still, like the old war-horse, I scent the battle of my braver days. The Stock Exchange, the turf, the eighteenpenny pool are gone—but yet I have the cards! I might perhaps find better work to do;—but, what of that? I'll risk a rubber, come what may! Ha! here they are!

*Enter Three Old Fogies.*

*First Old Foney.* The usual thing?

*Second Old Fogey.* Yes. Halfpenny points.

*Third Old Fogey.* And something on the game?

*Aged Broken-down ex-Stockbroker.* A farthing upon three?

*First Old Fogey.* Agreed! *(They play for an hour-and-a-half.*

*A halfpenny changes hands. He rises, and throws off his disguise.)* Ha! ha! Have you again! My warrant! *(Produces it.)* I am

the agent of the Incautious Spendthrift and Luxurious Idiot Protection Association. This is a test-case. You'll come along with me.

*[Handcuffs Aged Broken-down ex-Stockbroker.]* Aged Broken-down ex-Stockbroker. Nay, mercy; but how is this? I am not avaricious. See, there are tea and muffins for you all—nor idle—

*First Old Fogey.* Enough! That's not the point. You might be otherwise employed to the advantage of the country,—and shall be —*(seizes him)—UPON THE TREADMILL!*

*[They disappear in blue fire, as Curtain falls.]*

N.B.—Mr. Punch begs to state that he is not responsible for the subtle lesson conveyed in the above Tragedy, a solution of which can only be obtained, on application, from the worthy Chief Magistrate, at Bow Street.

### GALES.

#### *An Unparliamentary Rondeau.*

GALES, with your hails of hats, and other tiles,  
Your whirling windows and your flying shutters,  
Your playing *pile ou face* with ancient piles,  
Your rooking roof-trees, and your roaring gutters;  
At least there is more wholesome heart than art in  
Your boisterous play with leaves, and stones, and sails,  
Gamblers who go in for no false Saint Martin—  
Gales!

But, ah, those other gales the season ushers  
In, hybrid hurricanes mixed up with fogs,  
Storms that hurt heads, not hats, uproarious crushers  
Of truths, not trees—of logic, not of logs!  
Ah, tea-cup tempests, shadowy, shambling, shabby,  
Here howl the emptiest winds, the rainiest wails,—  
The People's Servants' Hall, Westminster Abi—  
Galls!



## EFFUSIVENESS.

"OH! HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MR. BROWN?"  
 "MY NAME IS JONES; BUT I'M PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"  
 "SO GLAD! AND HOW IS THAT LOVELY CHILD OF YOURS—TOMMY?"  
 "ITS NAME IS TOTTIE; BUT SHE'S PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"  
 "SO VERY GLAD! AND THAT SWEET LITTLE DOG, TOWZER?"  
 "ITS NAME IS JACK; BUT IT'S PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"

## AN EDITORIAL ECSTASY.

(Sung in Court at the conclusion of *Howard v. Harris*, Feb. 6, 1884.)

"The Judge at once directed the jury to find in favour of Mr. HARRIS; and aspiring Authors cannot too clearly understand that they send MSS. to Managers or Editors entirely at their own risk."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

REJOICE with me, ye Editors, and let your voices ring,  
 And Managers of Theatres, O jump for joy and sing!  
 Long life to Justice WILLIAMS, I beg you'll drink with me,  
 And health and wealth and happiness, and great prosperitee.  
 He ruled—and all our gratitude undoubtedly he earned—  
*Rejected Contributions need never be returned!*

O great unacted SHERIDANS! O embryo SHAKESPEARES!  
 Unmellow Melodramatists and mild Sensationeers!  
 O authors of dark tragedies, O writers of burlesque,  
 And comedy contrivers—O keep copies in your desk!  
 Remember, budding dramatists who emulate the Bard,  
 How hard it was for HARRIS to be harassed by HOWARD!  
 And know, though all your manuscripts be lost, or torn, or burned,  
*Rejected Contributions need never be returned!*

O senders of the antique joke and worn-out epigram,  
 And twaddling essay-weavers, mild boilers-down of LAMB!  
 And prolix Poets void of rhyme or reason in your song—  
 Oh, recollect though life is short your art is very long!  
 Remember though your intellect by Editors be spurned,  
*Rejected Contributions need never be returned!*

Though fretfully you agitate and objurgate and bore,  
 And indite abusive letters and send them by the score;

## "WELLINGTON (OUT OF) PLACE."

SCENE—*Hyde Park Corner*. TIME—*Midnight*. PRESENT—*Statue of the Duke of WELLINGTON and Mr. PUNCH*.

*Statue (peremptorily)*. Sorry to disturb you. Night-air will do you great deal of harm. Better go home!

*Mr. Punch (coming forward)*. Beg pardon, your Grace, but are you speaking to me?

*Statue (surprised)*. Dear me, no. Thought you were Duke of BUCCLEUCH, who admires me so much that he stays all day long gazing up at me! Says I am so beautiful! Stuff and nonsense!

*Mr. Punch*. Glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you, your Grace. How do you like the idea of moving?

*Statue (resignedly)*. Oh, anything for a quiet life. Only wish they'd make up their minds, though. First, I was to go to front garden of Apsley House, then to back yard of Horse Guards, then into melting-pot. Thought the last the best idea.

*Mr. Punch*. Oh, they wouldn't hear of that! It seems that your horse is exactly like the picture in Lord PENRYN's possession—like the steed you rode at Waterloo.

*Statue (angrily)*. Nonsense! I never rode such a beast in all my life! Look at his ridiculous way of stretching out his head! Well, what are they going to do with me?

*Mr. Punch*. Send you to Aldershot. You will be quite at home there among the soldiers. It was the Prince of WALES's notion, your Grace.

*Statue*. Good boy! I liked his Royal Highness as a lad. But what are they going to put here instead of me?

*Mr. Punch*. There have been a good many suggestions, your Grace. Shouldn't be surprised if they ultimately put up a mediæval pump or a gothic lamp-post. The present idea is to have another shot at you. Only this time you are to be "idealised."

*Statue (indignantly)*. I am accustomed to standing fire, but don't want to be "too-too'd." Idealised! Rubbish!

*Mr. Punch*. Oh, they would only soften down your features—like I do, your Grace, to people in my Cartoons.

*Statue (severely)*. No levity, Sir! I should like to see the man who would dare to touch my nose!

*Mr. Punch*. That feature, no doubt, would be respected.

*Statue (dryly)*. It used to be, Sir—by my enemies! And now farewell, Sir. (*To himself*.) Aldershot is not a bad notion. I always liked the country. In the Autumn and Winter I shall see the Army manœuvring.

In the Summer, no doubt, my eyes will rest upon fields ripe with corn. And in the Spring—hem!—what shall I do in the Spring?

*Mr. Punch (answering the question to himself)*. SCARE THE CROWS!  
 [Curtain.]

'Tis vain to talk of damages and splutter o'er the page,  
 Or to shake your fist in anger and gnash your teeth in rage.  
 Though you threaten countless actions—we view you unconcerned—  
*Rejected Contributions need never be returned!*

## Quite Two Two.

DID anyone notice the number of our last issue (Feb. 9th)? "2222." Four twos! Has anyone the four-two-tude to investigate this apparently four-two-itous circumstance? We dare not at present explain the mystic meaning of the aggregation of Delightful Doubles. But our Trumpeter is not dead yet. *Too-too-too-too!*

WHEN MRS. RAMSBOTHAM read this in the *Times* last Saturday—

"MR. BRADLAUGH.—Mr. BRADLAUGH will present himself in the House of Commons on Monday and claim to take the oath. The usual hostile motion will be made by Sir S. NORTHGOTE, and whips have been issued for the occasion."

—she exclaimed, "Well! much as I dislike the man's principles, still, I hate cruelty. I wonder if they're hunting-whips."

A SUGGESTION.—Why not transport the Park Club *en masse* to Monte Carlo? There the gambles of the members would not be interrupted by police baccarat-catchers.

WORTH KNOWING.—On Monday, the 4th inst., the annual Dinner of the Farmers' Alliance was held at the Holborn Restaurant. The toast of "Hawarden Preserves, or Gladstone Jam" was not given.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



LAYS OF A LAZY  
MINSTREL.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

## THE CALAIS BOAT.

ON Dover Pier, brisk blew the  
wind,  
The Fates against me were com-  
bined;  
For when I noticed standing  
there,  
Sweet Some-one with the sunny  
hair—  
To start I felt not much inclined.  
Too late! I cannot change my  
mind,  
The paddles move! I am re-  
signed—  
I only know I would I were  
On Dover Pier!

I wonder—will the Fates be kind?  
On my return and shall I find,  
That grey-eyed damsel, passing  
fair,  
So bonny, blithe, and *débon-  
naire*,  
The pretty girl I left behind?  
On Dover Pier!

"CHEAP AMUSEMENT FOR THE  
PEOPLE" (provided by soft-hearted  
(and headed) Magistrates).—Man-  
bashing, wife-beating, and horse-  
torturing. "Fined Five Shil-  
lings? Ooray!" says *Bill Sikes*.  
"Wy it's 'ardly the price of a  
decent 'drunk,' and twice the  
fun. Bully for the Beaks! They  
don't want to rob a poor man of  
his—bludgeon." And he tries  
again. Perhaps if *Bill* were next  
to experiment on a Magistrate,  
or even a Magistrate's park hack,  
he might do Society the service  
of showing the Law's lenity in an  
even lovelier light.

LONDON'S *CLOACA MAXIMA*.—  
The Thames.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 151.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

AS HE MAY RE-APPEAR ON HIS RETURN FROM THE STATES.

## THE BURGLE SONG.

(After Tennyson.)

THE darkness falls on Villa walls,  
The family 's in the lower storey,  
This is the hour for jewel-hauls,  
The Burglar now is in his glory.  
Slow, Burglar, slow!  
Up the ladder hieing,  
Answer, whistle, answer low,  
Trying! trying! trying!

List-slippeder swift he creeps  
aloft,  
His hand is in the casket dip-  
ping;  
But hist, a footstep's coming!  
Soft!  
That hand in his side pocket's  
slipping!  
Shoot, Burglar, shoot!  
Down the ladder swift he's  
flying.  
Answer, victim. Nay, he's mute,  
Dying! dying! dying!

## A BRIGHTON BUSTER.

In the *Daily News* (23rd August)  
we read:—

"The Brighton Magistrates yester-  
day ordered the forfeiture of con-  
siderably over a hundredweight of  
gunpowder which had been found on  
the premises of a builder named BUS-  
TER, who had no licence to store  
explosives. In addition, BUSTER was  
fined 40s. and costs."

"A builder at Brighton named  
BUSTER, who put the whole town  
in a fluster"—in point of fact he  
did nothing of the kind, but he  
might have done so had the gun-  
powder gone off before it was  
removed. Seeing how much  
Brighton has been recently blown  
up by the London Press, the Ma-  
gistrates naturally interfered to  
prevent the chance of a similar  
casualty being brought about by  
the inhabitants.

## THE LAY OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

AIR—"The Lord Chancellor's Song in *"Iolanthe."*

A LORD Chief Justice, by common consent,  
Is Law's most lovely embodiment;  
For the Chancellor, though a thing of dread,  
Is a sort of a perfunctory figurehead.  
And that is why the American Bar  
Have selected *Me* to travel afar.  
A very agreeable jaunt, and one  
That will lead, I trust, to some excellent fun,  
And furnish a capital holiday  
For a most mellifluous Lord Chief J.  
*All.* And furnish, &c.,

But though the compliment implied  
Inflates me with legitimate pride,  
It nevertheless can't be denied  
That it has a—ahem!—dangerous side.  
For I'm not so old or melancholic  
As to be quite proof 'gainst the love of frolic,  
And there'd be the deu—well, a certain risk,  
If the Lord Chief Justice began to *frisk*.

A possibility, I should say,  
For a peripatetic Lord Chief J.

*All.* A possibility, &c.

I must keep on myself strict watch and ward,  
Lest in more than one sense I should be abroad;  
For the *Themis* young of America  
Is a very agreeable girl, they say;

She has affable manners—and customs free—  
And—she laughs at wigs! Oh! deary me.  
I must be as careful as careful can be,  
Lest I should forget Law's dignitee.

'Tis a sore temptation to throw in the way  
Of such a susceptible Lord Chief J.!

*All.* 'Tis a sore temptation, &c.

WE read in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph* that a  
Clergyman connected with Llanddyffnan-with-Llanfairmathavar-  
neithof, county of Anglesea, having been a teetotaler for the  
last three years and a half, has had his suspension relaxed. This  
is all right and proper. But our only wonder is that an incumbent  
of any parish bearing such a name should ever have been anything  
but a teetotaler. Fancy having to say "The country is truly rural  
in the neighbourhood of Llanddyffnan-with-Llanfairmathavarnei-  
thof," unless your brain was at its clearest and your utterance the  
most distinct.

## The Poet Laureate Applied.

PEERS, idle Peers, I well know what you mean,  
Peers in the depth of sportsmanlike despair,  
In brooding on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of long days that see no Moor!

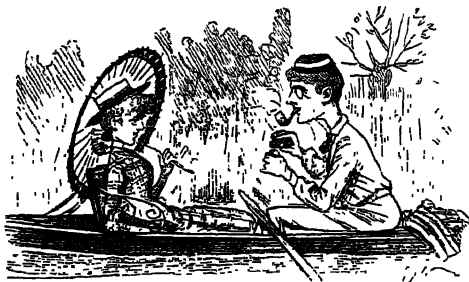
"I NEARLY quarrelled with him," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I felt  
inclined to say with SHAKESPEARE, 'Cry haddock, and let slip the hogs  
of war!'"

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

So CHAPPIE, inly wearied, fared along:  
Yet not insensible to all which here



Of feelings boyish, pleasure frank and clear,  
Signs were not always absent from his face,  
When swift MACAULAY kicked, or swiped colossal GRACE.

II.

He had not "cut" athletics, though long days  
Of dawdling had not strengthened pull or thrust  
Of scull or punt-pole; he could lounge and gaze,  
At Henley, in soft flannels; the heart must  
At time leap back to warmth, though cold mistrust  
Be the "good form" of worldlings. CHAPPIE felt  
The strong spell of the River: far from dust  
And crowded bars his mood would sometimes melt,  
As he in pleasant bower midst Thames's boskage dwelt.

III.

And he had learned to love—we knew not why,  
For this, in such as he, seemed foreign mood—  
A quiet whiff in some backwater shy.  
Perhaps, 'twas early memories; *what* subdued  
To tastes like these a soul so far imbued  
With scorn of "rot" it little boots to know;  
But so it was. Yet in such solitude  
Small time his chums left him to "maunder" so,  
Sentiment's gleam died out with his cigar's red glow.

IV.

And there were venal breasts, as hath been said,  
Whereto his life was linked by stronger ties  
Than mooning hours could break; long evenings sped  
In orgies wild, and far beyond disguise,  
Or shackle of the dull proprieties  
His life from healthful ease divided more.  
Talk of loose lips and play of wanton eyes  
May make a Capua e'en of Thames's shore.  
Song to that silver stream a bacchant strain might pour.

1.

Roofs of the jolliest of hotels  
Gleam o'er the river's gleaming line,  
Whose silver breast bears *Belles* and Swells  
To dinner at the day's decline.  
And Richmond Hill is thick with trees,  
Like scattered stars the town-lights shine.  
Sleek head reclining on my knees  
Art sleepy? Soon the sparkling wine  
Shall part those lips I scarce can see  
In rosy mirth and rapturous glee.

2.

And gay-frocked girls, with bisted eyes,  
And hands—"in sixes"—soft as flowers,  
Deem yon an earthly Paradise  
Above all charm of feudal towers.  
Its sheeny roof, its walls of grey,  
Upon whose stones the moonlight showers,  
More welcome are at close of day  
Than Paphian grots or vintage bowers.  
Rave not of castles on the Rhine,  
The "Star and Garter's" roof be mine!

3.

LILLA! Those likes,—plucked by me,—  
Burden the bearer overmuch:  
I know that they must withered be,  
Dead rubbish cast aside as such!

Savours of jocund  
health and man-  
hood strong.

In scenes of  
strenuous toil  
and wholesome  
cheer,

Where sturdy  
striplings smote  
the leathern  
sphere

With valiant vi-  
gour, he would  
take his place,

What *can* you cherish long as dear?

So many offerings meet your eye.  
Eh? What? The idiom sounds queer  
From gentle lips;—but dinner's nigh,  
And "Tamise ripe" will "lick" the Rhine  
For savoury cates and sparkling wine.

4.

The River nobly shines and flows,  
Its shores are sweet enchanted ground,  
But all the charms its sweeps disclose  
What are they in the revel's round?  
The coldest breast might hotly bound  
In the mad frolic reigning here;  
In mirth and brimming cups are drowned  
Calm Nature's voice, which sounds less clear  
Where wanton eyes the stars outshine  
By Thames or on the banks of Rhine.

V.

Adieu to thee, fair Thames! How long, delighted,  
Sound hearts would loiter on thy watery way.  
Not theirs these scenes; passion and greed united  
In such wild Saturnalia seek their prey.  
Insatiate vultures, feeding day by day  
On self-condemning bosoms. The last cheer  
Of the wild revellers on their homeward way  
Hath many echoes sinister and drear,  
Haunting the hollow life for many a wasted year.

VI.

The leman woes with her bright Lamia face,  
That mirror, where the ancient harpies view  
Their softened modern aspect in each trace  
Its beauties yield of Art-born tint and hue.  
It takes so much of manhood to look through,  
With a firm mind, the lure where fools behold  
Their fate; and striplings of the Chappie crew,  
Self-deemed astute and in all life-lore old,  
Are swine of CIRCÆ's herd or sheep of LILITH's fold.

## OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Deep C. Fishing.

Catching Her-*ring*.

Potting Shrimps.



Hooking a Lobster.

Catching Min' nose on the  
Bridge.First Instance of the Cure of Soles.  
(*Vide* Life of St. Anthony.)



## A BAD CASE.

"GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR HUSBAND?"

"OH PAPA! HE ALWAYS GOES ON LIKE THAT WHEN I ASK HIM TO TAKE ME TO A THEATRE! AND THE WORST OF IT IS, HE SAYS THERE IS APOPLEXY IN HIS FAMILY!—AND SO OF COURSE I HAVE TO GIVE IN!" [Bursts into tears.]

Not its erect rigidity. Good luck!  
I knew the virtue of the supple back,  
Elastic foot, and shifty guard, as well  
As ANGELO, or MACE; but there's no spell  
In sheer invertebrateness!

True, the time  
Fits for remembrance; and if speech, and rhyme,  
And primrose wreaths were Policy, no doubt  
You'd grasp success. But the mere platform shout  
Shakes not the Treasury Jericho; hymns of praise  
And Primrose Leagues, no more than busts and bays,  
Perpetuate my spell. Their wizard weaves  
His word-webs still. You scarce can reach his greaves  
With your dwarf smittings! Oh, to stand again  
And match him, blow for blow, brain against brain,  
As in a hundred fights; with one straight thrust  
To thread his maze of foins, which, like dust  
Wheel-raised in the arena, blind and foil  
The fumbling swordsmen who now strain and toil  
To break his iron guard!

Mettle? A blade  
Of lath or lead by Pantaloon arrayed  
Against Excalibur at fiercest flash,  
Might type good STAFFORD's style; nor skill nor dash  
In onset or defence. In such a cause!  
With such a case! He might have wrung applause  
From half his foes; he made his best friends groan!  
Botched passes and missed points! To stand alone  
Against a hundred such were no great task  
For the triumphant Sophist. To unmask  
His rhetoric-shrouded weakness needed strength  
Such as his own; the subtly-woven length  
Of his audacious argument bore down  
Your duller souls. Achilles 'gainst a clown  
Were scarcely harder put to it.

How he stood,  
The last survivor of our elder brood

Of mettled fighters, aged, yet untamed  
As the old Lion, he has gagged and shamed  
With his long-halting Policy, but which yet  
May slip his toils and snap his subtle net.  
And then?

I seem to see him in his room,  
The battle-light quenched in the haggard gloom  
Of troubled thought. That band of leaguers men  
Long waiting England's looked-for help, and then  
Deserted, dashing out to death, will haunt  
His fine-strung spirit, though it may not daunt  
His foe-affronting courage.

Firm? Go to!  
My sour, thrasonic CECIL, 'twill not do.  
There is no firmness left; the flaccid age  
Is all a flux—in words as deeds. Your rage  
Which rises like the wave, falls broken back  
Like the rock-baffled foam. You have the knack  
Of sorrel speech, but had your tartness force  
Like HANNIBAL's "vinegar," to give clear course  
To Valour's steadfast steps, you were more like  
The mighty Carthaginian. How to strike  
A Joab blow you know, but Gideon's skill  
The flashing judgment and unfaltering will  
You cannot compass. Nebulous NORTHCOTE firm?  
Yes, as the cloud Ixion clutched. What worm  
So slow to turn? Lord of—the gentle jape!  
And he the loose-tongued lad (my would-be ape,  
The quidnuncs cry) potent at platform pelt  
And boyish mire-bespatterings, nothing felt;  
But master, when strong men large issues raise,  
Neither of principle, policy nor phrase!  
These be your gods, O Israel!

Better let  
The curtain drop again! Not yet, not yet  
The hour when my mere memory may inspire  
Fire without force, and Virtue void of fire!

## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

No. VII.—UNAVAILABLE DEFENCES.



Mrs. IBBINS and me were walking along together at three in the morning when she said to me, 'Mrs. HAWKERS, what a lark it would be if I was to lie down on my back in the gutter!' I said, 'Mrs. IBBINS, don't do it. Some spiteful Policeman might come by, and say you had had a drop.' This Lady (Defendant) replied, 'I don't think any Policeman would be so dishonest. I shall do it just for the fun of the thing.' Well, Sir, no sooner had she done it, than (as I predicted) up came this Constable, and took her in charge.'

*The Magistrate.* Very well. I shall fine her five shillings for obstructing the gutter.

*John Smith*, no occupation, was charged with stealing a box of cigars from the counter of E. GIP TURKE, tobacconist, of Sunderland Street, Strand.

*Mr. Turke* deposed: On Wednesday I was standing in my shop, and the Prisoner walked in, and said, 'Have you seen my new conjuring trick?' I said, 'No, and I don't want to.' The Prisoner, in an impertinent manner, said, 'Oh! that's a pity. However, I'll show you the trick, and won't charge you anything for it.' He then deliberately took one of my boxes of cigars off the counter, and ran out of the shop with it. I ran after him, and, overtaking a Police Constable, I told him hurriedly what was the matter, and he joined the chase. We overtook the Prisoner at the corner of Bedford Street, and found the cigar-box under his coat.

*The Magistrate (to Prisoner).* Do you wish to cross-examine this Witness?

*The Prisoner.* Yes, your Worship. (To Witness.) Will you swear I come into your shop?

*Witness.* Most certainly.

*The Prisoner.* It's no good, your Worship, asking him questions. If he says that, he'll say anything.

*The Police Constable* was then called, and corroborated the last Witness, adding that he took the box of cigars from under the Prisoner's coat.

*The Magistrate (to Prisoner).* Do you wish to cross-examine the Constable?

*The Prisoner.* Yes, please, your Worship. (To the Constable.) Will you swear you found the box of cigars under my coat?

*The Constable.* Most certainly I did.

*The Prisoner.* It ain't any use, your Worship, asking this Constable anything. He can't speak the truth if he tries. I never heard such a got-up case.

*The Magistrate.* Well, it seems to me that there was never proven a clearer case.

*The Prisoner.* Wait till you've heard my defence.

*The Magistrate.* Oh, of course. Now is your time to make it. Don't speak too fast, as the Clerk has to take it down.

*The Prisoner.* I'm as innocent as a new-born babe. I was taking a walk up Fleet Street, like our old friend JOHNSON—

*The Magistrate.* You mustn't introduce matter which is irrelevant to the case.

*The Prisoner.* I know, your Worship, sufficient of the law to know when a prisoner's liberty is at stake, I can make my defence

as well as others, although I'm a poor man, and cannot afford a mouthpiece.

*The Magistrate.* My good man, I don't want to cut short your defence, but to impress upon you the necessity of not wasting the valuable time of the Court.

*The Prisoner.* All right, your Worship. Well, in Fleet Street I meet an old friend named BARBER—we call him 'Toy Cavern' (that's his nick-name), sometimes 'Needle,' because he gets so out of temper.

*The Magistrate.* Well, surely that's not relevant?

*The Prisoner.* I suppose because I'm a poor man I mustn't be allowed to make my defence?

*The Magistrate.* Oh! pray go on then.

*The Prisoner.* Well, we turn round, and walks towards Temple Bar. We pulled up at the Griffin, and BARBER said to me, 'What do you think of this?' I said, 'I think it a regular do.' BARBER says, 'Right!' When we got to just by the Gaiety, I said to BARBER, 'Hullo! the Strand is up again! They're always taking the road up here.' BARBER says, 'They'll be taking you up here next,' and I laughed. I treated it as a joke, never dreaming such a singular—

*The Magistrate.* Would you kindly come to the point. All that you have stated appears to me to be done with the intention of giving yourself time to invent some trivial defence to this charge, which seems to me to be completely substantiated. I think it would be better to remand you for a week, to see if there is anything known about you.

*The Prisoner (suddenly).* Please, your Worship, don't do that; I'm just coming to it. BARBER says to me, 'Look at that crowd running along.' I looked, and saw a crowd running like mad, this Prosecutor being at the head of it. I thought they was running after him. So I joined the running. I overtook the Prosecutor, and says, 'What's the matter?' The Prosecutor says, 'I've dropped a box of cigars at the top of the street.' I says, 'All right! Don't you trouble, I can run faster than you,' and I ran ahead of him, and there I saw the cigar-box on the pavement, and I picked it up, and returned it to the Prosecutor, and says, 'Here you are, Sir!' and blow me if he didn't give me into custody, and says I stole them. Think of that! I'm as innocent as a new-born babe.

*The Magistrate.* As you plead innocence, I cannot, of course, deal with the case. You are committed for trial.

The Prisoner here burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'Oh, don't do that, Sir. I don't want to make a fuss about it. I'd rather plead Guilty, and have the thing adone with. Juries are so odd now, I might get seven year. I plead Guilty.'

*The Magistrate.* Then I'll impose upon you the maximum penalty I can give—six months.

*The Prisoner* thanked his Worship, and was removed.

## AFTER THE SIMOOM.

SAFE through! But as the ship with canvas rent

And shattered spars survives the lashing storm!

Camel and leader onward fare forspent.

To Orient fancy a malignant form

Looms vast and vague amidst the baffled blast

That scourges the wild sand wastes. This at least

Is baffled. Will it be the worst or last?

Who knows? But he who threads the arid East

Needs forecast clear and footing sure; for doom

Comes often on the wings of the Simoom.

## Pleasantry of Peasantry.

"GREAT International Demonstration." "Meeting of Peasantry at the Albert Hall!" "Arrest of Distinguished Noblemen!" "Millionnaires Muled!" "The Aristocracy Fined!" "Threatening Attitude of the Peasantry!" Why did not the shouters of Special Editions and the compilers of sensation bills of evening newspapers use some of these titles? They would have sold the papers, and they would in a degree have described the efforts of the gaily-dressed Ladies and Gentlemen in aid of the funds of the "West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, and Epilepsy," at the Albert Hall, on February 14th, 15th, and 16th.

## The Red Veil.

MR. PUNCH considers most veils to be an affectation, but the new Red Veil, which has recently been introduced, he holds to be an abomination. It makes girls look bleary-eyed and red-nosed. It gives them the appearance of just recovering from the measles. Mr. Punch trusts that he will not have to call the attention of his fair cousins, and the fair ones who are not his cousins, to this matter again; but that from henceforth the Red Veil will disappear altogether.









AFTER THE SIMOOM.





## MOSSOO'S "LITTLE GAME."

“AHA! I 'AVE ZE COCHIN CHINA, AND ZE MADAGASCAR. I WILL POT NOW ZE LEETLE-A NEW-GUINEA-PIG!!”  
[Prepares to take aim.]

[Prepares to take aim.



### ACCURACY!

*Cabby (on receiving his right fare). "OH, PRAY STEP IN AGAIN, SIR. I COULD HA' DRUV YOU A YARD OR TWO FURTHER FOR THIS 'ERE!"*

### GEE-HO! GEOGRAPHY!

*(A Fragment from a Romance of the Future.)*

"AND so those Medals used once to be given to the best scholars in Geography?" said the young Enthusiast.

"Yes," replied the white-haired F.R.G.S., sadly. "'Twas many years ago. They were competed for by the best pupils of our Public Schools."

The lad (he had only just attained his legal majority) bade the veteran hastily adieu, and rushed into the train. The passengers tried to converse with him, but he was taciturn. They offered him amusing books and interesting periodicals, but he sternly refused both as he sat, note-book in hand, at the open window. When the railway-carriage reached a station he called the guard, and questioned him. This done, he would make an entry. When he came to his journey's end—it was a long journey, and was finished in the latest train—he made arrangements to start by the earliest-leaving conveyance in the morning. Thus he travelled day by day, week by week, and year by year. As he went his weary and ever-changing way his brown hair became grey, and then white, his straight form, stooping and then bent, but still he journeyed on. He had no time to marry, no leisure for business.

"I am glad," he murmured one day as he was travelling in Japan, "that I have ample means of my own. Had I been a poor man, I should have been unable to carry out my fixed resolve."

Some six months later he was in Siberia. Here he found a friend who had been exiled from Russia for some offence committed against the CZAR.

"What brings you here?" asked the Political Prisoner, expressing very natural surprise at finding his whilom associate in so desolate a spot.

"I am travelling to repair a branch of my education that was sadly neglected in my youth," he replied, as he hoisted on to his back his immense pile of note-books. "I am sure, you will excuse me, as life is short, and my labour long. I hope, ere I die, to know as much as a Public schoolboy used to know in the good old days of yore."

And so the Traveller plodded on and on until he was a very old man indeed, and felt ready to die. Then he took to his bed, and

asked for the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. That Official speedily attended his summons.

"Sir," said the dying Traveller, "I have been in every part of the world, and would now beg of you, as a personal favour, to give me the medal that was the greatest aim of my youthful ambition."

"Impossible!" replied the Secretary, "those medals were never presented until after an examination."

"Then examine me," eagerly cried the rapidly-expiring veteran.

The Secretary was not only an Official, but a man. He saw that compliance with the old man's request would soothe him at the end. So he asked him to say in what county Margate was situated.

"Nay, this is scarcely fair," murmured the dying Traveller; "for even in the palmy days of Geography at the Public Schools, a boy was never expected to know anything about the land of his birth. Thus," and these were his last words, "while I have every detail about Thibet at my fingers' ends, Thanet is still a sealed book to me!"

### BREACH OF PROMISE.

[Colonel MAKINS has introduced a Bill for the Abolition of Actions for Breach of Promise of Marriage.]

WHEN deserted ANGELINA  
Sees the faithless EDWIN go,  
And what should for life have  
been a

Consolation, turn to woe,  
Off the frantic maiden rushes,  
And with fury in her face,  
And perchance becoming blushes,  
Tells her tale in Ely Place.

To her country's laws appealing,  
Woman turns as does the worm,  
And a Barrister unfeeling  
Makes the wayward EDWIN  
"squirm."

Better had he worn the fetters  
Forged by Hymen, as he ought,  
Than have had his silly letters  
All read out in open Court.

Now it seems men have a notion  
That such actions make them  
pay;

In the House then there's a motion  
That will sweep them all away.  
If it passes, EDWIN, faithless,  
Yet another maid may win,  
And the law will hold him seath-  
less,  
And not ease him of his tin.

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF NAME FOR THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—  
*Reynolds's Miscellany.*





PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS. No. 1. — THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 11. — "That dinner of Saturday was thrown away," the LORD MAYOR murmured, with reproachful glances at Sergeant-at-Arms, as BRADLAUGH gracefully bowed himself out just now. "Thought GOSSET was in for a tussle. Nothing like good dinner to keep a man up; so had him at Mansion House. Feed regardless of expense. Real turtle; wines *ad libitum*, as HORACE says. Cigars *sine dubio*, as MARTIAL remarks. Company enthusiastic. At half-past eleven BRIGGS got up; wanted us to form Secret Society to be called 'Gosset Band.' Motto 'Seam and Gosset band.' Song of Shirt, don't you know. BRIGGS always dropping into poetry. Said we'd think it over. Glad we did. Here's GOSSET comfortable in his chair, and BRADLAUGH going out by himself. *Eheu, fugaces!* as OVID observes, Another good dinner gone wrong."

Too true; BRADLAUGH affair as stale as Irish row. No Bar drawn out; no defiance of SPEAKER; no waltzing with Sergeant-at-Arms; no imposing array of elderly Messengers. BRADLAUGH took up seat in usual way under the Gallery. Didn't even interfere with questions. Waited till they were over, and then, with LABBY and BURT as sponsors, interesting Parliamentary infant marched down on Table. BURT couldn't keep up with his long strides. LABBY, who has meditative deliberate walk, left far behind. SPEAKER rose to make observation. BRADLAUGH would hear him by-and-by. At present engaged in hauling book out of breast-pocket. Mumbled something over it; bestowed on cover resounding kiss, produced two documents, signed one, left both on Table, and then, a little flurried, but with winning smile, turned to hear what SPEAKER might have to say. SPEAKER ordered him to retire.

"Why, cert'nly," says B., and, bowing thrice, retired backwards, with one or two anxious glances over his shoulder to see that nothing was in his way.

"I am nothing if not graceful," he said, when it was all over. "Would have done it better, only when I started horrible fear struck me that RANDOLPH might have laid himself flat on the floor to trip me up. Just sort of thing he would do. So had to keep my eyes open."

After this Irish Members took matters into their own hands, and things grew dreary. O'DONNELL back, meaning to show Ireland he can go further than PARNELL. HEALY determined to beat O'DONNELL. Between the two, with SEXTON intervening like long-winded Queen's Proctor, they got House in pretty muddle. By way of thwarting B.'s design to get evidence of having voted, solemnly pass Resolution disallowing his vote!

"No need for Irish Parliament to go to College Green," says DILKE; "Bulls browse just as well at Westminster."

*Business done.*—BRADLAUGH swears he'll take his Seat. House swears he shan't.

*Tuesday Night.*—Grand Old Man grander than ever, and less Old. Speech to-night on Vote of Censure revived drooping spirits of his party, and dumfounded Opposition, who already saw themselves in Office, and were chiefly troubled as to disposition of Fourth Party.

"Worst of our fellows is," said Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, "that they're always ready to give in. If wind rises to half a gale, begin packing up, and rush for boats. Tories have two chances to one when in office. They stick to ship and Captain till last moment, even if they know he's running them on rocks. At slightest variation from smooth weather, our fellows begin to murmur and mutiny. Do more to help Opposition than a disastrous campaign or most skilful tactics of other side."

G. O. M. been looking worn and irritable since Session opened. Has made cloudy answers to plain questions, and has several times pounced upon RANDOLPH, and shaken him. Bad sign that. Shows things not going well. But once on legs, with closely-packed Opposition before him, and Sir STAFFORD meekly folding hands and drooping head in attitude of Sacrificial Lamb, GLADSTONE the Grand Old Man again. Thought at first his voice wouldn't carry him through. Began to fail after first half-dozen sentences. Stopped. Fished in coat-tail pocket. Nothing there. Tried other. Same result. Could it be possible? Had he sat upon it? Another happy thought. Felt in breast-pocket. Ha! Ha! Produced potatum-pot full of thick yellowish liquor. Unscrewed stopper. Strangers in Gallery thought he was going to oil his hair. Not so. Put bottle to mouth; took good swig. Vocal machinery oiled, and no more trouble with voice.

"Here's an opportunity lost!" RANDOLPH whispers to Sir HENRY WOLFE, who in excitement of moment, was sitting on extreme end of bench. "If we'd only abstracted pomatum-pot, SALISBURY would have been in office next week. On such trifles doth destiny hang!"

GLADSTONE's greatest triumph was holding House through dinner-hour. Never since I sat for Barks have I seen House crowded from seven till nine. Last Tuesday, when peril of Egypt not less, House dwindled at same hour to twenty Members. "Feel sorry for Sincat," said LORD MAYOR at eight o'clock, whilst BOURKE still speaking, "but have myself a Sincat-ing at the stomach, which must be relieved;" and he went out. To-night he sat all through, not even once observing, "Yah! yah!"

Lords had their fling, but rather a dull affair, voting Government out of office by a round majority of 100.

"Nice useful majority," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when at midnight news brought to Commons. "But the House of Lords is the Jackdaw of Rheims in English Politics. No one's a penny the worse for their cursing." *Business done.*—Vote of Censure in both Houses.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*—Writ moved this afternoon for West Norfolk, and House learns with surprise and regret, that Big BEN will show his face no more. Had forgotten him. RANDOLPH filling his old seat with new associations. But he was a good old man, and how the Navy is to go to the dogs without him, don't know. Year after year he noted its progress, warned the House, and no one listened. He's given us up now.

Afternoon devoted to talking round Grand Committees. No one really opposes these except RAIKES, who hopes some day to be Chairman of Committees. Doesn't like to see the real business going elsewhere. Nevertheless, Conservatives talked and talked, and talked Motion out.

"Dear me, I hope this isn't obstruction," Sir STAFFORD says, looking uneasily round.

"No," said STANHOPE, "it isn't obstruction, but all the same, Government haven't been able to do anything this afternoon."

*Business done.*—None.

*Thursday Night.*—Few things more imposing than FORSTER, when access of honesty comes upon him, and, at whatever cost of personal feeling, he is compelled to denounce old colleagues. On these occasions, as he stands in Liberal Camp, and is uproariously cheered by the enemy, he looks rugged and more honest than ever. Hair more rumpled, face flushed, and clothes more than ever suggestive of being made for somebody else a size larger. Thing has been done frequently. Political history full of Ministers out of place discovering growing iniquity in late colleagues. But no one ever dressed or looked part so well as FORSTER.

Got along splendidly up to certain point, and that, unfortunately, crucial one. Having demonstrated stage by stage the fatal, hopeless, unrelieved failure of Government, finished up by calmly announcing that he would vote for them. Opposition, lately jubilant, stricken dumb. Liberals rudely laughed. Gentlemen below Gangway been interruptive before. Had uttered impatient snorts, and dropped indignant ejaculations. FORSTER, descending from dignity of Judge to attitude of irate Policeman, from time to time dashed in among them, got hold of somebody, and began to scold him. In angry excitement of moment always got wrong sow by the ear. Much squealing followed; Right Hon. Gentlemen bickered; Radicals jeered; Conservatives madly cheered; SPEAKER called "Order! Order!" and FORSTER retired from personal fray with that slow stride and comical assumption of dignity which policeman puts on after ponderously dashing into crowd, "taking up" somebody, and being convinced it is the wrong man.

"FORSTER means well," HARCOURT said when it was all over, "but does not manage cleverly. No one can blame him for making speech against his own side. Done it myself often, but his conclusion spoils all. He gives the butter of his speech to the Conservatives, and the bread of his vote to Liberals, leaving, both dissatisfied and angry."

*Business done.*—More speeches on Vote of Censure.

*Friday Night.*—"Must have LYONS on our side," said Major NOLAN—or is it Colonel now? In these warlike times officers on active service advance so rapidly. Remember before Ashantee War he was Captain NOLAN.

Dr. LYONS been discussing for nearly an hour policy in Egypt. Most prodigious dose of commonplace House yet taken. Half a hundredweight of bread pills as innocuous, but more nourishing.

"Yes," continued NOLAN, "must bring him as peace-offering to PARNELL. 'Expect he'll want well shaking before taking; but I'll do it," and the Warrior puffed out his chest, wagged his head, and felt his biceps.

"What's NOLAN doing among the Parnellites?" I asked LORD MAYOR. "He sat with the Liberals last Session."

"He's gone over NOLAN's volens," said the great scholar. "General election coming on, you know." Made as if he would playfully plant forefinger in my ribs; but remembered he was LORD MAYOR, and stopped in time.

*Business done.*—More words on Vote of Censure.

#### HEARTLESS FRIVOLITY.

OUR Own Tomfool writes to know whether the "cycle of Cathay," mentioned by TENNYSON in *Locksley Hall*, is a bicycle or a tricycle, and whether a specimen was included in the recent exhibition at the Floral Hall?

"QUESTION!"—How much the happier do you expect to be made by any Act that Parliament is likely to pass in this Session?

DEFINITION FOR THE POOR OLD WASHER OF DIRTY LINEN IN SOUTHAMPTON STREET.—"Saturday" Satire—Flat-irony!

TELEGRAPHIC ENGLISH.—Abbreviated, elliptical—telegrammatical.

#### A HAPPY DAY.

"Mr. Justice DAY, with the Mayor of Leeds, yesterday inspected the gaol at Armley. During his tour of the building his Lordship mounted the wheel of the treadmill, and worked it himself. After spending two hours in the gaol his Lordship certified in the Visiting Justices' book that the prison was in a high state of discipline."—*Daily News*, Feb. 13th.

THE highly satisfactory experience of Mr. Justice DAY on the treadmill at Armley Gaol last week, has, as might have been fore-



A "Day" on the Treadmill,  
Feb. 12, 1884.

seen, led to the expression of such a hearty and unanimous desire on the part of his brethren of the Bench to emulate him in his spirit of practical inquiry, that the whole of Her Majesty's Judges presented themselves in a body at an early hour yesterday morning, at Millbank, and clamoured eagerly to be allowed to submit themselves for the rest of the day to the full and most rigorous discipline of the establishment. On the Deputy-Governor being sent for, and the nature of their demand explained to him, he most courteously intimated that he would do his best to comply with it, and proceeded forthwith to

summon the necessary Officials, who, supported by a strong company of armed Warders, good-humouredly took charge of the learned visitors, and promptly subjected them, without further ado, to the ordeal of the preliminary bath.

Several Judges from the Court of Appeal having expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with this refreshing commencement, and requested that they might be allowed to sit down to a little oakum, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, Baron HUNDLSTONE, and Vice-Chancellor BACON, acting on the somewhat pertinacious advice of Mr. Justice DAY, who watched their proceedings with evident interest and amusement, ultimately mounted the treadmill, the Deputy-Governor leaving them merrily at work as he conducted the remainder of the party to another part of the building. Being shown the various contrivances for personal restraint, the whole of the Queen's Bench Division demanded that they might be thrown into irons, a request that was immediately complied with. The rest of the day was pleasantly passed in stone-breaking, cell-scouring, and other penitential recreations, varied by an occasional turn at the crank, the whole culminating in a genial demand on the part of the Lord Chancellor, that one or more of the younger Judges should receive a dozen lashes apiece from the cat. As it was, however, now past five o'clock, this part of the programme had, much to the disappointment of the Chancellor, who was manifesting a quiet but keen interest in the preparations, to be reluctantly postponed for another occasion.

As the Deputy-Governor was bidding farewell to his guests a good deal of merriment was caused by the discovery that, owing to the fact that the official in charge of the treadmill had somewhat misunderstood his orders, the Lord Chief Justice and his three learned colleagues were still hard at work on the wheel. This little *contretemps* having been set right, and the four fatigued sufferers gently helped down, Mr. Justice BOWEN, who had joined the party too late in the day to enable him to take an active part in the proceedings, cordially thanked the Deputy-Governor in the name of his learned brethren for the great pleasure they had derived from their visit. Nine-and-twenty stretchers being then provided, the learned visitors slowly dispersed to their respective homes.

#### Check!

WE know that "the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," and, as far as we can see, things look likely to be made pleasant for the Shorncliffe. For some time past the South Eastern have been enjoying a goodly portion of the Folkestone traffic at Shorncliffe, therefore the London, Chatham and Dover are about to construct a short line of seven miles, and have a Shorncliffe station of their own. Mr. FORBES, by this dexterous movement, has benefited both the Public and his Company, and yet Sir EDWARD WATKIN is not happy!

SOME of the Highland Regiments are dissatisfied at the contemplated abolition of the "Feather Bonnet." Of course, this was a part of their uniform on which they had specially plumed themselves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by Stamp and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Extracted from "The Post," by Dumb Crambo Junior.



"Punters."



"The Opening Event."



"Turning the Tables on False Alarm."



"Disappointment—failed to entice a Bid at the Hammer."



"— Squeezing the Last Ounce out of Golden Beam, snatched the Prize out of the Fire by a Head, whilst Ubique, who was pinned on the Rails, beat Sir Francis by a Neck."—*Morning Post*, Thursday, Feb. 21.

\* This is a Poser. But D. C. Jr. has wrestled with it, and fancies the above fairly represents the extremely complicated operations described by Pavo.

## THE LAST PUNTER.

SOCIETY, frivolous and irresponsible, was frivolous and irresponsible no longer. It had made up its mind to sternly put down the excessive gambling which then raged in England, and deputed Mr. HOWARD VINCENT and Sir JAMES INGHAM to see that it was put down. Most thoroughly they did their work. Very soon did the Park Club fall, and its weary disconsolate members were perforce compelled to retire to bed at the early and unwholesome hour of three, which, in many cases, entailed the consequences of arising at noon, with a sad long day to look forward to. Gambling Club after Gambling Club fell right and left, and many a luckless man without five hundred pence was fined five hundred pounds. Then came the memorable Black Thursday, when the raid was made on the Society Clubs, and leaders of fashion, representatives of the Aristocracy, Members of Parliament, and Mashers were ruthlessly sent to prison, without the option of a fine, for having beguiled the monotony of their lives by the exquisite *écarté* and the practical "poker." The language used by the Generals, when card-playing was forbidden at the Military Clubs, will never be forgotten by those who heard it, but the climax came when a Bishop, apron and all, was sentenced to six months' hard labour, for having played whist at the Athenæum. Clubs were killed, and HOWARD VINCENT rested on his laurels.

But not for long. It was the Monday after the First Spring Meeting, and Tattersalls' was crowded with bookmakers and backers, settling over the Two Thousand Guineas, when a cordon of Police was drawn round the edifice,—similar tactics being simultaneously adopted at the Victoria Club—and punters, plungers, leviathans, little men, were one and all seized. Betting on horse-races was paralyzed, and there being no one at Epsom that year to bet, the Derby was abandoned, and the thousands of thoroughbreds in these islands were, by a stroke of financial genius on the part of the Grand Old

Man, sold as Cavalry horses to the MAHDI, who, however, never paid for them. Once more did HOWARD VINCENT rest on his laurels.

But his brain was too active for repose. He looked round for another plague-spot, and at once put his finger, or rather his Police, on it. Not only were the members of the "House" marched out handcuffed, two and two, but from every broker's office, from the "Ship and Turtle," and from BIRCH'S, were collected Stockbrokers, Jobbers, Clerks, Office-boys, and even Commissionnaires. The seizure was perfect, and, as HOWARD VINCENT retired to bed that night, he was enabled to say that he had put down City gambling for ever.

Other events followed quickly. In the absence of betting, the members of the Gun Club shot for honour; but owing to their imperfect acquaintance with the commodity in question, had soon to abandon their pastime, and pigeons became as plentiful and as useless as black-beetles. At the University Boat-Race an Undergraduate, with the hot rashness of youth, laid half-a-crown on his own side, and that being established by Sir JAMES INGHAM'S ruling to be "excessive betting," the Boat-Race was for ever peremptorily suspended, and with it all rowing and sculling, amateur and professional. It was a sister of an Eton boy who bet half-a-dozen pairs of eighteen-button gloves against Harrow, that finished the national pastime. For experts proved that half-a-dozen pairs of eighteen-button gloves would certainly cost more than half-a-crown, and the M.C.C. was stamped as an essentially gambling Club, and Lord's converted into a screw-manufactory for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

Everything had gone now. There were no more games to be played. A bold party from King, Duke, and St. James's Streets, had, in the recklessness born of despair, hurled themselves into the North Country, to learn the art of knurr-and-spell, but as they never returned, or made any sign, it is believed that they perished miserably in their heroic attempt. Punters grew very scarce; one by one they dropped off under the harassing watch of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT. From millions they fell to thousands, from thousands to hundreds, from hundreds to tens, and at last there were but four punters left in England. And these four banded together, and leaving London at dead of night, and by different and circuitous routes arrived on Salisbury Plain, where, under the shadow of the great stones, they sat down to play whist. But HOWARD VINCENT knew of it, and though three contrived to make their escape, one was arrested and sentenced to two years' hard labour.

Three punters were seated round a boulder on the top of Ben Wyvis, and as cards fell on that boulder were cautiously whispered such phrases as "Three!" "Pass!" "Nap!" till a Scotch policeman suddenly seized one of the group, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

In a disused mine on the rockiest, loneliest part of the coast of Cornwall, where never man comes or goes, where the huge Atlantic swells wearily against the cliffs, two men, with a dark lantern, are sitting opposite each other, and are "marking the king." Another dark lantern is turned on the pair, and one is taken, and, after solemn trial, is hung.

There is but one punter left, and he, weary of life and England, takes sail for far-off climes, and is wrecked, and thrown up on a lonely island in the Pacific, where he subsists on fruit and water, and leads a pastoral life under the lovely foliage, and thinks it uncommonly dull, and would give all the beauties of Nature for one mad half-hour again at JENKS'S. He throws himself on a mossy bank, and, taking a penny from his pocket, tosses with it, right hand against left. Left is two ahead, when a copper-coloured savage, in a white frock, with a *lay* of wild flowers round his neck, comes suddenly upon him, and presents him a paper. He takes the paper, and behold it is a summons at the instance of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, to appear before Sir JAMES INGHAM, at Bow Street.

Gambling was at last killed, for, with a heartbroken sigh, the Punter turned over on his side, and murmuring, "I am baccarat!" closed his eyes for ever. And the kindly savages buried him 'neath the sand, and made a rude, a very rude mark on the palm-tree at his head; for not knowing his name, they could not give it, and not knowing his age, they could but guess it, and they guessed it to be—

1000  
to  
15.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says, what with Mr. CHILBLAIN and the Birmingham Carcase, and the fuss about Mr. BRADAWL and his Confirmation, she finds politics hard to understand in the present day.

PARADOXICAL.—The present Ministry is now known as the "late" Government.



FEBRUARY FANCIES.





## HUNTING PUZZLE. NO. 3.

HAVING DISMOUNTED, AND SECURED THAT WHIP—TO REMOUNT!

## BAR NONE.

YESTERDAY afternoon, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was again besieged by the Deputation from the Vestry of St. Pancras on the subject of the removal of the gates and bars which obstructed the traffic and locomotion in the immediate neighbourhood of the great railway termini in the neighbourhood. On the principal members being a second time introduced to him by Mr. CAINE, M.P., the worthy Baronet expressed some astonishment at their reappearance, when Mr. WESTACOTT explained that a few vague hints thrown out at their last interview by Sir WILLIAM himself had so excited their curiosity, that they found it impossible any longer officially to restrain themselves. They referred to that portion of the worthy Baronet's reply in which he stated that he had "himself been seriously inconvenienced on several occasions in getting from the London and North-Western Terminus, and had found the obstruction an exceedingly difficult one to deal with." They naturally wanted further explanation of this highly suggestive statement. How had Sir WILLIAM got over the difficulty? or, had he failed to surmount it? They thought the Public would like to be informed on this point. His experience of obstruction and its removal was most valuable, and a few words from such an authority would possibly be of the greatest use to the framers of any Private Bill destined to deal with the subject.

Other members of the Deputation having spoken, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in reply, said he could fully sympathise with the inquisitive feeling that seemed to inspire his visitors, and he would be certainly most happy to enlighten them as far as his recollection would enable him to do so. As well as he could remember, he had been delayed in the immediate vicinity of the North-Western Terminus fifteen times. On nine occasions, however, he was proud to say, he had caught his train. He had effected this as follows. Twice he had, when rather late, got out of his cab and, leaving his luggage behind him, taken the palings at a smart run, and so reached Euston Square just in time to get a seat. On three occasions, however, he had tried this, and, possibly owing to a late lunch, failed to clear the ornamental spikes; but still, thanks to the presence of a friendly and sympathising butcher's cart on the other

side, he had by the help of a borrowed door-mat or two, and the assistance of a local crossing-sweeper, got cautiously over the top without any very great personal inconvenience, and eventually started for the North, a little out of breath, without a ticket. Again, he had accomplished three other successful passages by the simple expedient of knocking at the door of one of the adjacent houses, dashing up, followed by the cabman carrying his luggage, to the drawing-room floor before the servant could catch him, and running along three balconies and making his exit in the same fashion on the further side of the gate. But he could not recommend this *ruse* to the general public, as twice the cabman had been given into custody, and, though he had escaped, all the houses on each side were now on the look out for him, and he should think the experiment, though justifiable, a little risky.

On the last occasion on which he caught his train, having twenty minutes to spare, he sent the cabman to fetch the Duke of BEDFORD himself, who, happening to be walking about in his own square close by, came and very politely opened the gate with a large private key. On that occasion he (Sir WILLIAM) got his cab through as well.

So much for his successes. On the six occasions on which he missed his train, on one he cleared the gate mounted on the horse of his Hansom, an old hunter, which he made the cabman take out of the shafts; but the creature running away with him in the Euston Road, and refusing to stop till it had got to Shepherd's Bush, he was full five-and-forty minutes late, and had to give it up. The remaining five times the delay was always caused by the same *contretemps*—he fell into one of the neighbouring areas.

"That," the worthy Baronet added, "is the brief history of my own experiences. Gentlemen, and I need scarcely repeat that if you will get your Bill introduced, I, for one, as I said the other day, will facilitate its full consideration."

The Deputation, after expressing their thanks, and intimating that they should certainly act on the admirable advice the worthy Baronet had thrown out to them with so much spirited candour, then quietly withdrew.

HELP FOR HIBERNIA.—More (O'CONNOR) Power to her elbow.



## THE "ZEIT-GEIST."

Oh, for the Muse that laughed and stung  
On *Gulliver's* indignant tongue!  
Curt was his speech and fierce and strong,  
In lofty scorn of Cant and Wrong,—  
And small indeed the times that teach  
Weakness of grip for strength of speech,  
Craving once more that Muse to fire  
The chords of Satire's slackened lyre!

Oh, little day of little men,  
What themes invite the mocker's pen!  
What rush for wealth at any cost,  
Honour and Health defied and lost;  
What blatant parodies of Fame  
(That hardly won and noble name),  
Dragged in the sickly spectral lee  
Of sallow Notoriety;  
Ambition's highest aim to quaff  
The rinsings of a paragraph,  
And Life's whole purpose sunk and spent  
To furnish an advertisement!  
Oh, for some Juvenalian verse  
Thy sound and fury to rehearse,  
While Indignation pours the strain  
Which Nature may desire in vain.\*

Where'er the stifled spirit fly,  
What sights and sounds obscure the sky!  
The Statesman's cut-and-dried abuse,  
And frothy violence turned to use,  
Dead Christian hatreds spurred to life,  
To serve the ends of party strife;  
The Lawyer's paeans in his fees;  
The Actor's noisy juggleries,  
As every little journal tells  
Where last he shook the cap and bells;

The Critic in his newest dress,  
*Sans* scholarship or kindness,  
With no credentials under Heaven  
For worthy work or asked or given,  
And nagging, after Insult's wont,  
At those who "do," for those who don't;  
Patriots by bravos hired and sung,  
For bright sword carrying fish-fag's tongue;  
The Poetaster's mixture, made  
Of pitch and darkness for a trade;  
The Man of Science, self-crowned King  
Of Learning and of everything,  
Serenely squatting on his throne,  
Fogged with conundrums of his own,  
And probing with his two-foot rod  
His muddy substitutes for God,—  
While tambourines and banjos raise  
The Hymn of Noise for that of Praise;—  
Our very island's sea-girt rock  
Risked to be land-bound into "stock";  
Ay,—even Woman's tarnished crown  
Hawked through the windows of the town,  
And all our sires held first and best  
In pufferies of all sizes dressed,—  
Till England watch, through England's  
Press,  
The fall of English manliness!

Vexed soul, seek out some other shore;  
Houses are castles here no more;  
Vain in the penny-age to fly  
From all the penny-trumpetry:  
Or hide thee from the watchful zeal  
Of those who serve the weekly meal  
For jaded gluttons, keen to gloat  
On savoury sauce of Anecdote.

\* "Si Natura negat, facit indignatio versum."

Yet let nor cook nor eaters rue,—  
The eaten seem to like it too,  
For in Society's new game  
Cooks, food, and eaters are the same,  
And Fashion, spider-like, supplies  
Her self-spun web to catch her flies!

Thou boastful "Spirit of the Time,"  
Wake prose itself to angry rhyme!  
Soon shall the dark forbid the light  
To any hand with power to write,  
And the new myriad scribbling-race,  
Like locusts shroud all Sense's face,  
Rushing (where angels are not seen)  
Into the *Prigs' Own Magazine*,  
While Upper-Tens profusely scrawl  
In grammar from the servants' hall,  
Till Ink itself shall blush to tint  
Nothing but amateurs in print,  
And the true child of letters learn  
He has no space to breathe or turn,  
And scorn accept the Century's plan,  
That all may write,—save those who can.  
I turn me, wearied, at my desk,  
From the last "thinker's" last burlesque,  
The last Agnostic's windy plea  
That none knows anything,—but he,—  
In English carefully destroyed  
To hide his meaning's outer void;  
And, bowing to the wisdoms old,  
Read simpler lessons writ in gold:  
And would but in a single word  
The "Spirit of the Age" be heard,  
Let him take up his glass and see  
His image this—Vulgarity.

MARIUS.

## ROBERT DOWN AT THE OUSE.

WE'VE begun werry well down at the Ouse this Season. To be sure, there ain't bin no werry late sittins, and so no briled bones and "Hideandseek" for the sleepy Members, but it's much cumfirtabler for us Waiters to git home at a resonabel our, and not havin to anser a lot of aukward questshuns from our several curious wives, than to be anging about all night praying for them 2 trow Patriots, BIGGER and WARTON. Ah, them's the Members for my money, leastways, they would be if I had any. Many and many a time did them reel Waiter's frends blockade the hole bizzness last Season, and sent us all home appy and smilin. And sumtimes even quite hurly in the evenin, when noboddy ain't a-thinkin of nuffin but their dinner, like reel Gentlemen and men of breeding, has that dear Mr. BIGGER—tho' he ain't so big as one would expect by his name—a-gone and counted out the Ouse, and cum out a-smilin in that contented and happy way, as if he know'd how we should all bless him, tho' the langwidge as sum of the werry biggest swells used on these joyfool ocaushuns, was as egstornery to me as it was plezzant to him.

When I sed as we had begun the Season werry well, what I ment was as how we had had the blooming Sherryiffs, in their gorgeous crimson robes of Offis, to present a petition from the Copperashun about gitting cheaper water, which shows what reel true Paytriots they is, and how carefoolly they looks arter the intrest of the werry Poor, for, of coarse, as far as they theirselves is concerned, the price of water, excep of coarse for washing pupposes, can't be of the least consekwence. We had a goodish sprinkling of Hem Peas, mixed with just a few C. C.s to give 'em a relish like, at the Sherryiffs subsequent Bangkwet, as usual. Sum calkating genus said it was about 5 per cent. of the hole lot, which was of course not bad for a beginning. We gave 'em a werry good dinner, and a werry elegant Maynew, one of which I collared as usual for my little boy, who puts 'em in his Album, which he calls his "Guide des Gourmands," which I believe is french for "the frend of the Copperashun," but I'm not a very good french Schollar, excep what I learns from Maynews. I don't think as Hem Peas quite understands the art of dining grandly, like my City frends. They ain't I spose quite so much used to it, and so they takes everythink as we offers 'em insted of making a wise selection. But there really is one thing as I must speak to our Hed Shef about, and that is his Turtel Soup. I aoshally had to hand to a hement Common Councilman a plate of clear Turtel as had got a pease of meat in it about the size of half a Coker Nut! When I handed it to him he looked down at it, and then he looked up at me with his clear gray eyes, as much as to say, "Why, what on airth have we got here, ROBERT?" and I felt so ashamed,

that I feels sure as I blusht up to my werry eye brows as I urried away. As there may be the same amount of hignerance in others as in the Hem Pea's Shef on this werry important subjeck, I may as well at wunce inform the world, that Turtel should be cut into squares slightly hoblonged, and should never, not on no account, ever exseed wun hinch in cirkumfrence, the pease as I anded to the estonished C. C. was more like arf a foot!

How many of the most himportant matters in the Pollytickel World depends upon dinner! If I had to write the history of Parties, in course I don't mean dinner Parties and such like, but Conserwative and Libral Parties, tho' I don't spose as there's much fear of my havin to do that (although, of course, Mr. LONG MAN and Mr. BLACK WOOD, I am always hopen to a hoffer!), I should draw slitley on my notes, and then largely on my memmery, in regard to the warious himportant ewents as I've seen either haltogether hupset, or werry considerably haltered, by suckemstances connected with what ought to be the most important ewent of the day to a sensible man, namebly, his dinner.

Take that Tiusday evening for hinstance when all the Pollytickel World was a-wundring why Sir CHARLES DILKE didn't rush into the Ouse like a Mayniack and reply to the sublime and bootiful speech of Mr. BURKE, the great Orator's grandson, I spose. Sum of the papers, as thinks as they nose everythink, have give one reason and sum another, but of course they was all rong, as ushal. The reel and true and rashernal and only reason was, that, like a sensibel fellow as he is, he didn't chews to be disterbed at his dinner. What more nat'ral than his onest remark, when the Wip wanted him to leave his "Caneton de Rouen et Petit Pois," "Bother Mr. BURKE, I won't go in and smash him 'till I've finisht my dinner! Put up WOLF." And the consekwence was, as all the world knows, that Mr. BURKE wasn't smashed at all, but the Ouse was saved about a week's useless talk, becoz the Shef gave Sir CHARLES a good dinner. And cheap at the price, as the Wip smilingly remarked to me arterwards. And that's one of the many reasons why I almost washup's the Ouse of Lords. No matter what's on, weather it's Pigeon Shooting, or Irish Landlord Shooting, or Foot and Mouth Disease, or Intoxicating Lickers Act, which is much the same thing, or any other ekally himportant matter, directly the Clock pints to 7:45 p.m., out they marches in sollem file, and gos to their sev'ral dinners, leaving all the busness to be finished by the hungry few as is obligated to stop. That's wot I calls true Patriotism! They sets a grand egsampel to the lower orders of mankind, never to let any other bizzness interfere with the principle bizzness of civilised life—Dinner.

On that ewentful Mundy, when the Rev. Mr. BRADLAW took his oath as he'd go and swear hisself in, in spite of Mr. SPEAKER, and in

spite of the Sargent-at-Harms, and in spite of all of us, we spent all the mornin, and all the afternoon, in a-drillin ourselves reddy for the hawful struggell with our tremenjus fo. BROWN being a werry powerfool spessemen of a Waiter, he played the part of the rebbel BRADIAW, and we soon found, arter a small amount of practise, and a large amount of stimyolent, that about a duzzen on us could manage to drag him hout of the kitchin.

Wen the dredded moment arrived, we was all reddy, but all consealed in a dark passej, a-waiting for the awful signal of a wissell—"and the beatin of hour hown Arts was all the sounds as we herd," as the Poet says—but it never came! and phansy my astonishment at seeing our gygantic fo a-walking out into the loby to wote! a-chatting and a-larfin with Mr. TRUTHFUL LABBYSHARE as if he'd a-bin a-cussing and a-swearin for ever so many ears, like the rest on 'em. Seeing as it was all over, we beat a masterly retreat by the back door, and set about our usual himportent dooties, feelin as we had dun our dangerus tarsk like trew born Englishmen. ROBERT.

### A DUKE ON COOKS.

"What I desire to see is Cookery taught in the most ragged schools in the most wretched quarters. . . . I desire that the poor should have better dinners, for the very simple reason that I want them to enjoy their dinners more."—*Speech of the Duke of Albany in Liverpool.*

BETTER far than "sums or grammar,"

Quoth the Prince, or weary book,  
For the man who wields a hammer,  
Is the learning of the cook.  
Teach his careful wife to make him  
Stews in which his heart delights;  
Then be sure that naught will  
take him  
To the public-house at nights.

Let him taste all kinds of  
fishes,  
Cooked in appetising ways,  
We shall find that dainty dishes  
End all matrimonial frays.  
Little wonder that poor men go  
Out upon the "spree" to roam,  
When no chicken of Marengo  
Greet them when they dine at  
home.

Soothing is an egg and spinach,  
Artisans would hail, no doubt,  
Whitebait cooked like that at  
Greenwich,  
Turbot and the tender trout.  
Let the workman tell his crony,  
If to dinner he'll remain,  
Timbale of the macaroni  
Comes with "*Bouchées à la  
Reine.*"

There's much virtue in good  
cooking,  
As His Highness said that day,  
*Punch* upon the subject looking,  
Gives his verdict in this way:—  
Prince, you spoke a word in season,  
'Gainst uncleanly plates and  
slops,  
But the workman cries with reason,  
Teach me first to catch my chops!

### WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

THE following leading (or misleading) questions will probably be addressed to Ministers by reticent patriots in the course of the next few days:—

LORD R. CHURCHILL. To ask the PRIME MINISTER at once to state, for the benefit of the False Prophet, all the instructions given to General GORDON before his departure from England.

MR. SEXTON. To ask the Secretary for Ireland whether the Master of the Ballinamuck Infant Schools recently advised the children under his charge to "aim high" in life, and whether the Government intended to prosecute him under the Crimes Act for such a shameless incitement to violence and murder?

MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. To inquire if the Government is aware that Merv is called "the roof of the world," and whether it is not in their opinion essential to the welfare of the Empire that anybody meddling with the roof should have a good slating?

SEVERAL HON. MEMBERS. To ask the PRIME MINISTER to lay on the table a shorthand reporter's verbatim account of the proceedings at the last Cabinet Council.

SIR W. LAWSON. To ask if it is a fact that General GORDON has ordered all Khartoum public-houses to be thrown open an hour after the usual closing time, and whether orders will not be issued for his immediate recall?

MR. A. BARTLETT. To ask if the Ministry is aware that their policy in Egypt has outraged the susceptibilities of Monaco?

MR. HEALY. To call attention to the nefarious and malignant nature of the Orangeman who publicly expressed his opinion that the best thing Mr. PARNELL could do with his tribute was to distribute it.

We read in the *Times* of February 19th that the Prince of WALES visited some of the poorest and worst courts of St. Pancras and Holborn. H.R.H. observed to Lord CARRINGTON that "he had never seen anything like it, not even with his experience of all the Courts of Europe."

### C. S. C.

#### IN MEMORIAM. C. S. CALVERLEY.

*Author of "Verses and Translations," "Fly Leaves," "Theocritus Translated," &c.*

"Quis cantare super Lycida neget?"

GONE, brilliant bard of limpid lays,  
Which ponderous proser's twit as trifles!  
Well, one may sport Pindarie bays,  
Whilst one Parnassian flower-beds rifles.  
In realms which know not prig or bore,  
Who'll say which held in most respect are,  
Deep draughts of sombre wisdom, or  
Bright drops—(like thine)—of *merum nectar*?  
Small odds to those who freight the bark  
Of the untiring Stygian ferryman,  
Whether the owl outlive the lark,  
Whether the Sage survive the Merryman.  
But listeners by Thames or Cam  
(Whatever taste beside the Styx is)  
Enjoy thy tinkling epigram,  
Thy lilt as light as trip of Pixies.  
They may not, like the Laureate's, lull,  
Nor fire us like Tyrtæan ditties;  
At least thy lays are never dull,  
Carolled in fields or chirped in cities,  
Piped by some new Theocritus,  
Or warbled by some later Horace  
They seem, though void of epic fuss  
Which so impresses the Big Bore race,  
"They're not 'great efforts,' not at all,"  
Quoth the quidnunc, severely. "*Ergo*  
They're nil." Well, Leo may talk tall,  
But give us "Gemini and Virgo."  
"*Hic vir, hic est*" brings greybeards cheer;  
"Sad memories" to mirth incline us;  
Those sly "Spenserians" about Beer,  
Had won the praise of King GAMBRINUS.  
How many votaries of "the Weed,"  
Toilers o'er life's too leaden track, owe  
Sweet midriff tickling to the reed  
Which piped the praises of "Tobacco!"  
How many thralls of sap and cram,  
Slaves of night-taper's all too quick wick,  
Have chorled over *one Exam.*  
Immortal as its subject, *Pickwick*!\*  
Well, well! omnivorous are the Shades;  
But seldom hath that Stygian Sculler  
Oared o'er a gayer ghost than "Blades."  
Whose transit leaves the dull world duller.  
Nay, Pluto's self on that sad shore,  
Eyeing the cards which on his salver lie,  
Might gladly hail the one which bore  
The mirth-evoking name of CALVERLEY!

\* No one, not even an encyclopædic philosopher, ought to require any explanation of this allusion. But as none are so ignorant of *really* interesting facts as your omniscient ones, we may mention (for their benefit only) that the reference is to the ever memorable and eternally delightful "Examination Paper" on *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, prepared by MR. CALVERLEY at Cambridge in 1857. The following extracts will give some idea of this immortal composition:—

No. 4. What operation was performed on TOM SMART's chair? Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

No. 12. "Any think for air and exercise; as the wery old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his death-bed to carry ten gen'lmen to Greenwich in a tax-cart." Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in the *Pickwick Papers* to have been made by a (previously) dumb animal, with the circumstances under which he made it.

No. 20. Write down the chorus to each verse of Mr. S. Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottle-faced man's excursus on it. Is there any ground for conjecturing that he (*Sam*) had more brothers than one?

Any much-to-be-pitied Grand Panjandrum of Useless Knowledge who does not know this delightful *jeu d'esprit* by heart is recommended to lose no time in rectifying that fatal deficiency. It may be found at the end of *Fly Leaves*. The prizes in this memorable competition were, we believe, taken by Mr. (now Professor) SKEAT and Mr. WALTER BESANT. Those gentlemen no doubt rank this among their highest honours, and their victory should be immortalised—as it is here!

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—The Ministry, by sending out troops, have, in compliance with the wishes of the country, changed their policy all of a Soudan.

PARALLEL TO "PEACE WITH HONOUR."—Capitulation with Credit.



### "OLD FRIENDS"—HOW TO SNUB THEM.

*Mrs. MacSmythe (who has got into a New Set).* "OH—ER—HOW D'YE DO? SO SORRY I COULDN'T COME TO YOU AND THE GIRLS LAST NIGHT. HAD TO GO TO MRS. MASHAM'S!"

*Mrs. Fitzjones (her oldest friend).* "INDEED! I HOPE IT WAS A PLEASANT PARTY!"

*Mrs. MacSmythe.* "OH, VERY MUCH SO! EVERYBODY ONE KNOWS WAS THERE, YOU KNOW!"

### THE SPEAKER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! 'Tis the moment for making  
Adieu to the "Ayes" and the "Noes."  
It is not as a Captain forsaking  
His flag in the face of the foes.  
But each veteran valiant Commander  
One day must take leave of the ranks;  
Old Time is the ruthless disbander  
Of goodliest fellowships. Thanks?  
Well, he who of praises is seeker,  
Is fit but to shoe the Wild Mare.  
Farewell! For the last time the SPEAKER  
Is "leaving the Chair!"

The Chair! A "Siege Perilous" truly,  
That *Galahad's* self might have shirked.  
Hot Hibernians, rude and unruly,  
That gentlest of knights would have irked.  
What scenes from its vantage I've gazed at!  
What shines from its cushions I've heard!  
What's left to be wroth or amazed at?  
The vulgar, the false, the absurd?  
Well, no more with the Mace on the table,  
I'll list to Yahoos and their yell,  
Or preside o'er that Billingsgate Babel.  
St. Stephen's, farewell!

Farewell to the brayings of BIGGAR!  
To NEWDEGATE's bleatings good-bye!  
To CHAPLIN's acidulate smugger,  
And WARTON's stentorian cry.  
Hyena-like snarlings from HEALY  
Shall torture my ears nevermore,

They may cant and cacophonise freely,  
The bully, the cad, and the bore;  
Fluent folly may maunder and blether,  
Dull malice may madly "Yar! yar!"  
But another must hold them in tether,  
I, I shall be far!

Farewell to rude RANDY's sly twittings,  
And GORST's catechetical quips!  
Farewell to nocturnal sittings,  
Snatched naps, and occasional "nips!"  
Good-bye to swift-bolted bun-lunches,  
To tasks which I did not expect,  
"Suspending" Home-Rulers in bunches.  
And "chucking" Northampton's elect!  
In such undelightful employment,  
At which all my instincts rebel,  
ARTHUR PEEL may, I hope, find enjoyment,  
I bid it farewell!

Will he work the New Rules well, I wonder?  
Fill full the Hibernian cup,  
Come down on Obstructives like thunder,  
And make the Fourth Party "sit up?"  
Who knows? When St. Stephen's is turning  
A Bear-garden, I say good-bye!  
I am snatched as a BRAND from the burning,  
Ere Insult full armed "catch my eye."  
Off, off with my wig! GLADSTONE, *vale*!  
We've seen better things. Mace and bell,  
I resign ye to PEEL, aye, and gaily,  
St. Stephen's, farewell!

A LITTORAL FACT.—The British Force in  
the Red Sea.

### A STARTLING SUGGESTION.

"As cold as Charity" is an old proverb.  
"As cool as Charity" would be more applic-  
able to the following extraordinary request  
preferred in an advertisement in the *Daily*  
*Telegraph* :—

A CHARITABLE PIANO.—Will any Chris-  
tian Lady, having two or more pianos, kindly  
give one of them (if not wanted) to a young lady,  
whose subsistence depends on her obtaining one?

Does the advertiser suppose it is a common  
thing for a Christian Lady to have two or  
more pianos, and to be able to give them  
away to unknown people like left-off clothes?  
Besides, what is "a charitable piano"? If  
this kind of thing goes on, we shall probably  
hear of hospitable harpsichords, self-denying  
spinets, kind kettledrums, open-hearted ophi-  
cleides, liberal lyres, generous guitars, trust-  
worthy trombones, and benevolent bassoons,  
all wishing to devote themselves to the benefit  
of some rising musician, without any charge  
whatever for their services.

### The Dual Control.

WITH STAFFY 'gainst CECIL, and CECIL 'gainst  
STAFFY,  
And RANDY 'gainst both quite contemptu-  
ously chaffy,  
The new-fangled name's a mistake on the  
whole,  
'Tis more like a (triangular) *duel* Control!



“ MISSED AGAIN ! ”

LORD R. (*as Clown*). “ OUT OF THE WAY, OLD 'UN ! AND LET ME COME !! ”





## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

To Mr. Wilson Barrett, of the Princess's Theatre.

MY DEAR WILSON BARRETT,  
THOUGH NIBBS has had his coat-seams repaired, and is, consequently, in a less unseemly condition, he is still in a somewhat



Marcus Toolius the Bum 'un.

Roman's character, and the indomitable antiquarian spirit in having unearthed the jokes and comic songs of the period. Possibly, your friend, Mr. E. W. GODWIN, might object to the introduction of a white satin Gibus in 362 A.D.; and though this picturesque head-covering was probably not generally adopted till at least twenty years later, I should be inclined to look upon such objection, in a truly great work like *Paw Claudian*, as hypercritical, carping, and frivolous.

I think Miss EASTLAKE would be highly diverted by Miss MARIE LINDEN's finished and earnest rendering of *Almi-i-da* ("She's all my fancy painted her!"). The accomplished Actress from the



Arma Virumque.



The Hermit; or, Ward next?

Princess's would smile over the impassioned and constant invocation to "Masher," and be intensely amused with the graceful gravity of the classical jig. You would also, my dear W. B., be delighted with Mr. E. D. WARD as *Coal Holey Clement*, and, in imagination, I see your eyes sparkle, and see you noddle your classical head, while he sings that admirable song, with the refrain "We don't do that sort of thing now—O, no!" An Actor of your high standing will, I am sure, readily recognise the artistic fashion in which Miss EMILY THORNE fills the Stage as *Alerena*, and the delightful brogue of Mr. GEORGE SHELTON as *Thari-o-galus*. A Stage Manager of such experience as yourself will, I am convinced, view with envy

the admirably contrived Earthquake—a combination of elaborate machinery and skilful earthquakers, the like of which has never been seen before on the London Stage.

It is the Actor's duty to hold up the mirror to Nature. I am inclined to think Mr. TOOLE and his Company have held up the mirror to You and Yours. But Mr. TOOLE's mirror is concave with quaint conceit; it is convex with merriment; it is polished with good humour, and framed in the *bouleversement* of laughing Burlesque. People who go to TOOLE's say, "Now we must go and see the original." People who visit the Princess's say, "Now we must go and see the burlesque." And if our kind friends in front will only consent to go on in this fashion, nothing will be wanted to complete the happiness of TOOLE and BARRETT! Trusting you will have a high old time in America, believe me to be

Yours truly,  
SQUIBBS.



Night-Mare-ius amongst the Ruins.

## IN THE SEAT OF THE THUNDERER.

(Mr. BUCKLE has been appointed Editor of the Times.)

A MIGHTY task for man to buckle to,  
And everybody hopes that nous and luck 'll  
Attend the attempt. *Punch* casteth his old shoe  
After the brand-new *Buckle*!

## AMERICAN COUSINS-GERMAN.

(A Case of Strained Relationship.)

SCENE—BISMARCK'S Cabinet. His Highness discovered sealing up a letter addressed to the Secretary of the American Legation at Berlin.

*Bismarck*. Yes, I think that will do very well! Pleasant little snub about that Lasker resolution. Fancy the impudence of the House of Representatives at Washington presuming to say that my poor opponent by his ideas had "materially advanced the social, political, and economic condition of the German people"! However, I have sent it back, and called the Washington mob of office-seekers an "eminent body." Hope they will appreciate the sarcasm! Rather unpleasant for VON EISENDECKER to have to present it! However, I have made that all right by addressing him personally as "high and well-born." He ought to be pleased at the compliment. (*Telephone-bell is heard. The Prince places receiver to his ear, and approaches the transmitter.*) Yes! Does anyone want me? *Voice (with strong Yankee accent, through the telephone)*. Wal, I calculate that I do! How air you, Sarr? and is that darned old cuss, BISMARCK, at home?

*Bismarck*. He is at the instrument.

*Voice*. Pleased to meet you, Sirree, as one of the most re-markable men of your country! For all that, Sirree, you are a sarpint.

*Bismarck*. Am I addressing a High and Well-born connected with the American House of Representatives?

*Voice*. That is so. And I tell you, old cuss, that you are doing your best to make a tarnal bust up between the most prominent peoples of the Old and the New Worlds—yes, Sirree!

*Bismarck*. Meaning the peoples of Germany and the United States? Eh! High and Well-born?

*Voice*. That is so. But I would advise you, old hoss, not to call me names! Wal, you have riled us considerable pumpkins. Yes, Sirree!

*Bismarck*. Dear me! You surprise me! Yes?

*Voice*. None of your soft sawder, you tarnal old sarpint in spectacles! I tell you that you stopped our pigs from coming into your darned old country. And now I am cowed if you do not insult our House of Representatives!

*Bismarck (after a pause)*. Well, it is to be regretted, High and Well-born—I beg pardon, I did not intend to give you those attributes. Is it possible to set things right?

*Voice (promptly)*. Why, cert'nly! Jest you take our pigs, and we'll forgive your insults! [*Scene closes in upon BISMARCK considering.*]



### THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT!

*Paterfamilias (the Dining-room Chimney on fire!—Gal: outside!—House full of Smoke, Soot, &c.). "WELL, DID YOU FIND THE SWEEP?" Housemaid (who had rushed out for assistance). "YES, SIR, BUT HE SAYS HE CAN'T COME NOW, 'CAUSE HE'VE JUST WASHED HIMSELF!" [Tableau!]*

### THE LUCK OF LEAP-YEAR.

*(A Story of the 29th of February, 1968.)*

THE aged reveller, white-headed and toothless, once more urged his friends to partake of his profuse and extravagant hospitality.

"You really must!" he mumbled. "This is my birthday. I was born in 1884—just eighty-four years ago; and since the hour of my birth I have paid for nothing. My excellent tradesmen have supplied me with everything—wine, food, furniture, clothes, horses, and ready-money. And, I repeat, I have paid for nothing!"

The Veteran Voluptuary roared with laughter. The '74 Pommery sec had mounted to his brain, and he was becoming tipsily communicative. His guests stared at one another, and asked "Why was this?" Why had this four-score-and-four-year-old spendthrift escaped the regretfully undertaken legal proceedings of outraged trading humanity?" The career of their host puzzled them.

In the meanwhile an angry crowd had assembled in the hall. This crowd consisted of tailors, hosiers, pastrycooks, usurers, livery-stable keepers, and upholsterers. Every moment it increased in numbers.

"To the dining-room!" was the shout. And the turbulent multitude rushed into the apartment occupied by the venerable entertainer and his guests.

"At length we can proceed against you!" shouted the spokesman of the mob of yelling Creditors, showing his victim the copy of a slip of parchment. In another moment the old dinner-giver was almost hidden under a pile of documents of a similar character.

"This is cruel and inconsiderate," gasped the newly-made Defendant to a hundred law-suits. "You chose this day of all others—my birthday—to commence proceedings. Why have you encouraged my extravagance by affording me such long immunity?"

Then came the answer, which told the financially lost one that there was no hope for him—that his future was the Bankruptcy Division of the High Court of Justice.

"We have not proceeded against you until to-day because we could not," answered the Creditor who had already spoken, in the calm

accents of extreme vindictiveness. "You were born on the twenty-ninth day of February, 1884, and to-day is the twenty-ninth day of February, 1968. To-day, then, you reach your twenty-first birthday, and attain your majority. Yesterday you had all the privileges of an infant, and we could only sue you for necessities. But to-day you are of age, and no longer can defy the tardy but effectual County-Court Summons, no longer can regard with contempt the writ issued with its special and terror-bringing endorsement!"

Here the speaker paused, for the ex-infant had fainted!

### LECTURING IN THE FUTURE.

*(Under the Patronage of Mr. Michael Davitt.)*

SCENE—Interior of a Hall. Platform fitted up with bastions. Lecturer's rostrum made of eight-inch armour plating lined with a foot of teak. Audience, armed with rifles, &c., on the look-out for Lecturer. Enter that individual, cautiously crawling on his hands and knees. Upon discovery, he is received with some cheers and a shower of bullets.

Lecturer (having reached his rostrum, raising his head). Ladies—(shell—he ducks his head to avoid it)—and Gentlemen—(puts up hand-screen to ward off the balls of a Gatling battery which has just got his range)—it is my desire to set before you this evening—No, you don't!—(is attacked by a party of Political Opponents armed with cutlasses—he repulses them with great slaughter)—to set before you this evening—Ah! would you? (Is assailed by strong body of Enthusiasts carrying bowie-knives. He dispatches several with his revolver.) As I was saying when I was interrupted, it is my desire to set before you this evening—(Charge of Political Opponents with battering-ram. He fires mine concealed under platform. Collapse of Political Opponents and battering-ram.) Come, I see that I can expect no courtesy this evening, so—(losing his temper)—I defy you!

[Terrible battle, ending with annihilation of the Audience, and death of the Lecturer. Curtain.]



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No 2. THE SPEAKER'S FAREWELL; SUGGESTED BY H. VERNET'S HISTORICAL PAINTING.

HARRY FURNISS

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 18.*—"Oh the dreary, dreary twaddle! Oh the barren, barren talk!" 'Twas the voice of the SPEAKER. I heard him complain, and don't wonder at it. All very well for Members to come and go; enjoy excitement of Question Hour; spend pleasant evening over leisurely dinner; come back at eleven o'clock smelling of cigars. But think of the SPEAKER in the Chair from half-past four till one in the morning, and this the fourth night of Debate on Vote of Censure! Everybody thought Division would take place to-night. So fixed on Friday; so settled throughout Saturday. Urgent Whips out on both sides. On Sunday, "Lo! a strange thing happened," as Mr. BLACK says in his novels. ROWLAND WINN at church in the morning. Fancied it was CHAPLIN in pulpit, denouncing Government for Cattle Plague at home and Insurrection of MAHDI abroad; naturally fell asleep. Ex-Treasury Messenger entered; been looking for him all over town. WINN hurried out. Found crowd Conservative Members in church porch. "Must have another night's Debate," they cried. "Duty to our Country—to our Constituents. Must make speech. Can't all get in Monday night."

"But, good Heavens!" says ROWLAND, not quite awake, and thrusting hat further on back of his head, "Why didn't you say this on Friday? Saw you all. Made inquiries; got list of speakers; everything settled. Urgent Whip out. You must make your speeches another time, on Report of Address, on Sunday Closing Bill, on going into Committee. Any time will do. Needn't lose them."

"Won't do!" cried chorus of persistent Members. "Must speak now. Postpone Division till Tuesday. Besides, news from Cairo this morning. Trouble with Egyptian troops. Tokar may fall any hour. GORDON may come to grief. Moreover, Irish Members wavering. All sorts of things may happen in twenty-four hours."

"Ah!" says WINN, wide awake now. "True. Great pity to lose your speeches. Must postpone Division. Excuse me,—go and see about it. But walk in, Gentlemen; collection just about to commence."

O'SHEA, who knows everything, tells me this bit of secret history. Interesting; but hard on us to make another night of it. Conservatives heroically overmaster consuming passion for Debate. Affect a cheerfulness though they have it not in present critical state of their country. House almost empty throughout sitting. STANLEY LEIGHTON discourses on Lunacy. Speaks with authority, but only five Members to hear him. MARRIOTT, amid cheers and counter cheers, declares intention of avowedly coming out as a Conservative.

"This is the last time he'll make any noise in the House," says

Mr. FORSTER. "Not nearly such shrewd fellow as I took him for. As long as he sat on Liberal side and supported Conservative measures, he was somebody. Best game for ambitious mediocrity to play. Once on the other side, he falls into ranks, and becomes ordinary Conservative. Thrown away his only chance. Let it be a warning to us all."

*Business done.*—Nine hours' talk.

*Tuesday.*—JOE COWEN out on the war-path. Unlike JOSEPH GILLIS, JOE not always up in arms. For most part seeks retirement on some back Bench, and meditates on foolishness of mankind, who wear chimney-pot hats, and worry themselves about places of power and invitations to dinner-parties. JOE a phenomenon in political life. Ability far above average; oratorical gifts with few rivals. What a power he could be in State if he pleased! Liberals squirm when, on rare occasions, he appears, and, protesting universal love and desire not to hurt anybody, much less Mr. GLADSTONE, overwhelms them with thunder rolled forth in rare Northumbrian accent, and sticks them all over with poisonous highly polished sentences. JOE not precisely popular among Liberals. He can't abide them. They can't abide him. He tramples on their accomplishments and pretensions, and they explain that he is a disappointed placeman. This highest tribute that can be paid him. Shows there's nothing else to be said to his discredit. If he wanted place, might have been Cabinet Minister to-day. But figure JOE on the Treasury Bench, or bidden to State Concert at Buckingham Palace! Fancy him at Lord Mayor's Dinner in uniform, or Minister in attendance on the QUEEN at Balmoral! He's a man of crooked mind—hopelessly, lamentably crooked. (That is to say, he doesn't agree with my views.) But to talk of disappointed placeman is sheer nonsense. Let us gird at the politician as we please. Hit him back; he hits us hard enough. But for the man, there lives no honester, simpler, less self-seeking, or bigger-souled man than JOE COWEN.

Debate on Vote of Censure over at last. HARTINGTON delivered perhaps best speech he ever made in House; but everyone weary to death. Hour late, and only thing yearned for, the Division. This came in early morning, with rattling majority for Government, in spite of combined forces of Parnellites and Tories. H.R.H. came in at midnight, looking fresh as a rose.

"Very interesting, TOBY," he said as I helped him on with his new cloak, made on pattern of that worn by *The Stranger*. "Never thought HARRY could wake up so. Little hard on STAFFORD, driving him on to two o'clock in the morning. He never seems to get fair play. Mean to go to bed early to-night. Just going to have a bit of supper first. Come?"

*Business done.*—Vote of Censure rejected by 311 against 262.

*Wednesday.*—Tremendous rush of Conservative Members to House at noon to-day. Left at half-past two this morning. Went home,

got a few hours' sleep, bath, and breakfast, and down to House again. BRADLAUGH yesterday re-elected for Northampton with increased majority. Believed he would be down at twelve to-day, swearing again. Hence this rush. But BRADLAUGH only having a lark with Hon. Gentlemen. Whilst they expecting him at the Bar, he was sitting at window overlooking Palace Yard, chuckling as Member after Member arrived in hot haste.

In absence of BRADLAUGH, Irish Members obliged. O'CONNOR POWER, in speech full of lofty scorn, discusses Mr. PARNELL and his Party. Aptly quotes BURKE to describe them as "a species of men to whom a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity." This shaft goes home. T. P. O'CONNOR affects not to hear. Mr. HEALY very angry, and not nearly so effective as usual in reply.

Sir Rip Van Winkle OTWAY wide awake now. "How did it happen, dear boy?" he says. "Well, I don't know. A little tired of Debate; thought I would take a stroll on the Embankment. Then it occurred to me Division on Vote of Censure might take place any moment. Wouldn't miss it for the SPEAKER's wig. HARTINGTON up, good for half an hour at least; NORTHCOTE to follow, another half an hour; go and have a quiet read in my room. On the way met WATSON, who pressed pinch of snuff on me. Took up *National Review*. Dormant talent infectious. Went to sleep. Dreamed I was at Antwerp, and heard Carillon. Slept on. Woke by knock at door. 'Putting out gas, Sir ARTHUR,' says one of the Messengers. 'House up ten minutes ago.' And the Division? I screamed. 'Division over,' says the man. That's how it happened. But I believe WATSON's snuff was drugged."

*Business done.*—Got back to Debate on Address.

*Thursday Night.*—Lord TENNYSON still hesitates to take his seat. "Can't understand it," says Lord BRABOURNE. "I took mine at earliest moment. Think it's a duty one owes to QUEEN and country. TENNYSON, I'm afraid, a little eccentric. Not sure that GLADSTONE right in making these poets Peers, though, of course, there is increasing scarcity among Commoners of solid attainments, statesmanlike views, modest demeanour, and ability to write fairy tales that don't sell. He ought to leave us alone, not swamp us with successful Generals and over-rated Poets."

It is odd TENNYSON doesn't turn up. Can't be difficulty about clothes. Has been overwhelmed with offers of suits. Fact is, he's superstitious. Always had doubts about propriety of his accepting Peerage. Sees in abstraction of his robes confirming forefinger of Fate.

Meanwhile, House of Lords jogs along quietly without him. Peers come down regularly at quarter past four, and go home with unparalleled precision a few minutes after five. SALISBURY and GRANVILLE as freezingly polite to each other as ever. To-night question of arrival of text of GORDON's proclamation.

"When will it be here?" SALISBURY asked. "The newspapers use the telegraph. Is Sir EVELYN BARING waiting for a Nile boat?" he adds, with every appearance of genuine interest.

"I should think certainly not," GRANVILLE replied, with equal seriousness, as if matter were not out of reach of possibility, but was not, on the whole, probable. Conversation across table between GRANVILLE and SALISBURY, only good thing House of Lords has left.

Commons, after spending hour and twenty minutes with Private Bills, and an hour and ten minutes with BRADLAUGH, devoted rest of sitting to continuance of squabble between Orangemen and Nationalists. GLADSTONE says Session is being wasted. JOSEPH GILLIS thinks not. Darkly hints that two more nights might profitably be employed discussing Irish Magistracy.

*Business done.*—None.

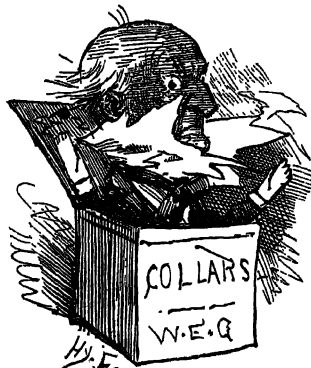
*Friday Night.*—"Four times have I been put in gaol by a Liberal Government," HARRINGTON said just now, looking round upon few Members present as if this at least would shock them.

"Yes, yes," said GIBSON, a little impatiently, for HARRINGTON had been up an hour now. "That's not what we complain of. Our grievance is that they let you out."

Dreadful man HARRINGTON. Vulgar, noisy, and empty. Surely Ireland not played out so low as this?

SPEAKER begins to say Farewell. A sad Farewell, too, for the House. Take him all in all, can't hope to see his like again. HENRY is the right BRAND.

*Business done.*—Address voted.



SERIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Gladstone's Collars are worn out. No more after to-day. Last appearance!

## THE SECRET OF IT.

"THERE was much laughter," says a contemporary, referring to the proceedings at the great commercial dinner the other evening, "when M. DE LESSEPS mentioned that on his first visit to England the publisher who brought out the report of his meetings charged, as the first item in his bill, '£50 for attacking the book in order to make it succeed.' 'Since then,' observed M. DE LESSEPS, 'I have been attacked gratuitously, and have got on without paying.'"

Laughter, no doubt, and plenty of it. But that publisher was an excellent man of business for all that. There is nothing so necessary to the making of reputation as virulent and persistent abuse. You want to give a man a firm *locus standi*, rave like a maniac to out the ground from under him.

"Genius un-abused—abused the most,"

is a sound line, and so M. DE LESSEPS has nothing to complain of. But there are other things besides genius—other, and less worthy things—that thrive and batten into large and unexpected proportion on rancorous attack. Do we know of nothing—or rather of no one—at the present moment conspicuous in our social midst whose name has become a tower of strength through subjection to this vituperative process? Perhaps Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and his following will reply?

## RESCUE OR RETIRE.

[Sir WILFRID LAWSON summed up the Government Policy in the words Rescue and Retire."]

*John Bull to Gladstone.*

HUMPH! Wild wash Sir WILFRID LAWSON  
With pump-like persistence jaws on,  
Yet he gives you here (I guess) cue,  
With a difference, WILLIAM! Rescue  
Is your business! While the fire  
Rages firemen don't retire.  
When the wreck is plainly sinking  
Lifeboat hands who are found shrinking,  
Or with fear of danger smitten,  
Get, not medals, but the mitten.  
*Verbum sap!* You've had a squeak for it.  
Keep your place; but if too weak for it  
Out you go! Don't rouse my ire.  
You must rescue—or retire!

## A COLOURABLE COMPLAINT.

A PEDESTRIAN calls attention to the fact that the walks in Hyde Park, "once remarkable for their dryness," are now covered with "a kind of yellow sand, which the least shower of rain converts into a muddy paste;" and, he adds, that as a consequence of this experimental essay in chromatic gardening, "the principal walk along the Row is often more like a dirty road than a properly kept promenade."

If this is really the case, Mr. BERTIE MITTFORD should wait for a thoroughly drenching day, and, armed *cap-à-pie* in mackintosh, hurry off at once to the locality in question. If then, on inspecting the slush, he has reason to believe, after looking at his boots, that he has really put his foot into it, he should remedy the mischief forthwith. The energy that has placed the Iron Duke on a neat private cab-stand in Piccadilly, and may any day submerge the Park Powder Magazine in the adjacent Serpentine, is not likely to be found sticking in the mud for want of a little enterprise. The public will await the result of Mr. MITTFORD's stroll.

## CRIMPING AND CRUELTY.

WHAT is Vivisection? Cutting an animal up alive, isn't it?

Crimped salmon and crimped cod are salmon and cod which have been "crimped;" that is, cut up alive. Is not therefore the process of crimping salmon and cod Vivisection?

What is the purpose for which salmon and cod are crimped? Isn't it merely to improve their flavour that Vivisection is practised upon them under the name of "crimping"?

Is Vivisection, performed for the purpose of improving flavour, less cruel and more excusable than Vivisection performed for the improvement of Physiology, Medicine, and Surgery? Is it any more legal? Are not all fish-eaters who partake of crimped salmon or cod partakers of the cruelty of the persons who crimp them?

If the crimping of cod and salmon is not already, as Vivisection, illegal, are not thoroughgoing Anti-Vivisectionists in consistency bound to demand that it shall be declared so by Act of Parliament?

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—Soles at Billingsgate for half-a-crown the pound.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



## SOMETHING ON COMMISSION.

FURTHER dissatisfaction having been expressed in certain influential quarters as to the constitution of the Royal Commission recently appointed to inquire into the question of the Dwellings of the Poor, several of the leading Members again met secretly yesterday for the purpose, not only of disposing personally of the various objections raised against their individual appointment, but also of vindicating the claims of their body generally to merit public confidence in the important undertaking they now have in hand.

The door having been locked by the unanimous consent of those assembled, and Sir CHARLES DILKE immediately voted into the Chair, he said he would not waste their time by any lengthy preamble, but come to the point at once. On Friday last, smarting under the gibes of a set of captious know-nothings in the Press—and elsewhere—("Hear, hear!")—who had hinted that the presence at that Board of several of the Commissioners, owing to their want of practical experience of the evils they were called on to investigate, would be worse than useless ("Shame!"), they had determined then and there to adjourn their meeting for a week for the purpose of passing the interval in "energetic personal inquiry." (Cheers.) This ordeal, to judge from the worn and dilapidated aspect of the Commissioners he saw around him that morning—(roars of laughter)—there had been evidently no disposition to shirk. ("Hear, hear!") All he could do then was to remark that he was not only prepared but eager to hear what they had got to say. (Cheers.)

LORD SALISBURY, who had his head bandaged, and was evidently suffering from intermittent toothache and sciatica, and whose appearance on rising caused a considerable amount of merriment, said he really had very little to tell the meeting. (A laugh.) He did not see what there was to laugh at. (Renewed laughter.) Some twopenny-halfpenny scribbler had asserted that he, as a British Marquis, could possibly know nothing of real life in a Metropolitan slum. He had determined to give a practical contradiction to that statement. (Cheers.) He had disguised himself as an Irish labourer, and rented the fifth of a room in a back court in Seven Dials for a week. (Loud cheers.) \*He did not see what there was to cheer at. ("Oh, oh!") His experience had been practical enough. He had had two stand-up fights, his head nearly broken with a brickbat, and he had been taken three times into custody by blundering Constables—who would not look at his card—and he had, as the result, got a rheumatic attack, which Sir WILLIAM GULL thought likely to be chronic. (A voice—"Never mind that!") That was all very well; but he had quite made up his mind about what the working classes really wanted. ("Hear, hear!") They wanted better homes, better incomes, better food, better clothes, better manners, more polite Policemen—and most of all—better claret. Some *Château Margaux* he had tried in Clare Market had nearly killed him. (Cheers.)

CARDINAL MANNING here rose. He said that he was unwilling to contradict the Noble Marquis who had given them all such an amusing and spirited account of his experiences; but he, the Cardinal, must beg to differ with him. What the poor wanted was some really palatable drinking water. ("Hear, hear!") His colleagues might scarcely credit it, but he had spent six consecutive days in climbing in and out of, and tasting continually—he might say, copiously—the water of cisterns in the lowest class of alleys in and about Bermondsey, the Borough Road, Clerkenwell, the outlying districts of Kilburn, and the Isle of Dogs. (Cheers.) He had not felt well since. (Renewed cheers.) Now if that indisposition was the result of the water, the Government ought at once to supply to every pauper in this country a thirteen-and-sixpenny filter. ("Hear!") A credit vote of five millions and a-half sterling would soon remedy that evil.

Mr. JESSE COLLINGS said, with all respect for the Cardinal's figures, he thought it would be far better to contract with some enterprising company to lay on a good supply of "Apollinaris." This would be far cheaper, and much more refreshing, and if it were found lowering to the system in depressing districts, it could be mixed freely with a little whiskey that could be chargeable to the rates. No philanthropic householder could object to such an outlay as this. (Cheers.) Such a beverage would, at least, elevate the tone of the masses. ("Hear!")

Mr. LUTPHER STANLEY, who had a very dejected appearance, said, though no friend to stimulants, he was not unprepared to support the suggestion of the last speaker. He had made it his business to try and enjoy himself in an innocent way, after the fashion of the lower classes, during the course of an East-End Sunday. He had done all that could be done in the way of recreation in the neighbourhood. ("Hear, hear!") He had stood five hours outside a public-house, and seven inside. Three hours he had looked at a gutter, and the rest of the day he had passed in playing at pitch-and-toss with a weighted halfpenny. (Sensation.) That is why he looked unhappy. He thought the lower classes needed recreation, but whether in the shape of Italian Opera, a State-aided Fancy Ball, permanent nightly fireworks, or higher culture, in evening dress, with a magic lantern, he was not prepared to say. ("Hear!")

At this point of the proceedings a letter arrived for the Chairman, and, after perusing it once or twice, he rose, and said he thought, as it contained an admirable practical suggestion from a very distinguished member of the Commission indeed—(cheers)—he could not do better than read it to those assembled. ("Hear, hear!") It was as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

I HAD heard of your projected Meeting for to-day, and as, though I regret I am personally unable to attend it, I am most anxious to give the excellent object that brings you together my hearty co-operation and support, I have much pleasure in placing the subjoined suggestion at your disposal. Would it not be an excellent thing were some eight or nine of the Commissioners, who might select themselves by lot, to hire an ill-ventilated room—say, ten feet by seven—and undertake to sleep on the floor for a fortnight or so—it being understood, of course, that the cubic feet of air available for the whole party would be something short of the mark? I cannot but think that some such experience on the part either of yourself or your colleagues would prove at once a valuable, interesting, and amusing assistance to the progress of our joint labours. Offering you this suggestion for what it is worth, I am, my dear Sir CHARLES,

Yours sincerely,

A BROTHER COMMISSIONER.

After the reading of the above letter, which was interrupted throughout by loud and prolonged bursts of cheering, the Chairman, intimating that his influenza, caught during his recent three days' apprenticeship to a match-box maker resident in a cellar at Houndsditch, was again beginning to be troublesome, declared the Meeting adjourned, and the company quietly separated.

## BURLESQUE AND MELODRAMA.

Piece in one Act, written for a "Star" anxious to shine in various lights.

SCENE—A gorgeous Interior. Large curtain (practicable) at back. Star presiding at a Cabinet Council. Period doubtful. Costumes splendid.

Star. And this is your work!

[Makes a long declamatory speech à la RUY BLAS, showing how the Ministry has brought the country to the verge of ruin.]

A Courtier. Ah, my Lord, you are severe. You are a patriot. Would that we were patriots. But as for us, we have been frivolous from our birth up!

[Exeunt everybody save the Star.]  
Star. And they think that I have never been frivolous! Why, in the day of my hot youth I was the gayest of the gay! I spent the whole of my time singing and dancing. Yes—singing and dancing. (Looking round.) There is no one present. Let me indulge in mimics of my hot youth. There!

[Sings and dances. At the end of the entertainment enter CHARLES (his friend) in a disguise cloak.]

Charles (his friend). At last we meet face to face!

Star. Welcome—thrice welcome! How well I remember the way we spent our time as boys together.

[Long speech introduced, full of comedy, showing the way the two spent their time as boys together.]

Charles (his friend) (after the Star has taken his encore). You are mistaken. I am CHARLES (throwing off disguise)—but no longer your friend! (Producing sword.) Choose your weapon!

Star. What, the Duck der RICHERLOO! At last!

[Seizes sword. Magnificent duel à la the Corsican Brothers.]

CHARLES (his friend) is wounded to the death.

Charles (his friend). Ah! But, ere I die, let me curse you. I—

[Dies.]

Star. Poor fellow! He would have cursed me! He would have said —

[Delivers the curse for him.]

After the applause has subsided, the body of CHARLES is removed.

Mourners. Your blessing, my Lord! [They fall on their knees.]

Star. You ask my blessing? Well, be it as you will. (Delivers blessing in sixty lines of polished blank verse. Exeunt Mourners.) Nay, but this has fatigued me! I must seek repose. This is no acting, but terrible earnest. How different from the past; how well I remember the days when, at the Court of Varesle, I used to please the Court of the Regent of FRANCE, with my amateur acting. (Falls asleep upon a couch, covered with curtains, à la Matthias in the "Bells.") The Curtain at the back of the Stage is withdrawn, showing the Star's dream, in which he imagines that he is giving selections from "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth." When his impersonations are exhausted, the Curtain falls, and the Star wakes up.) Ah, those were happy days! (Rising from his couch.) But what is this? An earthquake! (Earthquake. General destruction of Interior.) And I alone am saved! (Is struck by lightning.) Not so! Oh!

[Dies in five-and-forty minutes, according to taste.]  
Curtain.







### "MISPLACED CONFIDENCE."

*Nervous Lady Visitor.* "WHO IS THAT NICE CIVIL MAN TO WHOM I'VE BEEN SPEAKING, AND WHOM I'VE LATELY MET HERE AND TALKED WITH SO OFTEN!"

*Pauper Gateman (jealous of his monopoly of "Téps").* "'E, M'UM? WHY 'E'S THE 'NFIRMARY MAN, M'UM!—AS 'TEND TO THE PATIENTS WITH THE SMALL P——"

*Lady Visitor (with a shriek).* "OH, GOOD GRACIOUS! LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!"

[*Tableau.*]

I really can't see that there's any just law

By which a poor Bear should be muzzled and hobbled.  
"Come, eat me! Come, eat me!" Now, who could resist  
Such a touching appeal? It looks awfully succulent,  
Old Leo's engaged, I've a terrible twist,  
I'll fall to—and a fig for my foes fierce and truculent!

### THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF.

If there is one offence which Persons in Authority object to more than another, it is that of Writing to the Papers—at least, when that insidious device is adopted by persons *under* Authority. The Great Panjandrums of Officialdom, of Monopoly, and of Trade would, if they had their will, no doubt make it a capital offence, without benefit of Clergy. As it is, they always resent it vehemently in public, and generally avenge themselves on the detected culprit in private.

Certain persons, malignant minions, no doubt, in the employ of the Civil Service Supply Association have lately been perpetrating this unpardonable sin. At the Annual General Meeting held at the City Terminus Hotel on Wednesday last, the Chairman, Mr. GEO. PEARSON, referred to their guilty deeds in the usual tone of solemn scorn (for the Press) and lofty indignation (against its anonymous and interested correspondents). When Titan Commerce "gives itself airs," the effect is very imposing. "The Shareholders," said the Chairman, with large finality, "are well aware that there is no ground for any charge against the Association of want of consideration in the treatment of its servants." One of the Shareholders, however, protested that he was not "aware" of this, which, indeed, was the very point at issue. This, though less imperial than the style of Mr. PANJANDRUM—we mean Mr. PEARSON—sounds at least somewhat pertinent.

Mr. HARDINGE moved—"That a Committee of ten Shareholders,

not Members of the Committee of Management, be appointed to inquire into the alleged grievances of the *employés*, and report to the next General Meeting thereupon." This again does not seem wildly unreasonable. But the Chairman thought it was "really too bad to renew an agitation after it had ceased." He did not say *why* ceased, whether from absence of solid foundation or impossibility of obtaining redress. The Meeting agreed with the Chairman, and Mr. HARDINGE's motion was lost.

And yet there was considerable show of reason about Mr. HARDINGE. He wanted the matter to be fairly inquired into, and the Association to be fully cleared from an unpleasant stigma. "Never," said he, "let it be said that the Shareholders of that Association were soulless and devoid of sympathy for their assistants, and cared for nothing but their dividends." Well, this *has* been said of the Shareholders of such Associations, and said with considerable emphasis. If it can be refuted, well and good. But it is not that easiest of Big Wow-wow devices, a lofty *Pumblechook*-like repudiation of peccability, which will satisfy the Public that such Associations are little paternally conducted Paradises for their multitudinous *employés*.

Mr. PUNCH makes this little friendly suggestion to whom it may concern, without—for the present—committing himself to an opinion as to the particular points here in dispute.

### A Serious Business.

THE Lady who contributed the following advertisement to the *Daily News* does not seem to be aware of the value of time in London.

**A**N AUTHORESS, who lives in France, WANTS a London Editor to TRANSLATE and PUBLISH three serious Writings.—Address, &c.

If we know anything of the work and worries of London Editors, we should say this want is not likely to be speedily supplied.

## OUR NEXT EXPEDITION;

OR, STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

*Extract from Government Despatch to British Unofficial Adviser to His Highness the Sheriff of Tongs-an-Pokar.*—In reply to your announcement that the Sheriff has dispatched a force of two thousand of the Retired Amazon Militia to seize the Death Swamps of Malaria, which you say contain five hundred thousand miles of territory and fifteen millions of the Cutthroatanees, it must be obvious to you that your connection with Her Majesty's Government forbids you to interfere in any way with His Highness, beyond urging upon him the necessity of reflection. You will immediately send back the Army of Occupation.

*Cipher Telegram from the British Unofficial Adviser to His Highness the Sheriff, &c., to the Government.*—The Retired Amazon Militia have been cut to pieces. The Cutthroatanees are advancing upon the capital. May we use the Army of Occupation for relief of garrisons and defence of country?

*Extract from Government Despatch to British Unofficial Adviser, &c.*—It will be obvious to you that your position will prevent you from holding out any hopes to the Sheriff of relief from England beyond cordial advice, which you will supply upon requisition. The Army of Occupation may, however, remain on condition that its services are purely honorary and nominal.

*Cipher Telegram from the British Unofficial Adviser, &c., to the Government.*—Ruin staring us in the face. Leader in London paper asking for war greatly approved.

*Cipher Telegram from Government to British Unofficial Adviser, &c.*—Imprison Sheriff. Disband his Army. Seize his treasury. Army of Occupation will carry this out. Further British force will take possession of additional country as soon as possible.

*Confidential Paper from Chief of Government to Secretary for War.*—How many troops are available for immediate service in Malaria?

*Reply.*—H.R.H. Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief says twenty Regiments of the Line. However, as the Battalions are rather under their strength, this will only give us three hundred men.

*Telegram from Cabinet Council to First Lord of Admiralty.*—Send immediately all the Marines to Malaria.

*Reply.*—All the Marines are being sent. Detachments are now being moved to the desired spot from Asia, Africa, and America.

*Telegram from Commander of British Troops, Malaria, to Chief of Government.*—Have now twenty Marines under my command. What am I to do with them?

*Confidential Paper from Chief of Government to Secretary for War.*—Enclose telegram from Malaria. Please answer. Despatch will oblige. Avoid friction with Admiralty. Marines, as they have been mounted, are distinctly military. Wire direct to Malaria.

*Reply.*—Commander of British Troops, Malaria, will do nothing until Senior Officer is selected for service. Probably the choice will fall upon Sir CHURCHILL HOWARD LENNOX, who, however, will not be able to start for Malaria until after the next Committee Meeting of the Senior United Service Club.

*Telegram from Commander of British Troops, Malaria, to Chief of Government.*—What is the object of our Expedition? Have now some more Marines, a Cavalry Regiment without horses, and a Battery of Artillery without guns. Think might make a dash with this force, and relieve Potluck.

*Reply.*—Do nothing until further orders.

*Telegram from Commander of British Forces, &c., to Chief of Government.*—Cutthroatanees advancing. Are we to retreat? Article in London paper, suggesting intervention, has made Malarian sovereigns (recently quoted at three-halfpence a-dozen) worth eight-and-sixpence each.

*Reply.*—Retreat! Certainly not. Take Potluck, relieve Bang, Whacker, and Tolderol.

*Telegram from Commander of British Forces, &c., to Chief of Government.*—Too late. Potluck blown up by rebels, Bang and Whacker surrounded, and Tolderol gone over to the enemy. Shall we come home?

*Reply (No. 1).*—Yes—immediately.

*Reply (No. 2).*—No—certainly not.

*Telegram from Commander of British Forces, &c., to Chief of Government.*—Please repeat orders. What are we to do?

*Reply.*—Why, something. Advance. Carry everything by storm. Lead lots of forlorn hopes. Surely you know your business. Have you all you want?

*Answer.*—Nearly all. Kindly send two thousand horses, six hundred elephants, twenty-nine camels, and seventeen hundred and ninety-eight thousand mules. When these arrive can move the Expeditionary Force of twelve hundred men nearly four miles. Should also like a billion rounds of ball-cartridges, as I have no ammunition. Kindly use despatch.

*Telegram from Cabinet Council to Commander of British Troops, &c.*—Your order attended to. Articles indented for will reach you in

the course of next year. May expect some of the mules in six months' time, and most of the elephants will reach you a few weeks later. Ammunition as soon as possible. In meanwhile have sent you sixteen transports containing plum-puddings, sabretaches, wool-len gloves, Highland bonnets, and sentry-boxes.

*Reply.*—Articles wired for urgently required. Shall I buy them here? Will cost now about a couple of hundred thousand. Will be dearer later. Please send a doctor if possible.

*Answer.*—No, mustn't think of buying anything on the spot. We can't afford it. Doctor impossible until after the next Army Medical Examination in August, when result of competition will be known, Six will then be sent—if necessary.

*Telegram from Commander, Malaria, to Government, London.*—Crisis acute. What shall I do?

*Reply.*—Anything you like. Money no object. Get out of it as best you can. Please use despatch.

*Telegram from Commander of British Troops, &c., to Cabinet Council.*—Glad to say that force under my command have won twenty-seven pitched battles and conquered the entire country. All is tranquil. Meantime affair may prove expensive. Probably will cost about eighteen millions. By the way, what shall I do with Malaria?

*Reply.*—Thanks! Come home. Never mind Malaria.

*Endorsement of Mr. Tenterfour (Government Clerk) on the above papers before "putting them away" for an indefinite period.*—"This parcel to be pigeon-holed with the bundles about the Crimea, Maiwand, Isandula, and Majuba Hill."

## TALK FOR LONDON.

*Paterfamilias.* Do you think that if I gave the local Policeman half-a-crown a week (in addition to the pay which he gets from Government), a good dinner on Sunday, and a glass of hot brandy-and-water every night, he would be disposed to give an eye to that particularly lonely common which I have to pass about one o'clock every morning?

*Materfamilias.* As you are likely, dear, to be late home after the theatre to-night, would you like to take the six-chambered revolver, the patent electric rattle, or the bull-dog with you?

I hope you will like the new gardener we have got, love. I engaged him because he says he knows how to drag ponds and reservoirs, and I thought he might be useful in case you failed to return home at your usual hour.

*The Head of the Firm.* So Mr. SMITH has not been down to the office this morning. Dear me! I wonder whether we ought to communicate with Scotland Yard, or the undertaker, first?

*Sir William Harcourt.* One of the Policemen in the Stoke Newington Tragedy—in which a young man was first robbed, then strangled, and his body thrown into a reservoir, the murderers escaping scot-free with eight pounds and a gold chain—stated "he didn't see any suspicious characters" about that night, although a Gentleman and Lady *did* see a couple, at two different hours of the evening. What plan can be devised for making the Police themselves rather more "suspicious characters" than they seem to be at present?

Another Policeman said he "doubled" the road once every hour, i.e., walked up one side, and down the other—no doubt with the characteristic and heavy "tramp, tramp," the meaning of which must be obvious to the meanest homicidal capacity.

HOWARD VINCENT says London is the safest capital in Europe. What delightful places of residence Paris and Vienna must be, then!

If a few more brutal murders go undetected, won't it be necessary, instead of the Policemen "doubling" the streets, for the Government to double the Policemen?

## Earthquakes for the Million.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "An Earthquake Observatory is being started in Japan by Professor MILNE of the Imperial Engineering College in Tokio." It is too far for us to go to Tokio, even to observe earthquakes, therefore we are glad to be able to state that Professor TOOLE has started an Observatory in King William Street, where the luxury of an earthquake is brought within the reach of all classes, and may be observed every evening until further notice.

A FRIEND was reading out to Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM a paragraph from the *Tablet* about the number of Cardinals now in existence, and when she came to the statement "that to this number" (fifty-six) "must be added one Cardinal reserved in *Petto* (Dec. 13, 1880),"—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM exclaimed, "Dear me, how cruel! I hope they feed him regularly. But what could he have done to be looked up all that time?"

## PITY THE POOR BALL!

THE following thrilling Letters, as a further contribution to the newspaper correspondence on the subject of "the merits of Football as a national game," will be read with some eagerness by nervous mothers, surgical instrument makers, and all those who have of late been watching the course of this entertaining controversy with anxiety and interest:—

SIR,—I have read the letter of your Correspondent who signs himself "ONE WHO HAS HITHERTO RECEIVED MANY MORE KICKS THAN HALFPENCE," and I can only say, that he appears to me thoroughly to have deserved all that he has got for his pains. To go into this fine manly game padded with "a feather-bolster strapped firmly to the front of each leg, from the ankle to the hip" (*sic*), is enough to rouse the ire of any old "back" alive; and, speaking for myself, I should certainly, as the rest of the opposing team seem to have done, have left the ball alone, and, if possible, have set your Correspondent himself spinning in all directions across the ground. The sooner such players are kicked fairly home, the better it will be for those who, like your obedient servant, is happy to subscribe himself,

FIFTEEN STONE IN HIS BOOTS.

SIR,—My reply to the stupid, bloodthirsty, and ribald rejoinder of a "RAW RUGBY RECRUIT" is the following extract, cut from the Sporting Intelligence column of a provincial paper. It speaks for itself:—

GORHAM ATHLETIC CLUB *v.* LIMPING ROVERS.—These Rugby Union teams met yesterday in the Club grounds. The turf was extremely heavy, but this did not interfere with the fast and furious play that was naturally looked for by the respective backers of these two celebrated "mauling" lots. There was a large attendance on the grounds, and the Hospital Tent, with its cheery surgical trappings added materially to the liveliness of the scene. The Club having lost the toss, sent the ball cleverly rolling towards the ditch, where a little scrimmage occurring, their opponents, who had a few legs broken in the set-off, were forced to touch down five-and-twenty times running in self-defence. After this, positions were slightly reversed, and BROWN, making a clever run with the ball to the opposite end of the field, a rather hot "maul" followed, in which both teams, amid the sound of tearing flesh, cracking ribs, and dislocated joints, rolled over and over rather heavily towards the near goal, under the impression they were taking the ball along with them. JONES, creeping out of the struggling holocaust, now nearly gained a try for the Rovers, but was quickly tackled by ROBINSON and JENKINS, who, by some excellent free play, managed to fracture his jaw and break one of his ankles, and so give the Club a good chance. Although the match was then stubbornly contested by what was left of the contending teams, "no side" was called, and the Hospital Tent being full, and the Ball reduced to an unrecognisable pulp, the game was declared drawn.

Upon this picture, so familiar to all who are in the habit of witnessing what is termed "a game at Football," I make no comment. But I ask, Sir, in the name of all that is English, whether such an account as the above is pleasant reading for one who, like myself, has sent all his boys in turn to a great Public School, with the injunction to each "to be manly," and has now, as a consequence, much to his annoyance, to subscribe himself permanently,

THE FATHER OF FIVE ON CRUTCHES.

SIR,—I am one of those who, though wishing earnestly to see our great national pastimes kept up, would not only not suffer them to degenerate into a degrading and brutal carnage, but even free them from the reproach of that rough and rude horse-play, which, while it inflicts serious mischief on the delicately organised *physique* of the highly strung and timid, debases the moral nature of those who have any share or part in its pursuit. Football, as I understand it, should be played not with the foot at all, but by the hand. Satin tights and dancing-pumps should take the place of savage stockings and hangman's boots, while the ball itself should no longer be a horrid and pachydermatous inflated monstrosity, but a light, airy, gaily-coloured, and scented bladder, which the touch of a beautifully gloved hand should propel above the heads of the tripping teams beneath. No struggle, no rush, no "maul" should desecrate the elegant game, from which even a chance contact should eject the clumsy and ill-mannered player. I have seen football, *real football*, of this kind, played with grace and *élán* by the students of the Lycées, in the South of France, and I can testify to the genuine amusement, interest, and astonishment with which, only the other day, I noted that a Rugby boy, who happened to be looking on at one of these harmless contests, appeared to be regarding the game. Trusting that, by the publication of this letter, you will help to induce our great Football Clubs to reform their rules, and so purge and improve a great national pastime,

I am, your obedient Servant,

ROBUSTUS.

SIR,—There's a good deal, it seems to me, to be said, specially as regards the Rugby game, on both sides of the question; but, meantime, isn't it possible to devise a set of rules that shall just hit the right nail on the head, and give a fellow a free chance of a fine bit of healthy and hearty outdoor exercise, without obliging him to run the risk even of a badly-damaged rib? A little more skill, Sir, and a little less of sheer brute-force? At least, that is about what seems to be wanted to set matters quite square, and make them satisfy

COMMON SENSE.

## SALVINI.

To show the living shapes our SHAKESPEARE drew  
In the large spirit of the Master—this  
Is triumph. Even envy's little hiss  
Is silent; and the simple courtesy due  
To Genius as a guest becomes in sooth  
Warm and admiring tribute in the mouth  
Of friends assured. He brings us from the South  
A fiery energy and massive truth  
Unmatched, and with sonorous strength draws forth  
Impetuous welcome from our chillier North.

## A Wandering Minstrel.

THE Moore and Burgess Minstrels are usually supposed to "never perform out of London." Their leading spirit, however, performed the other day at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, when Mr. G. W. MOORE came off the victor in a walking-match with Mr. ALFRED STEEL. The latter gentleman was unable to steal a march on his opponent. Mr. MOORE used his muscles as skilfully and as persistently as he plies his bones at St. James's Hall, and won by two laps and eighty yards, amid enthusiastic shouts of "The Moore the merrier!" and "Vive le Moore!" A large number of Burgesses attended in their gowns and chains of office.

MR. HENRY IRVING has been elected a member of the Reform Club. It was said he intended standing for Parliament. Had he not telegraphed to contradict the report, he would have, of course, represented one of the Tower Hamlets.

OUR EGYPTIAN POLICY (*Latest Edition*).—Egypt for the English.

## A CAUTION TO CHURCH-GOERS DURING LENT.



ENTRANCE.



Our Artist went to the Afternoon Service at the Abbey the other day, and reverently placed his Lincoln-and-Bennett under the seat.



In the middle of the service, the Gentleman behind suddenly remembered an engagement, and, in a moment of *thoughtlessness*, took our Artist's hat, leaving his own in exchange.



EXIT.





## DON'T!"

ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T FAMILIARLY ACCOST MRS. MOWBRAY MONTRESSOR (TO WHOM YOU ARE A STRANGER), AND THEN EXCUSE YOURSELF ON THE PLEA THAT YOU MISTOOK HER FOR HER SISTER, MRS. MELBURY PAUNCEFOTE. YOU WILL NOT BE WELL RECEIVED, SNOOKSON, MY BOY!

DON'T HESITATE TO ADDRESS MRS. MELBURY PAUNCEFOTE, IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO MEET HER, WITH THE APOLOGY THAT YOU ARE ALWAYS MISTAKING HER FOR MRS. MOWBRAY MONTRESSOR. THE INTRODUCTION MAY NOT BE QUITE REGULAR, BUT YOU WILL MAKE A FRIEND.

## ECHOES FROM THE THAMES OF THE FUTURE.

CAN it be true that the Express Boats of the new "Grand American Palace Steamboat Company (Unlimited)" now run from Chelsea Pier to London Bridge in a quarter of an hour?

Did I understand you to say that each vessel was fitted with the Electric Light, Turkish Baths, Billiard Saloons, Stewards and Stewardesses, several first-rate Cooks, and one of the Queen's Physicians in Ordinary as Ship's Doctor?

Ah! Then these sixpenny tickets do really allow me a cushioned seat on the hurricane deck, a trip to Gravesend and back, unlimited provisions *en route*, and a choice of a stall in any London theatre.

As all the Metropolitan bridges have been elevated on to cast-iron cylinders a hundred feet high, in order to afford room for the new "smokestacks" to pass underneath, the scenery on the banks of the Thames is hardly so picturesque as it used to be.

Is it possible that the smoking of vile tobacco is now absolutely prohibited on board, and that Champagne and Apollinaris Water are the only beverages served at the Refreshment Bars in the Steerage?

I see in this morning's paper that the twenty-five Directors of the Palace Steamboat Company who have seats in Parliament are expected to offer a vigorous opposition to the Government Bill, which exacts compensation from the Company for every person (over the number of six) swamped in pleasure-boats through the wash of the steamers.

It is regrettable that the Underground Railway should have ceased to run trains from Westminster to the Mansion House now that the grandest waterway in Europe, close to its finest thoroughfare, has been really opened up for passenger traffic.

## FOES AND FRIENDS.

Who with the shock of thunderous murder trusts  
To shake us from our purpose? Miscreant fools!  
The State shall find an armour 'gainst the thrusts  
Of all the Assassins whom late Science schools  
In hellish arts of horror, ruthless, base,  
And blindly indiscriminate. May we not  
Trust firmly to far scions of our race,  
Whom the seas part from us but sever not,  
For all such aid, in our most righteous task,  
As just respect may give and honour ask?

## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that, now that he has re-entered the House of Commons, Mr. MARRIOTT, the ex-Liberal-Conservative, will join the Fourth Party, upon the distinct understanding, that when the discreet and experienced Leader of that important though not numerous body is summoned to Her MAJESTY, in order to form an administration, the late Liberal Member for Brighton will be offered the office of Lord High Chancellor, and will take the title of Lord WEATHERCOCK, and will have for his motto, "How happy could I be with either."

We are unable to guarantee the truth of the report that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, anxious to furnish Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL with the opportunity he so greatly desires, of testing the opinions of the Electors of Birmingham, has determined to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and thus afford his constituents the opportunity of choosing between the two.

REST WITH HONOUR (*List of Severely Wounded, March 1, 1884*).—  
VALENTINE BAKER.

THE COVENT GARDEN EXPLOSION.—Possibly in anticipation of the  
5th of November—at any rate connected with a GYE.





“DISTRACTION!!”

NURSE. “LOR’, MASTER JOHNNIE, DON’T GO WORRITTING YERSELF OVER THAT ‘EGYPTIAN PUZZLE’!  
JUST SEE WHAT A NICE LITTLE PRESENT I’VE BROUGHT YOU!!”





## WANT OF FINISH.

"I SHALL REALLY HAVE TO PART WITH YOU, SUSAN. YOU'RE SO SKETCHY IN YOUR DUSTING!"

## PRINTING PRESS-URE.

SCENE—A Cabinet Council in Downing Street.

*First Lord of the Treasury* (speaking from under a pile of periodicals). Now that we have disposed of the principal business that has come before us—

*President of the Board of Trade*. With the assistance of the morning journals.

*First Lord of the Treasury*. Thank you, JOSEPH—as you say, with the assistance of the morning journals—we can turn our attention to minor matters. I think, HARTINGTON, you said that you wished to change the colour of the uniform of the Army from red to grey?

*Secretary for War*. Well, yes, I did. Fact was I thought that drab would be more serviceable and less observed by the enemy than scarlet. But have changed my mind. Fact is the *Rag Register* and *Military Observer* says changing colour from red will send the Service to the—

*First Lord of the Treasury* (interrupting). Hem! And you, SPENCER, didn't you say something at our last meeting about allowing your poor Irishmen to purchase potato-seed at less than cost price?

*Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*. Yes, I did. (Regretfully.) And really the idea (which was very popular on the other side of the Channel) seemed feasible enough. We were to get our potato-seed from the Colonies at an enormous reduction. However, I had to change my mind—that influential weekly, the *Covent Gardener*, objected to the scheme on the score that it would clash with the interests of some West-End Tradesmen.

*First Lord of the Treasury* (convinced). Dear, dear, that seems a pity! (After a pause.) But I suppose we must bow to the wishes of the Press! Then, NORTH-BROOK, what was it that you were saying about electric torpedo-boats?

*First Lord of the Admiralty* (with resignation). Oh, nothing! I had to abandon the idea because the *Man-o'-War* and *Navy Protector* threw cold water upon it.

*First Lord of the Treasury* (encouragingly). Well, well, we must remember that the Fourth Estate is—in fact, the Fourth Estate! Then, how about the other notions? (A silence.) I distinctly remember that you all had ideas. Now, tell me—What are you waiting for? Have you to consult anybody?

*Chorus of Ministers* (with wonderful unanimity). Yes—the papers! (Scene closes in upon—Governmental Responsibility and Real Statesmanship.)

## GIRL GYMNASTS.

[Dr. FRANCIS HOGGAN writes to the *Standard* strongly advocating gymnastics for girls.]

LET the Ladies learn gymnastics, if they please, as well as men, Alternating feats athletic with the pencil and the pen; They'll improve too pale complexions, and their eyes will shine as stars,

After practice on the ladders and the horizontal bars.

Rounded shoulders, slouching gait, and also haply crooked spines, By gymnastic exercises shall grow straight as mountain pines; Let the girls then learn athletics who in Town are apt to droop, Careful drill will make them upright and eradicate the stoop.

We should educate the muscles as we ever try to train, By severe examinations, many a weary little brain; We'll improve the dainty *deltoid* and the *flexors* of the arm, While the shapely *gastrocnemii* shall obtain an added charm.

Muscular shall be our children as the heroines of READE, And like SCOTT's moss-trooper hero, they shall all be "good at need;" Having taken boxing lessons, ill-used wives will turn like worms, While the brutal British husband pusillanimously "squirms."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was very much troubled about her Nephew at College. "I am very much afraid," she said, "that he is not seriously studying, as he writes to say that his whole time is given to working out Comic Sections."

"MR. WILLING'S CHOIR."—Till he read of its giving a Concert at St. James's Hall, Mr. P. SIMPLE thought that "WILLING'S Quire" consisted of twenty-four sheet bill-posters.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE trait that seems to us to be the most prominent in Her Gracious MAJESTY'S Book is the Tea-tray. The Royal Party seems to have been a perpetual Royal Tea-party.

"THE QUEEN'S Pages"—those in her recent Volume.

HOPE SCOTT'S Memoirs are most interesting; but, just as in Her Gracious MAJESTY'S Notes, where, what the public would most like to learn is omitted, thus making the entire volume little more than a developed Court Circular, so, here, just the very turning-point of HOPE SCOTT'S career is passed over, not in silence, but with an irritatingly mysterious reference. The biographer says (p. 86, Vol. I.), "He sustained a great disappointment, which led to his giving up all idea of adopting the clerical life. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars." The interested public also "sustain a great disappointment" by this provoking kind of reticence, which says too much without telling us enough. We are thinking of trying a few biographies of eminent individuals on this irritating plan.

THE Bishop of ST. ALBAN'S conduct in the case of old Mr. HOBSON was rather *trop* "Fort." The Bishop and Mr. FORT had to be informed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that Mr. HOBSON had married his Deceased Wife's Sister previous to the passing of Lord LYNDEHURST'S Act, and that, therefore, the Bishop and the Vicar had no legal, and, for that matter, no moral right, to object to "HOBSON'S Choice." The sooner Lord LYNDEHURST'S unnecessary Act is repealed the better.

LITERATURE is looking up. Her Gracious Majesty Queen VICTORIA is a popular Authoress, and His Holiness POPE LEO THE THIRTEENTH is a publishing Poet. Of course he is not the first Pope who has been a Poet. We had an English one.

### THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

THE satisfactory position that the Stage occupies with regard to Society, in contrast to its standing in that respect years ago, has lately been a matter of frequent comment. Therefore we view with surprise the following Advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

**STAGE.—A LADY**, of good social position, REQUIRED, to join eminent Actor in grand West-End Matinée. Leading Artists. Exceptional opportunity.

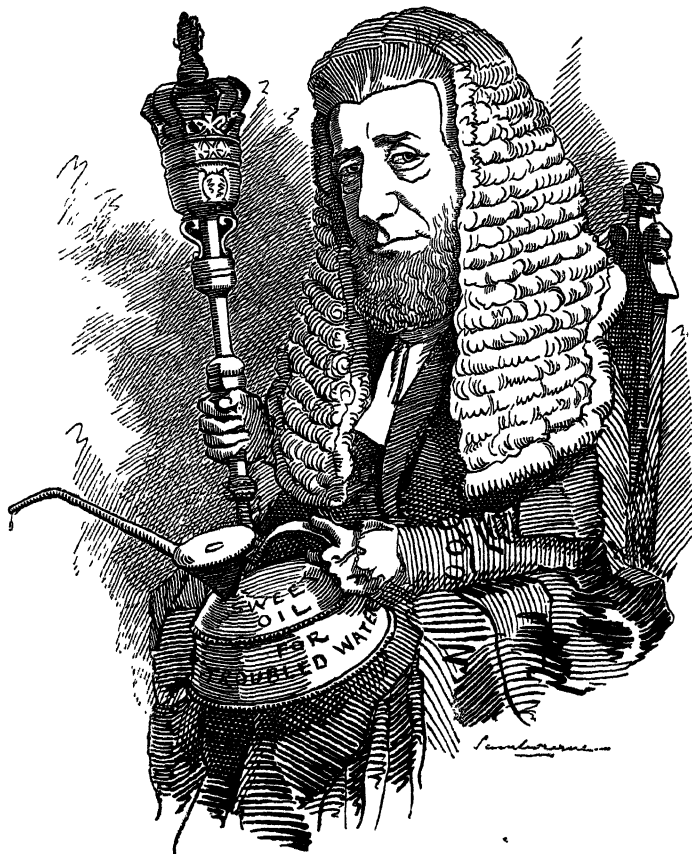
It would appear from this that the Stage and Society are hardly as much in accord as we should have imagined. The Advertisement is scarcely clear, and we are unable to tell what part the "Lady of good position" is to fill. Is she to appear on the Stage, or is she simply to be a patroness of the entertainment? If the former, we tremble. We may shortly expect to see in the *Era* :—

**TO the ARISTOCRACY.—** WANTED, a few Duchesses, or Peeresses in their own Right, to combine leading business with general utility.

A LEARNED French writer, equally trustworthy as theologian and geologist, has recently advanced as a proof of the partiality of the Deluge, that the Negro race are without any tradition of their ever having been washed.

**PAWNBROKERS' HOLIDAY TIME.**—Lent.

### PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 175.



THE COURT OF A. PEEL,

A SPEAKER ELECTED BY GENERAL CONSENT, IN FACT, WITHOUT "WORDS."

### ASSAULT ON AN ALDERMAN.

THE days of Table-turning are well nigh past, but when Swords begin to show signs of animation, things look dangerous. The Sword of Justice, which is suspended behind the bench of the Recorder and Aldermen, at the Central Criminal Court, the other day fell upon the head of Mr. Alderman DE KUYSER. It is to be hoped that this Sword will conduct itself better for the future, and will not feel compelled to terrorise the Aldermen by weighty arguments and cutting remarks. The Mace in the House of Commons must have heard things enough to make it tremble during the last few years, but it has preserved a dignified composure, and has never rattled about the heads of the Irish Members, or attempted to give Mr. BRADLAUGH an admonitory tap. Justice is blind, but that is no reason that it should damage the head of an inoffensive Alderman with its Sword. Let us hope the LORD MAYOR will see to this at once.

### Something in a Name, after all!

THE Theatre in Leicester Square that was to have been called the Pandora, subsequently the Phoenix, and afterwards the Queen's, is now to be christened the Empire. This title augurs well for its success, if we bear in mind a proverb at one time popular in Paris—" *L'Empire c'est la pay* "!

### THE OLD AND THE NEW STAGER; OR, COACHING THE COACHMAN.

*Old Stager, loquitur :—*

THERE, take the whip! I've tooled for the last time  
The old St. Stephen's Coach. A many journeys  
I've taken her when I was in my prime.

Those mounted knights who tilted in old tourneys  
Had need of skill in handling horses; yes,  
But he who'd drive this team without a blunder,  
Will want as much, and maybe more, I guess.

Will you succeed, I wonder?

'Twould need less tact to drive a Roman chariot,  
Or—say—conciliate CHAMBERLAIN and MARRIOTT.

An awkward team! Plenty of pace and fire,  
But, to command and keep them well together,  
The steadiest nerve and strongest wrist will tire.

The Sun-god held his flaming steeds in tether,  
But they were all well matched, I make no doubt,  
While these,—well, take a look at them! They're trying!  
Near leader's rather hot, though swift and stout;  
Off-wheeler's given to shying,  
Whilst that young bay you'll find a little randy,  
With rather more of "devil" than comes handy.

Bless you, I've had some rasps, in my day,  
Close shaves, and narrow squeaks. They're not improving.  
Sometimes they're half inclined to run away,  
Sometimes you'll have your work to keep them moving.  
That Irish horse would spoil the smartest team,  
And tax the smartest driver; jibs like winking,

Well, well, of my old seat I'll often dream.

For you—well, mind, no shrinking!  
Keep a tight rein, use that new break with pluck, lad;  
Don't spare the whip when wanted—and, here's luck, lad!

### THE FRINGE OF GENTILITY.

MR. PUNCH, who is very particular with regard to the costume of his Parlour-maids, would not for a moment presume to interfere with his Cook. As long as his dinner is well cooked and punctuality observed, his Cook may wear a scarlet gown if she pleases, and her hair in ringlets. Other people evidently do not take so liberal a view of such matters, if we may judge from the following, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A LADY requires good PLAIN COOK, for small family. Good personal character necessary. Wages £18, all found but beer. No fringe.—Apply this evening, five to nine.

It is possible to imagine followers being prohibited, but we fail to understand, if the Cook derives sweet consolation from a fringe, why she should not be permitted to indulge therein. Fancy, if this Lady compels the Cook she engages to abolish her fringe, what revenge may follow. There is no member of a household so capable of making everyone of the family so miserable as the Cook, if she gives her mind to it. ALEXIS SOYER used to say that the Cook of a Cabinet Minister was a far more important official than his master, and no doubt a cook, ruthlessly deprived of her pet adornment would speedily avenge the injury in a series of the very worst dinners ever devised. It is plain that the above-mentioned Advertiser considers a good plain Cook cannot be too plain.

"CALLED BAC."—New book descriptive of the Game of Baccarat, by a Member of the Park Club.



## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 25.—The SPEAKER going! GLADSTONE moves Vote of Thanks for twelve years' hard labour; seconded by STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Phrases not quite so well rounded as those of Grand Old Sentence-maker. But STAFFORD's kind heart evidently really touched at approaching separation. PARNELL rises, and whilst expressing profoundest esteem for SPEAKER, accuses him of having abused his high office.

"Couldn't help it, TOBY," he said, when I met him after. "If I hadn't done it, some of the boys would. JOSEPH GILLIS hinted that he had ready an oration suitable for occasion. HEALY would have done it with pleasure. No: there was no trouble about Tin Pot. He does as I bid him, howls to order, and oos's to command. Others meant business. Thought I'd better do it myself; but can tell you I didn't like it."

The SPEAKER going! Lord HENRY LENNOX with his trousers (inadequately short to begin with) turned up, and a new coat on, fresh from the Boys' Clothing Establishment, unexpectedly appears. "Imay look young," he says, "but that's art, good-temper, and domestic felicity. Reely, I'm past forty. Have indeed been thirty-eight years in the House. Feel bound to give the SPEAKER my blessing."

Mr. NEWDEGATE couldn't hear this comparative juvenile posing without concern. "Been here forty years," he says, in forlorn tones. "Forty years of Melancholy look down upon you, Mr. SPEAKER, and bless you."

"Had him there," said NEWDEGATE, in an aside to Sir WALTER BARTHELOTT. "LENNOX always growing. Didn't think I was here."

SPEAKER going! Hardly had murmur ceased when a wizened old Gentleman, with grey hair unbrushed and one hand in pocket, surveyed the House through pair of horn spectacles.

"Fifty years I have been here," Mr. GREGORY said.

"Now's your time, Colonel," said DICK POWER, nudging the O'GORMAN MAKON dozing below the Gangway. "You've been here eighty years, or is it hundred-and-twenty? Go it, old boy! Don't let Ireland be beaten. Up and at 'em!"

"Bedad, I think you're right," said the old Amphibious Warrior, who had been listening with hand to ear. "That whiskey they sell here is, as you say, scarcely worth drinking. But I'll try a drop with a lemon in it," and he went out.

The SPEAKER going! One last Motion of Adjournment at Question Time thoughtfully provided by LABBY. Debate on Grand Committees turned into Irish discussion. Then for the last time Sir HENRY BRAND puts the question—"That the House do now

adjourn." Members throng round the Chair to shake hands. The last passes by; the lights are put out; wig and gown cast aside, and the SPEAKER is Gone! *Business done.*—Resignation of SPEAKER.

Tuesday.—New SPEAKER elected. WHITEBREAD proposed him in speech full of that ponderous wisdom and imposing goody-goodyness which have earned for him curiously high place in estimation of House.

"I am getting old now," said RANDOLPH. "Not so old, of course, as LENNOX, nor nearly so old as NEWDEGATE, nor half so old as GREGORY. Still, years pass by. Should like before I die to hear WHITEBREAD pronounce the word 'Mesopotamia.' How thrice blessed it would seem uttered in his voice, with his manner!"

"He always strikes me," said young BALFOUR, "as being the Captain Bunsby of the House."

RATHBONE little overweighted with responsibility of position. Got up nice little speech; learned it off by heart; recited it without mistake driving down to the House; and now, when he rises and sees crowded House, whole thing, as he subsequently explained in domestic circle, "got upside down like." Peroration persistently pressed for first place. The middle got out of perspective, and the opening sentences nowhere to be found. Haven't often seen such spectacle of piteous misery as RATHBONE groping about his speech.

"Wish I could get him to sit to FRANK HOLL as model for picture, 'Good Man Fighting with Adversity,'" says AGNEW. "Splendid subject!"

SPEAKER-Elect took House by surprise. Always thought him awkward man who couldn't make speech without keeping a firm grip of his holding on the table, and then stumbled along in awkward fashion. His speech to-night dignified, bold, and touched with true spirit of his high office. "PEEL will do," was the emphatic verdict of both sides of the House when he resumed his seat.

Sir ROBERT PEEL surveyed the scene from the Gallery. "Wish I'd been the good boy of the family!" he murmured. "Might have been Speaker myself. However, think I've managed pretty well. ARTHUR goes with the Liberals, and gets Speakership in family. I go with the Tories, and RANDOLPH has promised to take me up."

*Business done.*—New SPEAKER elected.

Wednesday.—House of Lords met to-day to conclude ceremony of election of SPEAKER.

"Can't stand much more of this," said Lord REDSDALE, trying to wipe his brow with end of white neckcloth. "Worked to death. We'll be having Saturday sittings shortly. It's all GLADSTONE."

"I like it," said Lord WEMYSS. "The more meetings the more opportunities for me to make speech or two. Don't know why LORD CHANCELLOR should have all the talking to-day. Think I could say a few words that the Commons at the Bar would like to hear. Always a favourite with them."



"A chattering cockatoo," growled REDESDALE, in his most guttural tones, "full of Wemyss and fancies."

"He certainly 'fancies' WEMYSS," said Lord GRANVILLE, sweetly, trying to turn an awkward conversation aside with a little joke.

New SPEAKER now installed in Chair. Looks very well in wig and gown, except that wig a little too large for him. "Yes, I know," he glumly said, when I hinted at the little peculiarity: "took it over from BRAND at a discount. Says wigs always *are* too big at first, but shrink in time amid heat of debate. Says it was just the same with him. Wig never really fitted him till he stopped the Irish Debate a year or two ago. Suppose it's all right, but it certainly feels a little floppy."

ANDERSON'S Cruelty to Animals Bill on again for Second Reading. Time, after five o'clock. A near run to get it through before quarter to six. ANDERSON makes no speech. HARCOURT supports Bill in three sentences. MILBANK hotly in favour of measure, rises to support it. Begins to relate sporting reminiscences. Surprised at a quarter to six to find he's talked Bill out. Goes out back way so as not to meet ANDERSON. *Business done.*—New SPEAKER puts on wig and gown.

Thursday.—Another field night in House of Commons. Benches crowded; galleries full. Lord SHERBROOKE peering from amongst other Peers over the clock, thinking of times when he sat below the Gangway, and had something to say about Reform Bill. Discovers BRIGHT in familiar corner seat, and GLADSTONE in old place on Treasury Bench, older in the face, balder as to the head, but erect as ever; as full of energy and go as when BOBBY LOWE did battle with him across the Gangway. "All unchanged but me," the retired Gladiator murmured. "Wish I'd had TENNYSON'S good luck; lost my robes, and never sank into obscurity of House of Lords."

RANDOLPH in fine form. Nothing could exceed the power and poetry of his imagery.

"Is this a time to bring in Reform Bills," he cried, frowning upon Mr. GLADSTONE, "when Railway Stations are flying into the air all around us, when our Cattle are dying by the hundred thousand, and our Expenditure is going up Millions and Millions a-day?"

Curious to note how instinctively Members looked up as these powerful and solemnly-spoken words fell on their ears.

"The Angel of Death is abroad in the land," Mr. BRIGHT said, on the eve of a great war thirty years ago. "You can almost hear the beating of his wings."

As men then sat holding their breath and listening, for peradventure they might hear the weird rustling, now all looked up as if they expected to see bricks and mortar, return tickets, fragments of station-masters, torn time-tables, and loose change darkening the air. Such is the force of oratory.

GLADSTONE knocked off his speech of an hour and three-quarters with ease. Didn't even bring down with him the pomatum pot. A glass of water sparingly sipped stood for all refreshment. Great joy amongst Irish Members, who were afraid their numbers would be reduced on redistribution of seats. Had all agreed to sacrifice O'DONNELL, but here unanimity ended. At Private Meeting of party, ballot taken to decide who should go. Each Member named two. O'DONNELL's name on thirty-four papers; the rest among them swept away the whole Party.

Scotch Members also sedately content. First effect of promised addition to representation was seen at nine o'clock, when W. E. G. gone away to dinner. Sir GEORGE BALFOUR appropriates PREMIER'S seat on Treasury Bench. *Business done.*—Reform Bill introduced.

Friday.—Always regret that DARWIN didn't know our JOSEPH GILLIS. Feel sure he would have mentioned him in his great work. JOSEPH has recently developed new oratorical gesture of great effect. As he denounces what he calls "the Goovernment" he puts long lean hand on side of neck by ear, slowly rubbing and pecking himself. At Monkey Temple at Benares remember a gigantic Monkey swinging on branch of Tamarind Tree, addressed few words to me with precisely that gesture. JOSEPH quite himself to-night. Likens Mr. TREVELYAN and TUXE to Long Firm, and genially accuses them of fraud! *Business done.*—Some Votes in Supply.



Wrapped Up in his Bill.

## THE DARKNESS OF A FIRST NIGHT.

HONOURABLE SIR,

LAST week you were good enough to insert a few lines from my pen, and I venture to hope that you will again extend the same courtesy to me. That is a nicely-rounded sentence, which I trust will square you. The other evening, having a little spare time (as the saying is) on my hands, and a little spare cash in my pocket, I resolved on visiting the Pit of a Theatre. I may remark, that I am not a constant playgoer, and that, being a widower, I much prefer, when I do patronise the Stage, to witness the lighter forms of entertainment offered to us by the jollier form of Manager. I accordingly wended my way to the Nimbus Theatre, and after some necessary squeezing (during which exercise I was carried off my legs, and someone else carried off my umbrella), I found myself in the front row of seats. The Private Boxes and Stalls seemed unusually full, and I could not help commenting on this fact to my right-hand neighbour, a young gentleman who leant over the front rail and surveyed the house with a most supercilious aspect.

"Of course it is," he replied. "It's a fust night."

"A first night," I said. "What's that?"

"Oh! come I say," he sniggered, "that's laying it on thick!" I again protested my ignorance. "Well, look here," he said, pointing to the playbill, "it's the fust night of the new Comic Opera, *The Green Goblin*. You'll see some fun presently. Won't he, 'ARRY?" he continued, nudging a sandy youth, who was engaged in reading an evening paper.

"Rather!" returned the other, "rather,—if this bloomin' perduction don't get the bird, my name's not 'ENERY 'OPKINS."

I was about to inquire to what particular bird he referred, and how it was connected with the piece, when the overture began, and I concluded in my own mind that the biped was probably a character in the play.

Halfway through the First Act a hitch occurred, caused by two of the Actors forgetting their lines. With the greatest presence of mind my two young friends immediately shouted "Prompter!" and that official must have heard the call, as his voice was distinctly heard proceeding from the side of the stage. My neighbours rewarded his readiness with loud applause and cries of "Brayvo!" and, indeed, when the Curtain fell on the Act, they again yelled "Prompter!" with such persistence as to lead me to the belief that they were personal friends of his. During the *entr'acte*, 'ENERY confided to his friend (whose godfathers and godmothers were presumably responsible for his appellation of 'ARRY) that the "guying would soon begin."

"Anything to do with *Guy Fawkes*?" I ventured to inquire.

"Rather!" said 'ENERY, with a grin. "We finds the forks, and the knife too. 'Ow's that for 'igh?"

"Good!" said 'ARRY. "Old WAGGLETHORPE" (the Author of the Piece) "isn't in it with you."

I was still mystified. During the progress of the next Act I was astounded to perceive that whereas many of the audience rolled about with laughter, and cracked their sides at the very simplest jest or the very mildest dance, and accentuated their approval with violent clappings of the hands, others, doubtless dissatisfied with these sycophants, expressed their disapproval with violent sibilations. Among the malcontents were my neighbours, who further supplemented their hissing with cries of "Yah!" At the end of Act II. they again shouted for their friend the Prompter, who did not, however, appear.

As Act III. went on, the demonstrations on the part of the sycophants and their opponents increased, and after the *finale* had been sung, their clamour rose to fever-heat. The Actors and Actresses (including those who had forgotten their parts) were generously and, indeed, enthusiastically received when they paraded before the Curtain. Then 'ENERY and 'ARRY (evidently friends of the Playwright as well as of the Prompter) raised mighty yells of "Hanthor! Hanthor!" and most vigorously brought the palms of their hands together. I liberally seconded their efforts, for I confess that I had thoroughly enjoyed the quips and conceits of the Opera. Presently Mr. WAGGLETHORPE'S graceful form appeared between the footlights and the "rag" (as I heard 'ENERY call the Curtain); but scarcely had his nose emerged from behind the proscenium when a most discordant Babel of sound arose from the Pitiates, and descended from their superiors in the Gallery. It was a mixture of cheering, howling, and the voice of the serpent. I looked at 'ENERY and 'ARRY to see how they would take this behaviour. Would you believe it, Sir, they were *emulating the goose with their mouths, and clapping with their hands!* What did their conduct mean?

When Mr. WAGGLETHORPE had retired, I overheard 'ARRY remark, "We baited 'im fairly that time, old boy." Then both roared with delight. I have dreamt of these events all night, and I have puzzled over them all day. My brain is incapable to solve the conundrum. If you have a spark of charity in your nature, do please explain the mystery and oblige

Yours distractedly, DIONYSIUS JONES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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### ANNALS OF A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.

*Lady Visitor.* "OH, THAT'S YOUR DOCTOR, IS IT? WHAT SORT OF A DOCTOR, IS HE?"

*Lady Resident.* "OH, WELL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIS ABILITY; BUT HE'S GOT A VERY GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER!"

### A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS!

WHEN the sand of the lonely desert has covered the plains of strife,  
Where the English fought for the rescue, and the Arab stood for his life;  
When the crash of the battle is over, and healed are our wounds and scars,  
There will live in our island story a Tale of the Tenth Hussars!

They had charged in the grand old fashion with furious shout and swoop,  
With a "Follow me, Lads!" from the Colonel, and an answering roar from the troop;

On the Staff, as the Troopers past it, in glory of pride and pluck,  
They heard, and they never forgot it, one following shout, "Good luck!"

Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of pride and pain,  
The man who'd led them often, but was never to lead again.  
Think of the secret anguish! think of the dull remorse!  
To see the Hussars sweep past him, unled by the old White Horse!

An alien, not a stranger: with heart of a comrade still,  
He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier must and will;  
And when the battle was over, in deepening gloom and shade,  
He followed the Staff in silence, and rode to the grand parade;

For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the General's praise,  
Who was called to the front that evening by the name of Trooper HAYES;  
He had slashed his way to fortune, when scattered, unhorsed, alone,  
And in saving the life of a comrade had managed to guard his own.

The General spoke out bravely as ever a soldier can—  
"The Army's proud of your valour: the Regiment's proud of their man!"  
Then across that lonely desert, at the close of the General's praise,  
Came a cheer, then a quick short tremble on the lips of Trooper HAYES.

"Speak out," said the kindly Colonel, "if you've anything, Lad, to say;  
Your QUEEN and your dear old country shall hear what you've done to-day!"

But the Trooper gnawed his chin-strap, then sheepishly hung his head:

"Speak out, old chap!" said his comrades. With an effort, at last, he said—

"I came to the front with my pals here, the boys, and the brave old tars,  
I've fought for my QUEEN and country, and rode with the Tenth Hussars;  
I'm proud of the fine old regiment!"—then the Colonel shook his hand—

"So I'll ask one single favour from my QUEEN and my native land!

"There sits by your side on the Staff, Sir, a man we are proud to own!

He was struck down first in the battle, but never was heard to groan;

If I've done ought to deserve it,"—then the General smiled "Of course!"—

"Give back to the Tenth their Colonel—the Man on the old White Horse!

"If ever a man bore up, Sir, as a soldier should, with pluck,  
And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of cursed ill-luck—

That man he sits beside you! Give us back, with his wounds and scars,

The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved by the Tenth Hussars!"

Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and echoed across the sand,

And was borne on the wings of mercy to the heart of his native land,

Where the QUEEN on her Throne will hear it, and the Colonel Prince will praise

The words of a simple soldier just uttered by Trooper HAYES.

Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of all souls that live;

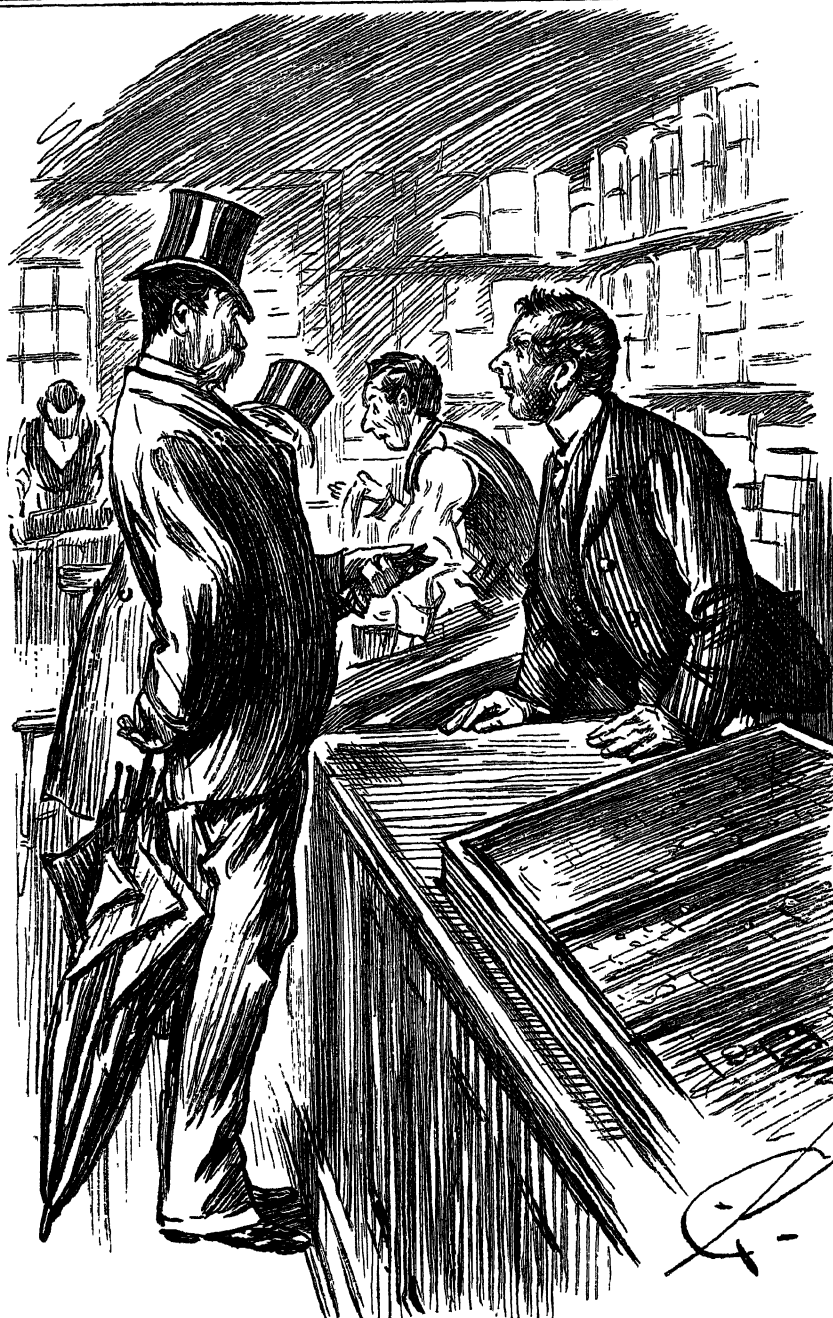
For better than all forgetting, is the wonderful word "Forgive!"

### HEAT AND LIGHT.

At a meeting of the National Patriotic War Whoop Society, held on Monday last to enable one or two Noblemen to deliver eloquent anti-Ministerial speeches, of which the House of Lords was not worthy, that House having strangely preferred going off to dinner instead of listening to them, the following interesting letter was read from Professor TINDERBOX:—

"It would have given me, as a man of peace and science, a great deal of pleasure to attend your Meeting. I could have shown without any difficulty how well the scientific system of the Division of Labour is illustrated when Platform Oratory, Jingoism, and Chemistry meet in the same person, and that an individual who has made a name as a Philosopher deserves to be regarded as an authority on Eastern politics. (*Cheers.*) I can assure you that during the last few days my blood has repeatedly reached the boiling point, Fahrenheit, owing to the nefarious character of Mr. GLADSTONE, whom, however, I, as a good Liberal, regard with deep respect. A gentleman whom I met at the bottom of a crevasse in a glacier near the Bel Alp, and who had tasted no food for six days, recently told me that he thought England was going to the dogs; I controverted the opinion with some warmth at the time, but now I see what a really accurate and original remark it was." (*"Hear, hear!"*)

"But to return. The present Government is showing strong signs of what I may perhaps call cretaceous degeneration; indeed, their continuance in office is the only argument I know against my friend DARWIN's doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest. Providence, or that congeries of forces which goes by the name, manifestly favours the absorption of sandy deserts all over the Universe into the broad bosom of the Empire. Excuse the unscientific ardour of the expression, but I cannot refrain from ejaculating, 'Hurrah for our gallant Redcoats!' There is nothing, let me assure your Meeting, in the least degree inconsistent in a Scientific Materialist coming out as a Political Sentimentalist of the deepest dye. Politics is, in fact, that branch of my intellectual activities upon which Nature compensates herself for the severer rationality of Science." (*Cheers.*)



**"PROOF POSITIVE" !**

*Customer (with a slight stutter).* "P-P-PLEASE S-SHOW ME SOME C-C-CUFFS AND C-C-COLLARS."

*Shopman.* "IM-M-M-MEDIATELY, SIR. I P-P-PERCEIVE YOU 'VE A S—LIGHT IMP-P-P-PEDIMENT, SIR! YOU SH-SH-SH-SH-OULD C-C-CONSULT D-D-DOCTOR Q-Q-Q-Q-QUAVER, SIR. HE C-C-C-C-CURED ME!!"

**THE FOWLER SPREADS HIS NET IN VAIN!**

THERE certainly was some degree of humour in the announcement that the LORD MAYOR, in accordance with his kindly and hospitable character, was about to ask the celebrities of the House of Commons to a banquet at the Mansion House; and, in the thorough conviction that generous fare and generous wine dispelled all ill-nature and ill-feeling, and induced wise and reasonable men to seek rather for points upon which they could agree than for those on which they differed, his guests were to be arranged as follows:—MR. GLADSTONE and LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; MR. CHAMBERLAIN and MR. MARRIOTT; MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. BRADLAUGH; MR. FORSTER and MR. PARNELL; SIR WILFRID LAWSON and MR. BASS; SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT and MR. BIGGAR; SIR WALTER CARDEN and MR. FIRTH; MR. BRIGHT and MR. LABOUR-CHERRE. Upon making inquiries, however, in the highest quarters, namely, his Lordship's front kitchen, our Correspondent was informed that the replies received up to the present time were of so unsatisfactory a character that it was feared the kind and thoughtful intention would have to be abandoned.

**DAYS OF DINNERS.**

"Now, when parties are entertained in well-appointed sporting country-houses in England, or in shooting-lodges in Scotland, a succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the attention of the guests, with brief intervals for rest, from morning hours till long past dewy eve."—LADY JOHN MANNERS, in the *National Review*.

Go read the *National Review*,

O gormandising sinners,  
And learn therein you should eschew  
So many tempting dinners.

You eat and drink from morn till night,  
With breakfast, dinner, luncheon,  
Until you find your waistcoats tight,  
Each man a human puncheon.

There's breakfast, with each tempting dish,  
At early morning taken,  
With flesh and fowl, and many a fish,  
With kidneys, chops, and bacon.  
There's luncheon, with the *entrées* warm,  
Cold meat, and pies, and pickles,  
With all the gourmet's eye can charm,  
And all his palate tickles.

Then tea comes in the afternoon,  
With shaves of bread and butter,  
You with the ladies wield the spoon,  
And round the muffins flutter;  
Or if to liquor you incline,  
And scorn the fragrant Hyson,  
They'll bring you several sorts of wine,  
To name your special "pison."

The dinner comes with all it brings  
To show the cook's resources:  
Not now a modest poet sings  
The sequence of the courses.  
Let it suffice you've all the heart  
Can wish for at the table;  
With knife and fork you play your part,  
'Mid conversation's Babel.

Dessert will follow, with each sort  
Of fruit known to the era,  
With claret, sherry, and with port,  
Perchance some old Madeira.  
Then coffee and a *petit verre*  
Of brandy? That's the question;  
Chartreuse, the yellow, men declare  
Is best for your digestion.

And, after dinner, when you crowd  
The pleasant room for smoking,  
Cigars and pipes too are allowed,  
And then 's the time for joking.  
Perchance anchovy-toast is found,  
And gay old boys get frisky  
When "S. and B." and "slings" go round  
With potash and with whiskey.

O Lady JOHN, you're right, you say,  
Man is a shocking glutton,  
His soul is given up to-day  
To endless beef and mutton.  
He never tries, it seems to me,  
Plain living and high thinking;  
For, when he isn't eating, he  
Is certain to be drinking!

**Church and State.**

AT a meeting of the Brighton Town Council, the other day—

"MR. ALDERMAN ABBEY said that in his opinion they could not have too many piers in Brighton. ('Hear! hear!')"

It is gratifying to find this noble sentiment applauded, and proves that London-super-Mare will not countenance any attempt to disestablish the House of Lords at present.

THE PALMY DAYS OF THE DRAMA.—  
When people were not afraid to applaud.



## BRAVE SOLDIER BOYS!

"Many of the Troops that fought so well at El Teb were raw recruits."—*Daily Paper.* (F.M. *Punch's* Tribute to the JUNIOR United Service.)

## BOW-WOW v. BOW-WOW.

WHEN a Statesman's bounceably benignant,  
 When an Interest's furiously indignant,  
 When a Statesman's pigment proves all inky,  
 When the Interest's rose-pink looks too pinky;  
 When the Statesman as an Ajax poses;  
 When the Interest swears its realm's all roses:  
 When the latter vows that interference,  
 Of its rights will make a general clearance,  
 Send the country straightway to the dickens;—  
 Then that country of such nonsense sickens,  
 Knows the Statesman deals in Big Bow-Wow,  
 Knows the Interest's calculated row  
 Is half hollow bunkum, and decides  
 A sharp eye to keep both sides.

## "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS!"

YES, we shall all have to come unto them, since an American, Mr. WEBB-BARBER, has discovered a new cure for indigestion. He prescribes a certain amount of sand to be taken with every meal. Each portion of food is to be taken, not only *cum grano salis*, but with a grain of sand as well. Sandwiches will doubtless form the most popular item of light refreshment, and anything that's sandy, or that happens to be gratuitous will be eagerly devoured. Judges, Senators, Storekeepers, Colonels, Carpet-baggers, and Ink-slingers have all tried the new cure, and from being helpless hypochondriacs they have become as jolly as Sandboys. A Company has been formed for the purchase of Ramsgate Sands, and the inventor is coming to England, where a number of grateful dyspeptics are going to have his portrait painted by Mr. FREDERIC SANDYS.

SUMMARY OF THE GOVERNMENT POLICY IN EGYPT (*a Suggestion from the Opposition Benches*).—"Small profits and quick returns!"

UNPARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.—In the House of Commons a "four-lined Whip" is now called a "Cat o' Four Tails."





### DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE POETS.

*Fond Wife* (who has just listened to a new Sonnet). "I THINK IT PERFECT, DARLING; BUT I'M NO JUDGE. YOU HAD BETTER READ IT TO MR. MELNOTTE, WHO WRITES POETRY HIMSELF."

*Poetical Husband*. "NOT IF I KNOW IT! WHY, BEFORE I'VE QUITE FINISHED, HE'LL PULL OUT AND READ A SONNET OF HIS OWN!"

### KILLING TIME.

TIME is proverbially recognised as everybody's "Enemy." To kill, if possible, everybody's Enemy,—to devour, as it were, old *Edax Rerum*, in the largest possible mouthful, is plainly the duty of everybody. What is known as "the time of the Country" is, of course, the special object of the "devouring" zeal of all true lovers of that Country. This obvious truth is recognised with sufficient distinctness by our palavering patriots at St. Stephen's. Nevertheless, some rules, hints, and suggestions may not be without interest for inexperienced aspirants to Parliamentary honours:—

*For an Eloquent Premier*.—Never limit yourself to one word when two can possibly be used. Shun, as you would a pestilence or an epigram, all monosyllables, especially "Yes" and "No." Remember that the comforting quality of "that sweet word Mesopotamia" is probably due to its being polysyllabic. Cultivate that sensitive testiness which is so great a stimulus of verbal flux. Expand an answer to any question, no matter what or from whom, into an oration. Take care in the course of such oration to furnish palpable opportunities for further questions from captious catechisers, whom direct brevity would have disarmed or defeated. Answer those questions at still greater length. Even in declining to answer a particular question, or protesting vehemently and volubly against its character, be sure to indulge in passionate prolixity. Never sit contemptuously silent under the taunts of callow insolence or the floutings of obstructive incompetence, even when their mischievous or malicious purposes are exactly fulfilled by your indignant loquacity of rejoinder or rebuke.

*For a Leader of Opposition*.—Whilst being—for obvious reasons—

careful not to commit yourself, personally, to palpable obstructiveness, tolerate, when you do not actually promote it, among your less responsible followers. When charged with doing so, angrily, and in as many words as possible, repudiate the insinuation. Favour needless questions and purposeless debates,—purposeless and needless, that is, from any other point of view than that of killing time. Study and play upon the temperamental weaknesses of your political opponents, the loquacity of one, the irritability of another, the self-complacent smartness of a third. Indulge in factitious defences of disingenuous quibblings. Make the assumption of superior candour and righteous indignation the stalking-horse for insidious delay.

*For a Budding Under-Secretary*.—Never answer the simplest question with courteous conciseness. Study to be "smart." Make the extorted reply to take the form of an airy impertinence or a contemptuous snub. Be as provocative as possible when laconic, and as prolix as you can when formally polite.

*For a "Brilliant" Ministerial Magnifico*.—Play the political SALMONEUS at every opportunity. Scatter your epigrammatic firebrands about whenever there is combustible material at hand. If anyone pours oil on the troubled waters of debate, set fire to it, with heated rhetoric and flashing sarcasm. Be bounceably caustic, and ironically de haut en bas.

*For a Retired Colleague of a Ministry in Office*.—Play the candid friend whenever you can see a chance of doing so without posing as a frank enemy. Say the nastiest things under cover of the nicest consideration. Arm the Opposition with poisoned weapons to pierce your old friends. Indulge in long academical disquisitions and comprehensive confessions of faith whenever you see or can make an opportunity. Affecting superior conscientiousness, act the political Joab in the manner best calculated to move your ancient opponents to voluble jubilation, and your late colleagues to time-consuming retort.

*For an Opposition Free Lance*.—Constitute yourself an incarnate Note of Interrogation. Question everybody about everything, and never be satisfied with any sort of answer whatever. Study newspaper canards all day to pester the Ministry all night. Put every interrogation in the most offensive possible form, and at as great length as possible. Suggest an insult in every sentence, and imply a falsehood in every remark. Make every cock-and-bull story you can get hold of matter for a question, and if possible for a debate. Profess inability to understand the plainest answer, and affect to detect evasion in the most candid explanation. Aim ever at establishing a "raw," and peg away at it with the persistence of Io's gadfly. Bring baseless charges of nefarious conspiracy and villainous motive. When these charges are clearly refuted, bring them again,—and again. Make many speeches empty of pertinence, but chock-full of puerile insolence. "Cheek" your intellectual and moral "betters," in the hope that they may at length waste trouble—and time—in castigating you. When you have tricked them into spending time on you, take more time in denouncing them for so spending it. "Get up" some subject—Foreign Affairs, for choice—in the same spirit as that in which the scribbler got up Chinese Metaphysics. Put your historical and geographical hotch-potch into the form of a speech, and demand explanation of non-existent difficulties, and answers to idiotic inquiries. When your preposterous edifice of misread data and false assumptions is knocked to bits, piece it together again, and reproduce it at the next opportunity, so that more time may again be spent in demolishing it. When you can do nothing, fall back upon the inarticulate eloquence of noisy interruption. Every superfluous "rise to order" occupies some minutes, an unsupported contradiction consumes moments, and even howlings, in the gross, take appreciable time.

*For an Independent Member*.—Trot out your special fad *à tort et à travers*, and refuse to let the wheels of State move on until your private hobby-horse has been duly paraded, or your particular cherry-stone of crotchety opinion has been crushed or kicked out of the road.

These rules, deduced from the practice of Past-Masters in the art of Parliamentary time-wasting, are, of course, only adapted to the needs of Parliamentary tyros. They have been in full and fruitful exercise at St. Stephen's for some years past. JOHN BULL has had abundant opportunity of studying their progress and their results. Perhaps before long he may be moved to express in unmistakable terms his opinion of their merits. If he does not, he will prove himself a more patient and thick-skinned Issachar than *Mr. Punch* credits him with being.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORM INAUGURATED AT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—On Saturday last Cod was selling at the West End for 1s. 6d. per pound, and at the Central Fish Market retail for 3d. per pound! This joke is too good to be omitted!

THE "REAL PRESSURE OF THE RATES."—The pressure brought to bear on Her Majesty's Government by those who are continually "rating" it.



## FAWCETT TO FLORA.

[The Postmaster-General has been compelled to issue a proclamation urging precaution in the sending of flowers through the Post.]

In the Spring the Liberal Party tries to do its level best,  
In the Spring the wanton Tory makes himself a public pest;  
In the Spring a heavier pressure comes upon my hard-worked host;  
In the Spring the Public fancies sending flowers through the Post;  
So I say, my blooming Flora—and I mean it not as *argot*—  
On that pretty practice I would not place a complete embargo;  
But I really must impress upon your votaries, Goddess fair,  
The necessity of caution, the propriety of care.  
Primroses when pressed go pappy, violets when squeezed get damp,  
The Narcissus juice exudeth under pressure of the stamp.  
Water is extremely grateful to the buds in gardens nodding  
But the Post is discommoded by damp moss and soaking wadding;  
Floral tricklings pulp epistles, and obliterate addresses,  
Covent Garden in a post-bag makes the nastiest of messes.  
Therefore, Madam, I entreat you, I implore you, as a friend,  
Urge your votaries who floral tributes through the Post *must* send,  
Just to pack them tightly, neatly, safe from leakage, fracture, loss,  
With the maximum of caution, and the minimum of moss!

## SLUMMING REVERSED.

At a Meeting to inquire into the Sanitary Condition of London, held at the "Cow in the Coffee-Pot," Milk Street, Clerkenwell, last Saturday, there was a very large attendance, the extraordinary number being doubtless due to the interest with which the Report of Mr. BUGGINS, who has recently been slumming in the West End of London, was looked forward to. After a couple of songs, and the expulsion of a gentleman who was under the alcoholic impression that the Meeting had been convened for a glove-fight, business was commenced.



A Rough Sketch.

Mr. BUGGINS, who was received with cheers, thanked his friends for the reception as how they had given him. It was perfectly true that he had recently been slumming—(groans)—he begged pardon, but if that wall-eyed son of a baker hooted him again, he'd kick him out of the place, and show him who was which—he meant to say West-Ending—(cheers)—and he found that the accounts they had all heard of how the rich lived were in no way exaggerated. He had gone with his friends to Mayfair, where all the most blooming toffs, or he should say real nobby swells hung out, and, owing to the kindness of an old pal of his who was footman there, he and his friends got into the house while the owner was out, a-hunting or a-shooting. (Groans.) It was a house dark and poky and stuffy, where you could smell the dinner all over the place all day long, and for this the toff paid over £200 a-year. (Groans.) To increase the darkness and stuffiness, this poor ignorant buffer, instead of nice whitewash, which always looked clean and cheerful, and on which you could write up anything you wanted to remember, or figure out a sum, had hung up thick curtains and matting. (Murmurs.) They might grumble, but it was true, as he'd show one or two of them when he got them outside. And just round the corner of this swell house, with all its pictures and flowers about the place, till it looked like the outside of a show at a fair—(laughter)—there was actually stables, the smell of which came pouring into the house all day, for these 'ere swells actually opened their winders whenever they could, to get what they called fresh air. (Groans.) Well, he went upstairs, and there in each bedroom he found a bath. ("Question?") It was true; and each of the people in that house took a cold bath every morning, and then wondered why they wasn't well. (Laughter.) Other examples of the ignorance and discomforts of the rich he might tell 'em, but his explorations were cut short by the toff himself returning, and using most violent language. He sacked that poor footman—(yells)—and if they hadn't been four of them, to roll him down-stairs, he would have got a policeman—(shrieks)—to take JOE SCROGGINS into custody, simply because poor JOE had put half-a-dozen silver spoons in his pocket, to show the Meeting as a memento of their visit. (Cheers.) As to the absence of JOE SCROGGINS—

A small boy here entered the room to say that Mr. SCROGGINS had pawned the six spoons, and was a-standing treat all round at the "Calf and Kid," upon which the Meeting immediately dispersed in great disorder, but subsequently kept up festivities until closing-time at the "Calf and Kid."

ANOTHER HUNTING PUZZLE.—The Sportsman's Exhibition. Problem—Where to find a Sportsman?

## LOVE IN THE LIMELIGHT.

AIR—Mr. Leslie's Popular Song.

THINK not that love, if left alone,  
Will run on smoothly—sweetly;  
Or out of hobbles all its own  
Withdraw itself discreetly.  
Thus—to the purpose:—From his Stall  
An inexperienced Chappie  
A lime-lit Maiden longed to call  
His own, and make her happy.

Chorus.

For he pined for fairy society—  
She where she was would have stayed;  
But he was a lordling, and she but a "Miss,"  
And that a great difference made!

He asked her hand. She murmured "Yes!"  
And even, most politely,  
To spare his good Mamma distress,  
Played fairies no more nightly.  
She said, "His noble father fills  
The Upper House with measures.  
To know I'm daily in the bills  
Cannot enhance his pleasures!"

Chorus.

Then she pined for higher society,  
And there had willingly stayed;  
For he was a lordling, and she but a Miss,  
And that all the difference made.

'Twas settled. Still the Earl would call  
The match an *infra dig*, one,  
And style the "tree" that graced his hall  
"A rare—if not a big one."  
He also urged that maid to part  
With much in view of marriage;  
He bade her first call in her *carrie*  
Before she kept her carriage!

Chorus.

Then he tested her fairy society,  
Though owning he felt much afraid,  
For his son was a lordling, and she a mere Miss,  
And that *such* a difference made!

The time sped on. No more that *fay*  
Cut graceful fairy capers,  
But got referred to every day  
In fashionable papers.  
And merry as a marriage-bell  
All went, till scandal scorning,  
Her Chappie—sorry truth to tell—  
Backed out of it one morning.

Chorus.

For he *now* feared her fairy society,  
At least, so to say, he was made;  
But as he was a lordling, and she a Stage Miss,  
The bill—if it came—could be paid.

And so it ends! An action brought  
The public chatter feeding,  
The while, within another *Court*,  
That maid her cause is pleading.  
And though that Chappie's deed to grace  
There'll be no wreath of laurel,  
Twelve jurymen from out his case  
Perchance may draw this moral:—

Chorus.

Whate'er be your lot in society,  
Just stick to your own proper grade,—  
And you'll ne'er find yourself up a family tree,  
—Or left out in the cold cruel shade!

LATEST EXAMPLE OF THE TURNING OF WORMS.—Baron de Worms right-about-face on the subject of the Contagious Diseases (Cattle) Act.

WHAT THE RUDE BOYS SHOUT TO THE WEARERS OF FASHIONABLE HIGH SHOULDERS.—"Shoulder Humps!"



### HOW TO HAVE IT ALL ONE'S OWN WAY.

MRS. MANVILLE DE HORSEY IS FAMED FOR HER PLEASANT LITTLE DINNERS. SHE THINKS IT A MISTAKE TO INVITE HUSBAND AND WIFE TOGETHER. SHE THINKS IT A BETTER PLAN TO INVITE THEM SEPARATELY. SHE INVITES THE HUSBANDS FIRST—AND ALWAYS FORGETS TO INVITE THE WIVES AFTER!

THE MAN WITH THE EYEGLASS IS THE PROUD AND HAPPY HUSBAND OF MRS. MANVILLE DE HORSEY. THE DISCONTENTED INDIVIDUAL WITH THE PINCE-NEZ IS MR. SPINKS, WHO THINKS (AND VERY PROPERLY) THAT NO PARTY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT MRS. SPINKS.

### JOHN THOMAS ON THE SERVICE-FRANCHISE.

*Wot's upset me, Miss MARIAR? Ah! you well may arsk, my dear! No, it isn't my neuralgy, nor the influinks of that beer,—(Though a beastlier tap I never, swelp me Mungo, rekerlect,)—It's this Morning Post, MARIAR, as perdooces the effect. Not the paper, bang ontondoo, though that isn't wot it were When its figger was three d, dear; but it still keeps up a hair Of hairistocratic hortoor, though it's done upon the cheap. No, it's old Verbosity's last, dear,—as might make a hangel weep. Jest emagine, Miss MARIAR, my emoshun when I heard That the New Reform Bill promised one pervision not absurd, Which WEG named "The Suvvice Franchise"! Well, thinks I, it's come at last,*

*And old Chips is not all humbug, notwithstanding his black past; He has done the right thing this time! And I akshally tipped down Arf a tankard to his 'ealth, dear,—and was done completely brown! Yah! I ought to 'ave known better. It's all 'Ampstead to a hegg That you'll never get a good thing out of that confounded WEG. 'Twas the name as took me in, dear,—that's his artfulness! Jest think!*

*It's enough to make one hemigraté or give his mind to drink. Wich I'll arsk you, Miss MARIAR, quite imparshal like and frank—As I know you'll answer ditto—wot does "Suvvice" mean? I'll thank*

*Any one, from Doctor JOHNSON to JOE CHAMBERLING, to call Any defernishun puffest as excluds the Suvvinks' 'All. We are "Suvvice," Miss MARIAR; yet will you believe your hears, When I tell you that whilst parties in the most inferior speers, Such as gamekeepers and gardners, gits their votes without no fuss, They've so shaped their "Suvvice Franchise" that it don't enfranchise Hus!!!*

*Ah! you well may round your eyes, dear,—like a pooty little ghost! Betwixt you and me, MARIAR, and this blessed Morning Post,*

*Suvvice isn't wot it wos, dear, as were never no great shakes: But there's one thing I do 'ope for; when the British Lion wakes, Takes his tail from 'twixt his hind legs, where, since Rads came in, it 'angs, Like a donkey's or whipped tarrier's, when he bares his 'orful fangs, And goes slap for everyboddy, as the British Lion ought, If he means to be respected; then, I trust,—and sweet's the thought!*

*That our paltryfogging PREMIER and his shabby Shirker lot, For this hinsult to our horder may jest ketch it extry 'ot!*

### A MATTER OF TASTE.

*DAN'L DRUCE*, the piece recently reproduced at the Royal Court Theatre, was originally played at the Haymarket some eight or ten years ago, when it was not exactly a triumphant success. "*Dan'l* has come to judgment" a second time—with what result the future will show. At present, however, the chief interest of the Sloane Square audiences seems to centre in the appearance of Miss FINNEY-FORRESCUE, a young lady whose name is well known "in another place," to wit, the Queen's Bench Division of the Royal Courts of Justice. According to Mr. BROADLEY's book upon the Defence of ARAB, Mr. BARNUM offered the British Government any sum they pleased to fix to be permitted to take the interesting captive as a show round the provinces. Have the Lessees of the Court Theatre seen this passage and improved upon the idea? It is worth noting, too, *à propos* of this subject, that in the amusing afterpiece which concludes the evening's entertainment, Mrs. JOHN WOOD sings once again the ever popular "*His heart was true to Poll*," with its refrain—

*"'Tis no matter what you do,  
If your heart be only true—  
And his heart was true to POLL!"*

Perhaps it is intended by the Lessees that this ditty should now be accepted as a topical song.



## THE “SERVICE” FRANCHISE.

JOHN THOMAS (*log.*) “’ERE’S A PRETTY START, MISS MARIA! THEY’RE GOING TO GIVE GAMEKEEPERS AND SUCH-LIKE RUBBISH VOTES, AND HAC’SHALLY DON’T RECO’NISE US!!!”



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

To Mr. W. S. Wills, about the new Piece at the Prince's.

MY DEAR WILLS,

I FEEL sure that you must be very anxious to learn how your pupil in the art of dramatic construction, HENRY HERMAN (who, of course, you will remember, was associated with you in the production of *Claudian*) gets on without your assistance. Your *col-laborateur* has recently taken to himself a partner in the person of Mr. HENRY A. JONES. In fact, HERMAN, hitherto your man, has now become his man. He has already had some dealings with his present colleague, having written *Silver King*, or *Silver Guilt* (for the moment I forget which), a piece which was received with considerable favour. Having thus refreshed your memory, I proceed to deal with *Breaking a Butterfly*, just produced at the Prince's.

Although the new work is said to be founded upon the *Norah* of dear, amiable, old, tragedy-loving, mirth-provoking LIXEN (of course, you know all about him), I cannot help feeling that HERMAN, profiting

by your lessons in construction, has, so to speak, run alone, without accepting any help from the good-natured Italian, Russian, Greek, or was it Swedish? playwright, to whom I have alluded. HERMAN seems to have proceeded upon the rule, "Take care of the situations at the end of the First and Second Acts, and the Third Act will look after itself." Thus, the Curtain falls for the first time upon a Bank-Manager dismissing a dishonest Clerk, who has his employer's wife in his power, because that wife has committed a forgery, and, for the second time, upon that husband taking the blame of the forgery upon his



She Lingard by the Christmas Tree.  
"Oh, such an artless thing!"

own shoulders, to the confusion of the dishonest Clerk, and the gratitude of the guilty Lady. No doubt HERMAN, following your example in the case of *Claudian*, when, of course, after constructing the piece, you said to your colleague, "There, my boy, there is my framework, now write your poetry," has said to JONES, in his turn, "There, my lad, I have given you the points, just like a good fellow, put in some padding." The request has met with ready compliance, and thus we have a strangely-conducted bank, where the Manager, at the request of his wife, increases the salary of an old Clerk twenty pounds a-year, out of their employers' money; a projected children's party, whereat the hostess is to dance the *Tarentella*, in the costume of a Neapolitan peasant; a Special Correspondent to a leading daily journal, who writes his articles, dated St. Petersburg, in London (this little touch, no doubt, was introduced to please Messrs. SALA, FORBES, and RUSSELL, and to secure good notices in the papers they respectively represent); and, lastly, a Lady of so much innocence, that she cannot see any harm whatever in forgery when it is committed "to save her father the trouble of writing his signature on his death-bed." This Lady, although in the full bloom of mature womanhood, is accepted by all the characters in the piece as a young person whose extreme frivolity is fully accounted for by her very tender years. Thus, as the representative of the part dresses rather "young," and reminds one of the Tragedy Queens we see in the Provinces, comparison is unavoidably challenged with the approaching-to-middleaged heroine of *Little Toddlekens*. Next we have the old Clerk, who crowns a long life of faithful service by robbing the dishonest employé—thus earning the hearty congratulations of his official Chief, the Bank Manager. And there is a certain novelty about the age of this old Clerk, which is worth noting. Apparently to obtain a glass of wine from the Banker's wife, he tells her that he has been robbed of nine hundred pounds by the dishonest Clerk, and is the more annoyed at the occurrence as he had saved this considerable sum "by sixpences." Say he accumulated at the rate of sixpence a-day, and began saving at sixteen, he must now be at least one hundred and fifty odd years old! Then there is the *confère* of the Special Correspondents, who has such a lax Editor in Fleet Street, and who is so like the modern Journalist! Lastly, there is the dishonest and silly (for the Authors carefully explain that he

has made nothing by his rogueries) Clerk, who looks and dresses like the veriest and poorest cad that ever paraded the shadier parts of Mile End or Whitechapel.

The scene of the play is laid in "the parlour of *Humphrey Goddard's* house, adjoining *Churchill Habershon's* Bank." And, strange as the Bank may be, the Bank customers must be stranger. Entering the establishment, which, we are told, is next door to a Cathedral (no doubt it was once used as a Chapter-house), the most careless observer must have been struck with the appearance of the Officials. The Manager, who walks and talks like Mr. IRVING, employs most of his time in vaguely endorsing the back of a brief, the centenarian Clerk wears no collar, and is evidently partial to sherry, while the Cashier, as has already been hinted, may really be considered a blot on the civilisation of the Nineteenth Century. No one but a lunatic would deposit his money in such a Bank, and he only in the well-founded belief that the owner of the establishment must be a brother maniac.

And I think, my dear WILLS, that you, with your keen sense of humour, had you still been associated with HENRY HERMAN, would have insisted upon showing *Mrs. Goddard's* children's party. It would have been very droll. It was to have been held in the bank parlour, wherein had been deposited a huge Christmas-tree, sparingly decorated with about a shilling'sworth of penny toys and a half-guinea Punch. Although a number of children were expected (what a fight there would have been amongst them to get that disproportionately valuable Punch-doll!) only two guests had been actually invited in the presence of the audience—the very-true-to-nature Journalist and the centenarian Clerk. Both these gentlemen were tempted to accept the invitation by *Little Toddlekens*—I mean the Manager's wife—promising to dance the *Tarentella*, in the short petticoats of a Neapolitan peasant, to amuse them, and, no doubt, the other little ones. It must be noted, however, that the Centenarian received his card of admission weighted with the condition that he, too, was to appear in fancy dress. Probably to keep herself in countenance, *Little Toddlekens* (I really forget what she was called in the piece, but I mean the Manager's wife) insisted upon her aged friend—the promise was extorted from him after he had swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry—appearing dressed up in uniform as the late Duke of WELLINGTON! I think I have said enough to show that had *Mrs. Goddard's* dance been given as a finish to the Third Act, it would have "gone with roars!"

In conclusion, my dear WILLS, after reading so far you will have, very naturally, asked yourself, "But why *Breaking a Butterfly*? Who was the butterfly, and when was he or she broken?" Quite so. Well, I admit it is rather difficult to discover the reason for the name of the piece. I don't think the Authors intended the Bank Manager, *Little Toddlekens*, the true-to-nature Journalist, or the Bank Manager's mother to be taken for the Butterfly. For a moment I considered it possible that the Manager's sister might have been indicated as the developed grub. But after calmly reflecting that she had a very bass voice, and a rather painful autobiographical anecdote about waiting one day to be married, and then suddenly finding her bridegroom dead, I reluctantly discarded her claims to the flitting-from-flower-to-flowerly title. Then I thought to myself, "The Butterfly was broken—broken! Ah! here's a clue to the mystery! The caddy Clerk is the only person at the end of the piece who is 'broken'; consequently, the caddy Clerk must be the Butterfly!" No doubt I am right. And yet when I think of the caddy Clerk, with his seedy clothes, his hateful countenance, and his slouching manner, I cannot help feeling that had Messrs. HERMAN and JONES searched a little more carefully, they might have found a more appropriate representative for the part.

With love from NIBBS to SQUIBBS, believe me,

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES (their Friend).



Another kind of Tree.  
"When the audience saw him, they could not believe he was a villain."—*Opinion of the Press.*

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE London School-Board has adopted the report of a Committee alleging, with regard to the Education of the People, "that the needlework requirements of the new Code are too severe." As far as boys are concerned, the only school in which any such requirement can exist at all one would take to be Merchant Taylors.



## ROOM OR COMPANY?

THE following advertisement puzzle appears in the *Sussex Daily News* :—

**UNFURNISHED ROOMS,**  
for University man and wife, in family of similar standing.

The "University man and wife" will have, we should imagine, some difficulty in getting suited. It would save considerable trouble if they would not only mention their University, but College—the wife was probably at Newnham or Girton—and then there would be some chance of a family being found to match. But we should imagine they would be far more likely to find a family in unfurnished rooms (though how a family could exist in unfurnished rooms, especially when the "University man and wife" required them, we are unable to understand) than unfurnished rooms in a family.

## Signs of the Season.

Now the birds all pair.  
Finches chirp and twitter,  
If the weather's fair;  
And be not too bitter.  
Now the snowdrops spring,  
And the crocus rises;  
Meanwhile Counsel sing,  
"Welcome, Spring Assizes!"

## UNCONSIDERED TRUFFLES.

ARTIFICIAL eggs were bad enough, but the climax of unnatural wickedness has now been attained by the manufacture of *Sham Truffles*! A special punishment will have to be invented for such atrocities. Epicurean humanity must show that it is not to be truffled with!

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 176.



SALVINI.

"COME, I'LL GO SEE THIS ITALIAN!"

*Cymbeline*, Act II., Sc. 1.

## EL TEB.

No "vacillation" no "confusion" there,  
In that cool, stubborn, closely-serried square  
By the indomitable desert horde  
Shocked, but not shaken!  
While calm pluck abroad  
Clears the confused entanglements that come  
From halting counsels, heated blame at home,  
Folly has not full issue in catastrophe;  
Our lions save our donkeys still. The Ass trophy  
Is reared with jubilant brayings as their own  
By the scarce rescued Long Ears! Loudly blown  
Brazen official trumpets may proclaim  
Blunderdom's right to honour and to fame,  
But GRAHAM and his men may better know  
The meaning of the Briton's frank "Bravo!"

## Ominous!

THE *St. James's Gazette* informs us that—

"Mr. WARTON has obtained the first place on Tuesday, the 1st of April, for his motion in reference to the procedure on Bills returned from the House of Lords."

It is perhaps hardly kind of our contemporary to allude to the Member for Bridport and his doings in this pointed fashion.

MR. GODFREY will, it is rumoured, follow *My Milliner's Bill*, at the Court, with a little comedietta of a somewhat similar nature, to be called *My Tailor's Jane*.

## FIRST-NIGHT WRECKERS.

SIR,—SHAKESPEARE did some good things, but I do hate to hear people talking as if there was nothing more in the sea because one big fish once swam in it. There are lots of people who could and would write fine plays for the delectation of an appreciative Public, but for the danger of the proceeding. I've got a whole cupboardful myself of splendid plays. But none of these brilliant efforts have ever seen the footlights, and never will; for, though I'm a boldish man, I'm afraid of the ordeal!

I fear the "First-Night Wreckers." Bless you, I know the rascals by sight, having watched their tricks many and many a time when the fate of a promising new Comedy was hanging in the balance. Impudent young jackanapes they are, as they sell their yards of silk behind the counter all the week through, smiling sweetly; mischievous, dangerous young varminths of a Saturday night, when, their screw in their pocket, they say one to another, "Let's have a glass of old and bitter, and go and damn a play." The young scamps congregate in or about the first row of the Pit, squatting in groups, and if there's a hitch or a moment of uncertainty, they give a view-halloo, and start helter-skelter in full cry. In other words, they look out for squalls, and amuse themselves by fanning a breeze into a tempest. Sometimes the House hushes them down; then they growl, and go sulkily to sleep, deprived of their fun.

Woe to the Author if he has written lines that can be twisted into a double meaning. "Cackle, cackle!" go the geese,—and "Hiss," too, as such sapient fowls will, when spiteful. I've listened to their talk before the rising of the Curtain—before they could possibly know

anything about the promised entertainment—and pretty things I've heard 'em say. More. I've seen one of the gentry in a corner, from whence he could not possibly see the Stage, with his eyes shut and his chin buried in his breast, hissing like a kettle on a hob. I've heard one observe to another (this is absolutely true), "Snooks's last effort was a fizzle; we'll have a lark this evening." And so it comes about that Managers, Actors, Authors, talented Artists, and earnest and hard-working Gentlemen, are put upon the rack—ridiculed, flouted, insulted—by a parcel of ignorant youths out of the shops, and "made a sport" (if you'll allow me to be poetic) "to adorn a draper's holiday."

No, Sir! Not for me. Until the destroying vagabonds who, like the Mohocks, find their pleasure in the infliction of pain upon others, are hooted out of the Pit, I prefer to remain

ONE OF THE UNACTED.

## Too Good to be True.

At the public examination of a debtor in Exeter, the other day, we were told the shorthand writers present "gave the receiver to understand that they had made up their minds as a body throughout the country not to accept the scale of remuneration allowed by the Bankruptcy Act." All strikes we know spread. Supposing all the shorthand writers struck? The prospect is too delicious! No Parliamentary Reports, no record of political stumpings, no chronicle of wordy after-dinner orations! We do not like strikes as a rule, but a stenographic strike would be a cause of intense jubilation to most newspaper-readers. But alas! the matter has since been adjusted.

## HOLIDAY ECHOES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Several hale-looking, bronzed, weather-beaten Holiday-makers. One Pale-faced Stay-in-Town.

*Pale-faced Stay-in-Town.* Hullo, JONES! Back so soon? Thought you were off for months. And where have you been, and what have you been doing?

*Jones.* Oh, I have been up in Yorkshire, shooting.

*P. S.* How capital! Splendid county, Yorkshire; grand open scenery; vast expanse of moorland; bracing air, that puts your nerves right for ever; good plain food. Why, you must be as sound as a bell!

*Jones.* Oh, yes, I daresay. Of course people talk like that, and I have no doubt to a certain extent they are right; but, you see, I wasn't living in a very quiet house.

*P. S.* But in that magnificent air and scenery you didn't want quiet and an indoor life.

*Jones.* No; and we didn't want brandies-and-sodas in the morning—or, rather, I think we did; but it was a moot point—at any rate, we had them. And then there was "Boy" always at lunch, and a peg or two before dinner, and an admirable cellar; and what with the grogs in the smoking-room, we never got to bed before two or three.

*P. S.* Then I fear I was a little bit premature when I congratulated you on your perfect state of health.

*Jones.* Well, yes—no—hardly. I feel a little upset, you know—rather shaky, and all that; but I have not the remotest doubt but that when I have settled down, and had two or three weeks in London, I shall be every bit as well as when I started. 'Morning!

*P. S.* 'Morning! Here's BROWN back in London again! How brown—no pun!—you are looking! How are you?

*Brown.* Among the middlings, thanks—only among the middlings.

*P. S.* But you have had a holiday?

*Brown.* Oh, yes. I have been yachting off the Devon coast.

*P. S.* Lucky man! Good boat, fine weather, jolly company. What could be more delightful?

*Brown.* I suppose it sounds rather pleasant. Yes, we had a rattling boat and fair weather, and a very good lot of men on board.

*P. S.* You must have inhaled enough ozone to last you your lifetime. I think to be on a yacht with a good topsail breeze, when the water goes bowling past you and the weather copper is high out of water, and the sea is eddying in the lee-supper, and as you bound along over the waves you feel that every moment the breeze is driving all the musty old cobwebs out of your brain, is one of the most invigorating, health-producing sensations the world has. All cares seem to fall from you. You fear no knock at the door, dread no ring at the bell. Your duns have ceased from troubling, and your callers are at rest. You get no telegrams, and despise newspapers.

*Brown.* Of course, of course, from the land-point view of yachting; but our host was a very bad sailor, and, consequently, we spent a good deal of time in harbour.

*P. S.* That doesn't matter so much in Devonshire, as, wherever you land, you have a lovely walk in every direction.

*Brown.* We didn't land much.

*P. S.* Then what did you do?

*Brown.* We generally used to go below in the cabin and play Loo, and you know its usual accompaniments.

*P. S.* But you weren't always in harbour. Hang it, you must have gone out to sea sometimes.

*Brown.* Only in calms.

*P. S.* Even then you got the pure, unadulterated sea air?

*Brown.* In a way; for, you see, we generally, in a calm, used to go down below in the cabin and play Loo, and it was hot, thirsty weather.

*P. S.* Your trip, then, won't have done you so much good as I had hoped.

*Brown.* Oh, I am not very bad; and—hullo, it is a quarter to twelve! I must be off. I have got to see my Doctor at the hour. My liver is very wrong, but I have no doubt he will put me right soon, and then I shall be as well as ever I was. Glad to have seen you. Good bye!

*P. S.* Good-bye! What, ROBINSON? How goes it? All well at home, I hope.

*Robinson.* No, no; I am sorry to say we have dreadful trouble at home. All the children are down, my wife is nearly dead from fatigue and grief, and I myself have been up nursing them the last two nights.

*P. S.* Goodness gracious! What is it?

*Robinson.* The Doctors hardly say definitely, but it is some form of typhoid.

*P. S.* Nasty, beastly thing. However, if they will only pull through quick, you can get them all down to the seaside.

*Robinson.* That's where we have just come from.

*P. S.* What place?

*Robinson.* (The reader may fill this in according to his own libellous taste.)

*P. S.* But surely that is a town where the death-rate is next to nothing, and which is always held up to admiration by nine out of every ten medical men?

*Robinson.* It is. That's why we went there.

*P. S.* Was there an epidemic raging?

*Robinson.* No; or if there was, we got it all to ourselves.

*P. S.* Then how do you account for it?

*Robinson.* You see we are different to the natives. Drainage has no power to affect them or their death-rate. It has on us. After lodging six days over an open sewer, all the youngsters were taken bad.

*P. S.* How very sad! But what do the Doctors say? I trust they are hopeful.

*Robinson.* I am happy to say they hold out tolerably flattering expectations. They consider that now we have got the children back to our own well-ventilated and well-drained house, they, having naturally strong constitutions, will not be long in coming round. Bye! bye!

*P. S.* Bye! bye! old man. What, you, GREEN! Heard you were on the Continent.

*Green.* How are you? I got back last night.

*P. S.* How far did you get?

*Green.* Oh, not very far—Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, up the Rhine, Baden, Strasbourg, and home by Paris.

*P. S.* Not a bad little round. Did you enjoy yourself?

*Green.* Thoroughly.

*P. S.* I am glad to hear that. By Jove, it is a comfort to find one man has had a good holiday. What are you going to do to-night? One can't offer much to a man fresh from the Continent; but even in London one can give a fair approach to a French dinner, and the Gaiety is open again.

*Green.* Ugh! Thanks awfully, old Chappie. But I am going down into the Weald of Sussex this afternoon.

*P. S.* What on earth for?

*Green.* Well, you see, what with travelling, and *table-d'hôtes* and *café* life, and seeing Galleries, I am a little bit off colour. So I am just going down to do a good week's walking in the country. Get up early, go to bed early, do five-and-twenty miles a day, live on nothing but chops and bread-and-cheese, drink a little beer, and only one glass of whiskey at night, and I believe I shall come back to town as fit as a Leger winner. So, farewell!

*P. S.* Farewell! Why, SMITH, it is an age since I saw you! What's the matter? Why this lameness?—why these crutches?

*Smith.* Ireland.

*P. S.* Ireland? You don't own any property there? Oh, I remember, you told me you had rented a salmon river over there. Surely they didn't shoot you for that?

*Smith.* Shoot! I wish they had; it might have finished me off at once. Got wet through fishing, and have been in agonies ever since.

*P. S.* You had no sport, then?

*Smith.* Yes, admirable, till this infernal thing got hold of me. Well, I can't stop here chattering, I am just going to try a Turkish bath; it can but kill or cure.

*P. S.* It doesn't seem to have improved his temper. Hullo, WIGGY, any news?

*Wiggy.* Heard about CHARLEY THOMPSON?

*P. S.* No—what of him? I saw him just before he went off to Switzerland; he was going to climb some inaccessible mountain with some unpronounceable name. Did he get to the top?

*Wiggy.* I don't know whether he got to the top. He fell to the bottom right enough.

*P. S.* Hurt?

*Wiggy.* Two thousand feet of crevasse don't usually do you much good. He was killed on the spot,—smashed to pieces.

*P. S.* Lord, how sad! Really, what dreadful holidays my friends seem to have had! I grumbled at the time, but now I feel perfectly thankful that I have had to stay in Town. After all, London is the healthiest and safest place in the world.

[Exit round corner, is run over by a Van driven by a drunken driver, and is removed to Charing Cross Hospital.]

## Unnatural History.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has added to our knowledge of Natural History in a truly remarkable manner. In a leading article on the 21st inst. it remarked that—

"To race a pony against a pigeon would, of course, be a foregone conclusion in favour of the latter; but it has just been shown, by a race which has taken place at Bedworth, that a pigeon can fly rather more than double as fast as a pony."

This beats dog-and-man-fighting hollow. If the Editor of the *D. T.* has seen a flying pony, let him exhibit it at the Aquarium, and FARINI and BARNUM are not "in it." On second thoughts, we once had a pony that flew—no, that melted away before we had time to pecket it. But we'll bet another pony the *D. T.* didn't mean this.

"igits," and abused the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland for being "not only dumb but absent." Curious how Irish Members always go for Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who is generally a dull but otherwise blameless man.

Cause of the rumpus was Parnellites want to amend the Land Act by taking away whatever it left to Landlord. TREVELYAN puts his foot down and says "No!" whereupon SEXTON appears, and (of course in Parliamentary sense) accuses the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland of depriving his mother-in-law of bread. That seems to settle the matter. Bill thrown out and everybody goes home.

*Business done.*—Land Law (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill rejected by 235 votes against 72.

*Thursday.*—There happening to be no work for Parliament to do just now, no important Bills requiring consideration, resolved to have another night with Egyptian Question. Lord BURY led off in Lords. Colonel STANLEY recommenced in Commons. Really astonishing, and highly creditable to command over facial muscles, the way Hon. Gentlemen and Noble Lords come up to the scratch. Been in session over a month. Not a sitting passed without shower of questions on affairs in Egypt. Five nights' debate on the Vote of Censure. Seven other nights of debate irregularly sprung upon the House. In Lords, GRANVILLE declares he has answered question fifteen or sixteen times. Yet here to-night, in freshest paint and with every appearance of wanting to know, comes Lord BURY in the Lords with "the MARKS" to follow; and in the Commons Colonel STANLEY with both hands resting on the table, standing on one leg, and swinging the other backwards and forwards whilst he asks, "What is your policy in Egypt?"

HARTINGTON, with crushed manner and in wearied voice, goes all through business once more. GLADSTONE the only man still lively on the matter. Once more expounds his policy, and then marching in melancholy single file comes the old procession carrying a banner with the too-familiar device "What's your policy in Egypt?"

"Might as well shut up the place and go home," says HARTINGTON. "As a farce it wasn't very good on first night, and since then never been off the bills. We're sick of it. If we're to have obstruction, I prefer old style; a long wrangle, a sudden explosion, and O'DONNELL put out, or Joseph GILLIS discovered up in Strangers' Gallery grinning down upon an assembly temporarily bereft of his companionship.

*Business done.*—None.

*Friday.*—A little tired of House to-night. Went and sat in Ladies' Gallery. Looked down on bear-pit, where they quarrelled round CHAMBERLAIN's passive figure. Question is, Was patronage under Bankruptcy Act distributed among political partisans? CHAMBERLAIN conclusively shows it was not. On contrary, quite unusual pains taken to secure best men. Tories a little staggered. After hesitation, determine to go on. Press for Committee, and are beaten two to one.

"Well, now," said Miss CROCKER, one of those charming girls America occasionally sends over to Redress the Balance between the Old World and the New, "they talk about party squabbles in my country, but I suppose this is about the meanest thing your Opposition ever did?"

Don't like to admit it to a stranger; but in privacy of Diary may say it is. I give up JOSEPH GILLIS, GEORGY HAMILTON, GRAND CROSS, and some other Gentlemen on Front Bench. 'Tis their nature to. But to see Colonel STANLEY and GIBSON going out to vote with their party in this pitiful spiteful personal attack, astounds me.

*Business done.*—None.

## BEFORE AND AFTER THE DINNER.

THE LORD MAYOR, in proposing the toast of the evening on the occasion of the recent City banquet given in honour of Lord SHAFTESBURY, announced to the assembled company that his original idea had not been to preside at a grand and costly public entertainment of the kind at which they were then assisting, but at quite a private and homely little affair of a very different character. It is, however, only known to a select few that this earlier and more economical social gathering really was essayed and came off. As the speeches of guest and host on the occasion were naturally of a very simple and informal character, they may perhaps be read with interest by those to whom the sudden rush made by the City with its Freedom literally at the head of the veteran philanthropic Nobleman, is yet somewhat of a mystery. Subjoined is the hitherto unreported account of the proceedings:—

At the Mansion House yesterday afternoon a chop-and-hot-potato lunch was given by the LORD MAYOR (R. N. FOWLER, M.P.) to the Earl of SHAFTESBURY and some half-dozen personal friends who had expressed a wish to have a good uninterrupted stare at his Lordship.

After the usual loyal toasts had been duly proposed and honoured, the LORD MAYOR said he had now to drink to the health of his distinguished guest. He thought, as they were practically quite alone, he could afford to be frank with the Noble Earl, and tell him how it

came about that he had asked him to look in and have lunch at all. The matter was very simple. He had, during his year of office, to have what he might colloquially style an occasional "flare up," but it was absolutely necessary if he desired a flare up to get hold of "somebody" just to flare up with. (*Laughter.*) Now the abnormal and extraordinary dearth of "somebodies" at the present moment obliged him to take up his *Whitaker*, and see whether he could put his finger on any one who might be said to be ripe for the Freedom of the City. He was not particular, not he;—a second-hand explorer would have done,—but unfortunately he could hit on nobody. Then he appealed in despair to the City Remembrancer. That functionary, who never seemed to remember anything or anybody, told him he must wait for "somebody home from Egypt," but he, the LORD MAYOR, knew what Egyptian affairs meant, and the Ninth of next November might be here first, and that wouldn't do for him. ("Hear, hear!") Then a happy thought struck him all at once. He said to himself, "Why! bless me!—if there isn't old SHAFTESBURY!" (*Laughter.*) Why, they ought to have made something of him forty years ago. But, better late than never: he's the very thing for me! All this Dwelling of the Poor business to the fore just now: and the PRINCE on the Commission too! By Jove, I will. *I'll ask him to lunch!*" And that, concluded his Lordship, addressing the Noble Earl, is why you are here to-day, my Lord! (*Loud laughter.*)

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, who on rising was received with an encouraging cheer, said: My LORD MAYOR, and you two or three Gentlemen here assembled, I have very little to say in reply to your frank, but, I may add, not altogether pleasing little harangue; for you have reminded me—unintentionally, no doubt—of the fact that had not, I confess, occurred to me before,—namely, that to come bothering a man of my years at this advanced period of his life with the offer of a visionary sort of honour that would have come with far better grace a quarter of a century back, is in rather questionable, I might even say in rather clumsy taste! ("No, no!") What is the use, I ask, of the Freedom of the City to me? (*A Voice—*"You can go up the Monument for nothing!") Just so. But that and the other numerous privileges conferred by the distinction, are not of a character to tickle the fancy of one who, like myself, has reached his eighty-fourth year, and passed most of the time in, I trust, no very frivolous spirit. ("Hear!") And how do you confer the honour, after all? You ask me to a little—I say it with all respect—a little twopenny-halfpenny entertainment that I have frequently seen equalled—nay, sometimes eclipsed—by the modest luncheon-tariff at my own Club. (*Laughter.*) Gentlemen, the noble Earl went on to say, might laugh, but he should have thought that the laugh was entirely on his side. Had his worshipful host asked him to meet some three hundred representative guests, and invested the whole proceedings with a decent, but seasonable *éclat*, that would possibly have altered the circumstances of the case, and have, while paying a tardy compliment to himself, at least have given a sort of temporary stimulus to the cause for which he had laboured, and which, if he got a good two columns in the *Times* to himself, he would make them thoroughly understand he embodied. (*Cheers.*) As it was, he felt much inclined to ask them to let him alone. ("No, no!") He meant it. (*Laughter.*)

On its being explained to his Lordship that "The Freedom of the City" included free admission to all the East-End Music-Halls, a season ticket at the City of London Theatre, the right of lunching at Crosby Hall for a quarter of the usual tariff, the privilege of taking friends at all hours to see the exterior of the Monument, of visiting the Docks (including that at the Old Bailey) without any ceremony and in any state his Lordship pleased, with various additional privileges, such as the right to the first cut off the joint at the Old London Tavern, real turtle at somebody else's expense at PAINTER'S, and four-penn'orth of whiskey for threepence anywhere within the precincts of the City,—on all this having been fully explained to him, the Noble Earl expressed his regret still more strongly that "The Freedom of the City" had not been conferred on him about forty years ago, but added that "It was better late than never, and, if the LORD MAYOR would only take him the rounds just to start him, he looked forward to spending many a jolly evening in the full enjoyment of the new Liberty just conferred upon him."

The LORD MAYOR agreeing to this, a pleasant little party was formed, and, after the banquet, a thoroughly convivial evening was passed, and visits were paid to the various places of amusement, within the Freedom of the City. Cabs and broughams awaited them at the City boundary, marked by the Griffin, where, after three cheers, rather indistinctly given, for "Freedom and FOWLER!" they were escorted to their separate vehicles by the City Police, and reached their homes (according to distance) between two and three A.M., the finish-up with a stirrup-cup and a saraband at the Mansion House having detained them somewhat later than had been expected.

The Noble Earl says he is delighted with the Freedom of the City, but that he had rather a headache next morning. He hopes frequently to avail himself of the new privilege, and to take the Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY with him on Wednesday nights.



## CONSEQUENCES!

*First Country Doctor.* "COULD YOU COME TO MY PLACE, BROWN, TO-MORROW MORNING?"

*Second Ditto.* "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. WHAT IS IT?"

*First Country Doctor.* "WELL, I'VE HAD A CASE OF 'ENDOCARDITIS,' WHICH I'VE VERY SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH 'CONVAL-LARIA MAJALIS,' AND I WANT YOUR HELP WITH THE 'POST MORTEM'!"

## MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

THE ages of Conquerors and Comprehensive Thinkers are gone. These are the days of the Minute Philosopher. I am a Minute Philosopher. It is a delicious destiny.

I am known everywhere—and yet nowhere. I have so many *aliases*, you see. Have you met with such individuals as "A Citizen," "Looker-On," "The Uncle of Ten," "Matilda-Jane," "Bachelor," "A Mother-in-Law," "Anti-Humbug," "Sanitas," "A Briton," "Rusticus," "Indignant," "One who Knows," "Another who Knows Better," "Constant Subscriber," "A. B.," "X. Y. Z.," &c., &c. ? They're all—ME!

The world is now governed—or rather *arranged*—by Congresses, Associations, Handbooks, Lectures, and Letters to the Papers. Especially Letters to the Papers. I have been writing a Letter to the Papers. It is on a *most* important subject. I'm all in a tremble to see that letter in print, lest any fellow Philosopher—there are such lots of us you know—*should* have been beforehand with me. I saw old FUSILLUE drop something into the Editor's box just as I came up with *my* budget. I *hope* he hasn't hit on the same subject. *My* subject is "Door-Scrapers as Disseminators of Disease." Everyone will at once see how essential to the Public well-being it is that scientific scrutiny and legislative enactment should be brought to bear on *this* hitherto shamefully-neglected subject. My letter will no doubt elicit a long and interesting correspondence in the *Daily Detonator*, as did my epistle on "The Rational Structure and Distribution of Waistcoat Buttons," last year. I shall have no sleep to-night!

It's all right. My letter's in, in *big type*, in a prominent place! Old FUSILLUE's is packed away in a corner like a mere advertisement. How wild he will be! His subject is "Braces and Garters in their Relation to the Decadence of Modern Sculpture." Subtle, but not striking! See how *mine* goes! More Mems. next week.

## SONGS OF THE STREETS.

## THE REAL REASON.

"A foreigner, acquainted only through the medium of translations with the works of the Author of *Rasselas*, might be puzzled to determine why the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON is still with the English nation a household word, . . . The reason is a very simple one."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THEY may call Doctor JOHNSON a bear and a bore,  
And smile at his pompous inflation;  
They may laugh at his lexicographical lore,  
And BOSWELL'S absurd adulation!  
But they're bound to admit, 'mid the bustle and strife  
That throbs in this busy replete street,  
That he said one good thing in the course of his life—  
'Twas, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

If they like to abuse him for lapping up tea,  
Or port at the THERALES' down at Streatham;  
If with all his opinions they fail to agree,  
Then all I can say is—why, let 'em!  
They may jeer at Irene, vote *Rasselas* "rot,"  
The Rambler revile in this neat street;  
But there's one observation will ne'er be forgot,  
'Tis, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

They may carp at his "Lives" and his verse, if they please,  
And sneer at his taste and his breeding;  
And his essays, all written in pure Johnsonese,  
They'll reckon as ponderous reading.  
But I think his detractors can't question his claim  
(Oh, whisper it in this discreet street!)  
To monuments, memoirs, distinction, and fame,  
Is, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"



## AN OLD POSTMAN'S STORY.

"'Tis true, your honour! I'm fair dead beat, so I'll snatch a rest on this country stile, For I've trudged and tramped with loaded back from county town—'tis many a mile, Up at the hour when the cock's awake, and shuffling home when the bat's on wing, A-calling here, and a-calling there, with a wait for a knock, and again for a ring; A pleasant life do you call it, Sir? to skirt the hedges and brush the dew, To scare the pheasant, and wake the thrush, and mark the spot where violets grew. Well, it's all very well for the folks in town, who come down here just to take their rest; But with chaps like me, when my labour's done and I long for leisure, then bed's the best. It wasn't so bad in the days gone by, with letters tied up in a handy pack, A stick, a satchel, a pair of legs, a sense of duty, a big broad back; But now it's different quite, look here, when the grave is ready and sexton host, Let them bury me quiet, and put on the stone, 'His back it was broke by the Parcels Post.'

"I'm not so mad with new-fangled ways as DICK at the inn with his yard of clay. I've seen the scythe and sickle give in, and the railroad come in the farmer's way; The hail isn't heard in the old rick-yard, and the buzz of machinery frightens the nag, And we haven't got coaches, or guards, or mails to gallop along with the postman's bag. I haven't a doubt that the policy's good of the Liberal gentlemen sitting in town To cheapen the cottager's packet of tea, and send on a pattern of Missus's gown; They can forward old women their physic and stuff, in reply to an order on halfpenny cards, And the men can get bacey sent up by the pound, and the women their finery easy by yards. But what I do say, it's a little too hard to make an old messenger give up the ghost Because he is doomed to be spoke in the wheel of the Juggernaut Car—called the Parcels Post!

"I've a son in town, as handy a lad, though I shouldn't say so, as ever you see, And he sorts the packets and parcels out, that are driven to trains and handed to me, And he tells his father that London's full of one-horse carriages painted red, He owns his business hours are stiff, but he gets his meals and he likes his bed; They tempt the lad—though he's good as gold—as very few young 'uns are tempted now, With money, and jewels, and stamps, and cheques, which a fool might lose, but a rascal 'stow'; And they give him a salary, on my word, that a labouring lad might fairly scorn, For Master HOBBS has the air to breathe, and never sees gas whether night or morn,— Still I think on the whole that the boy up there has a happier life—though I'd better not boast— Than the labouring hack with a weight on his back, who is driven to death by the Parcels Post!

"It stands to reason, why just look here, 'tis in rural beats where the shoe must pinch, The orders come from the 'boss' in town, but the patient messenger he daren't flinch. We've asked for a lad, or a horse and cart, why even a tricycle many could ride, But never a word to our mute appeal that travels to town from the country side. They groan and growl in the London prints of packages broken and strings undone, And kick up a fuss about chocolate-drops they have counted out, and are short by one! But they never can picture a man as I, of age threescore—well, and nearly ten— Who is taught to boast of a land that's free, and struggles along 'neath the whips of men. It may be policy! Who can say? It may be economy, Statesmen's boast, It may be life to our public men, but it's death to the slave of the Parcels Post!

"So if I am late who dares complain? and if I am weary I must sit down Like this on a stile for a minute or two, in my daily tramp from the county town. Sometimes I envy the birds that fly, from branch to branch, in the air that's free, I follow the flight of the butterfly's wing, and the honeyed content of the burden'd bee! I hear the song of the labourer's lad as he rides the waggon or follows the plough, And the robin looks up with his curious eyes as I rest for a minute to mop my brow, In the morning mist I am off and away, to hurry despair or to hasten fate, Leaving parcels of patterns for girls at the Hall, and letters of love at the Rectory gate; But when your Parliament rings with cheers and the good news travels from coast to coast, In the heat of triumph—just loose one chain from the back of the slave of the Parcels Post!"

## T'WILL NOT DO.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly."

SANG POPE with complacent optimistic dogmatism. But that's all knocked on the head now. Since Science turned social detective, Man has a microscopic eye, or its equivalent. The ignorance which is bliss is now no man's lot. "A PRACTICAL CHEMIST" assures us that the Turkey-red twill, which is largely used for lining dressing-gowns and making children's frocks, is heavily loaded with the chlorides of calcium and magnesium, which absorb water "eagerly" from the atmosphere, insuring a damp state of the clothing except in the driest weather. Delicious! How little did we know, when donning our (seemingly) snug dressing-gown that we were clothing ourselves with rheumatism as with a garment. Oh, that twill be joyful! Is there anything in our daily life, from socks to champagne, from drains to dressing-gowns, that is not a serious danger to health? And a life worth living with this detective-delineated modern "Dance of Death" continually going on around us?

LEGAL LUNCH.—Bacon and Fry.

## AN ALL-ABSORBING SUBJECT.

(In the Silly Season.)

## The Maze, Vague Hollow.

SIR,—As wasps are so numerous this year, a sovereign recipe for the cure of their stings is invaluable. I can give one. Take twenty pounds of oranges, half a hundred-weight of sugar, and a bottle of brandy, and mix thoroughly. When quite assimilated, boil for twenty-four hours, and then strain off the impurities. Allow the mixture to cool in a dry place, and bottle in two-gallon jars. Cover the place containing the sting with some of the concoction, and a speedy cure will be secured.

Yours respectfully,

ACCURACY.

P.S.—As I like to be exact, I beg to say the above is either an excellent recipe for wasp-stings, or marmalade—I forget which.

## The Factory, Smart Avenue.

SIR,—The only reliable cure for wasp-stings is the Anti-Poison Rat-Killer and Insect Neutraliser. It may be obtained in boxes at one shilling and three halfpence, three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, and four guineas. It is cheaper to purchase the latter, as the price of the Government stamp is therein included. The largest box, too, insures a speedier cure and more instant relief than the smaller ones. I need scarcely say that my advice is given in a thoroughly disinterested spirit. I beg to subscribe myself,

THE PATENTEE.

P.S.—Be sure you ask for the right article, and do not be satisfied with spurious and noxious imitations.

## The Bower, Pigsville-on-Style.

SIR,—For many years I have made the stings of wasps my constant study. Every day in the summer and winter months I have the walls of all the rooms in my house coated with a thick concoction of garlic. The carpets are once a week washed thoroughly with parsley-water, and all over the place liquorice-root is kept constantly burning. The garden is thickly sown with onions, and all my food is flavoured with peppermint. Finally, I have a vaporiser in the hall, which distributes camphor in all directions. By these simple means I scarcely ever get stung by a wasp.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

A ROSEBUD.

P.S.—I may explain that the insect in question has a very sensitive sense of smell. Only a mad wasp would approach my dwelling, and a mad wasp has rarely brains enough to sting.

## RAMPANT RIBBONOSITY.

A MAN no longer wears his heart upon his sleeve, but he carries a certificate of good morals in his button-hole. We read in the *Daily News* (Sept. 20)—

"At Boscombe Down, Wilts, yesterday, the first anniversary of the 'Red Ribbon Army' was celebrated. The Army is composed of 'moderate drinkers.' A dinner was given, and the affair was one of great rejoicing."

The following little song might have been sung on the occasion:—

Moderation is Carnation,  
Abstinence is Blue:  
If ribbonless, I must confess,  
I wonder what are you?

He who wears no ribbon whatever in the present day is 'most assuredly open to the gravest suspicion.' No doubt the adoption of these decorations is an excellent thing—for the Ribbon Trade.

"My Nephew," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is unable to take a holiday this Autumn, as he is officiating as *local tennis* for the Vicar of Snorton-cum-Slumborough."





## CONCLUSIONS!

*Pitman (to Dignitary of the Church).* "AU 'SE WAR'NT YE'RE A POOR CURATE, NOO, TRAVELLIN' WI' THE LIKES O' HUZ!"

*Bishop (who thinks it right to travel Third Class occasionally).* "I ONCE WAS, MY FRIEND,—BUT——"

*Pitman (compassionately).* "AH!—I SEE—THAT WRETCHED DRINK!"

[Explanations!]

"Here you are!" he cries, joyfully, as the 8'25 train from Ramsgate catches his eye (which is about all this train is intended to catch). "Capital! only seventeen miles to Dover! we must be there by 9'20 and have twenty minutes to spare before embarking. Let me see——"

His countenance gradually falls as he examines the Time Table more and more attentively. This is the result.

The 8'25 from Ramsgate arrives at Deal at 9. So far so good. But "J'y suis, j'y reste" may be that traveller's motto as far as any getting to Calais by that mail-boat at 9'40 is concerned, as there is no train on to Dover till 10. This gives an hour to wait at Deal. The tourist will then arrive at Dover at 10'27, and he can go by the next boat, for which he will have an hour and a half to wait. Of course such an arrangement is admirably calculated to suit any one who wants to stop an hour at Deal and an hour and a half at Dover.

The 1'30 from Ramsgate arrives at Deal at 2'10 just in time to catch the 2'15 for Dover which arrives at 2'42, but this the traveller only accidentally hears of, as it doesn't seem to be advertised. Perhaps it is meant as a pleasant little surprise. Should he miss the surprise train, the traveller to Dover will have ample time to investigate the town of Deal, as he will have no chance of "getting any forrarder," until 4'18. This arrangement is favourable to the Tourist who wishes to remain in Deal for a couple of hours. The 6'50 P.M. from Ramsgate arrives at Deal at 7'30, just in time to miss the 7'15 from Deal to Dover. The 9'20 P.M. for Ramsgate arrives at Deal 10'5 just in time to miss the 10 o'clock train from Deal,—and then the Tourist is done.

Sunday brings some consolation for the Tourist. He can catch the early boat from Dover by starting from Ramsgate at 7. He will have fifty minutes to wait at Deal, where, as the refreshment-room won't be open, and no hotel is ready to receive visitors, he can spend his time in imagining what he might have had for breakfast if he had been compelled to wait this time while travelling abroad. He will be at Dover by 8'57, and here, perhaps, he may get some breakfast. At all events, as we believe the mail-boat goes at 9'40 A.M. as on week-days, he can catch that, when, perhaps, breakfast will be unnecessary. He can also catch the mid-day boat on Sundays very

comfortably by leaving Ramsgate at 9'45, and waiting only ten minutes at Deal, and reaching Dover at 11'12, when, as a *bonâ-fide* traveller, some hotel may consent to serve him with breakfast; but, on the other hand, they may not, or may be so slow in placing it on the table, that by the time it is there the hungry Tourist can only pour the coffee into a flask, put the rolls and butter in one pocket, the eggs-and-bacon into another, dash down five shillings, and rush off to the boat, which starts punctually at 12 to the minute.

Certainly the Representatives of Margate, Ramsgate, Dover and Shorncliffe have just cause of complaint, and as Mr. J. S. FORBES has declared plainly and emphatically that he is on the side of the complainants in the matter, it is to be hoped, in the interests of the travelling public, which after all are the true interests of both Companies, that Sir WATKIN will not be obdurate; that he will listen to the voice of reason; that he will like *Cox* embrace *Boz* as his long-lost brother ("Have you an L. C. D. & S. E. marked on your arm?" "No! Then it is he!"; and that then their "friends in front will be happy" "when," to quote Chairman FORBES, "there shall be frequent trains—ten each way per day—at reduced fares, in accordance with the terms of the letter sent to the Dover Corporation, a copy of which had been submitted to the S. E. Company."

Arrange this matter, Gentlemen, if you please, so that the much-vexed Tourist residing at Margate or Ramsgate may be enabled to avail himself of your *Calais-Douvres* and your Mail and other Packet Service, and may not have to join in chorus, to the tune of "*The Whale*,"—

"But we did not catch that Mail, Brave boys,  
We did not catch that Mail!"

NATURALLY.—Prince BISMARCK declines to "play the Postman to his enemies." He doubtless considers that he is the Pillar of the State, not its Post.

GOOD PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE AT WHO DISLIKE RHINE WINES.—Anti-och!



THE "BLACK WATCH."

(According to some French ideas on the subject of our Army Organisation.)

## SIGNOR MACBETTO; OR, WITCH—IT ISN'T!

At the recent inaugural meeting of the Brand New Shakspeare Society considerable interest was aroused by the announcement that a preliminary lecture with the above significant title was to be delivered by the distinguished Italian tragedian who had just accepted the post of honorary Vice-President; and the gathering of members was therefore unusually large.

On Signor SALVINI taking his position on the platform, on which apparently to assist him in the illustration of his subject some extremely humorous pantomime heads, a clown's dress or two, a vampire trap, a life-sized and coloured plaster cast of a Scotchman taking snuff, and a few other necessary trifles were tastefully arranged, he said: He trusted that the worthy object he had in view, namely of proving to a British public that in the estimate they had formed of the great Thane whose character it would be his business to dissect and truthfully portray, they had hitherto been hopelessly abroad, had been already fairly indicated in his recent embodiment of the part on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. But he would, as was his wont, delay no longer, but dash at once *in medias res*.

"Now," continued the distinguished lecturer, "what was the true basis of *Macbeth's* character?" He had no hesitation in saying it,—SHAKESPEARE meant his colossal human masterpiece to be a tremendous wag. The real explanation of all the Scottish Thane's portentous troubles was an overweening and unrestrained taste for practical joking. Take his entry upon the scene in Act 1. How does he come on? Walking about alone with *Banquo*, on a blasted heath,—preceded, an intensely humorous idea,—by some one with a drum. And what of the very first line he utters? It contains a regular poser for his companion.

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen,"

is the remark *Macbeth* makes to *Banquo*, who has evidently heard so much of this sort of inconsequent foolery all the morning, that he actually doesn't vouchsafe any reply to it, but, turning away, asks the Witches the way to Forres! And now about these Witches! It is true that they give *Macbeth* opportunities for introducing some of his very funniest business;—and one thing is clear from the text—they wear large pasteboard heads.

"Speak, if you can,"

says *Macbeth*, naturally enough taking them for Pantomime Supers—and doubting if they have been entrusted with a line. And then again, when they have got out a few words apiece, it is evident that they have delivered them

through the conventional hole in the chin, and necessarily with much indistinctness, for he continues—

"Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more."

There is, therefore, no room to doubt but that the Witches come in to the play for the purpose of getting what is technically called a good "screamer" or two out of it. And yet this question suggests itself to the conscientious Critic, who is going also to play *Macbeth*,—why should not *Macbeth* himself have got that laugh? In a word, did not SHAKESPEARE put the Witches in to oblige the Management, who had three heavy salaries doing nothing? and were not all their lines abstracted from the leading part in which they were originally written?

The more the matter is looked at in this light, the more it is evident. *Macbeth* must originally have had all the Witches' business, their lines, *Hecate's* song, description of cauldron, and, in fact, everything—in his part, and have told it as a good story to his friends, probably after supper, at the Banquet Scene. This alone would explain *Lady Macbeth's* manner to the guests, who have clearly been terribly bored with the recital, and are probably on the move in consequence.

"Think of this, good Peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time,"

she exclaims, apologetically—"He will do it," she seems to say, and when her talkative Lord, amidst boisterous guffaws of laughter, begins to catalogue the ingredients of the cauldron, and she finds she cannot manage to keep him quiet, with an impatient—

"Really—he grows worse and worse"

she dismisses the company.

Now this is so obvious, that I have, as I hinted, cut out all the Witch business, and restored the lines to their original place in the part of the leading Actor. Also, on the same definite principle, I have given him *Macduff's* best bits, by letting him tell the Doctor what he has heard *Macduff* has said to *Malcolm*. As to *Lady Macbeth* having that tremendous chance with the sleep-walking near the end—that is simply preposterous. That, together with a few other bits of hers here and there, I have absorbed as a matter of course, and it comes in capitally, the Messenger suddenly running in against *Macbeth*, who is going off with the celebrated—

"To bed, to bed, to bed!"

and waking him with a start, which gives excellent meaning to his otherwise inexplicable line,

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

But commentators would naturally ask, "How about the Ghost?" For that question he had a prompt reply. There was no Ghost to cut out. It was quite clear, as he had pointed out in another place, that SHAKESPEARE didn't like these supernatural tomfooleries, and that the Ghost in *Hamlet* was evidently tacked on to the Play by some Manager who had got the armour and the lime-light in the theatre, and would bring them in somehow—probably at Christmas-time. He always played *Hamlet* without the Ghost, and threw in all the lines of the latter into his advice to the Players, and they went capitally. The whole Scene was always a roar.

But to revert to the Ghost of *Banquo*. Could it be doubted for a moment that this was a practical joke of *Macbeth's*—one of his best—specially prepared to amuse his guests at the banquet? He had always taken this view of it, and at the recent representation of *Macbeth* at Covent Garden, he had done his best to give this idea its fullest expression. There he hoped he had made it quite clear that *Banquo* was no spirit, but a friend of the family who was "in the fun," and as fond of a joke as *Macbeth* himself. Till the appointed time he hides under the dinner-table. Surely the audience saw that? Then, when he does come through a trap, note the manner. A good ten-foot spring into the air brings him down into a sitting position on the stage, while a flap-trick on an adjacent column discloses the familiar legend,

## A RISE IN SPIRITS.

This did not act quite as perfectly as he could have wished at Covent Garden, the other evening, but still he trusted the intention was, in the main, obvious enough.

With regard to the other points, he was obliged to be brief; but he hoped that, by his taking a call in the Murder Scene, when covered with gore, he could be not only "bloody and bold," but "resolute" not to let the fun flag, through missing a chance of scoring with that master-secret of all humour, a fine sense of the incongruous.

But he was obliged to close his remarks, and he felt that he could not do so more appropriately than by saying that he trusted that, whatever might be the value of his attempt as a Shakspearian critic and interpreter not to lag behind the age, he might still be able to endorse his labours with the golden wisdom of the mighty Master himself, and write over them his own immortal line—

"NOT BEFORE THE BARD!"

### VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

#### NO. VIII.—DECREASE OF CRIME.

ON the LORD MAYOR taking his seat at the Mansion House, Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, addressing his Lordship said: It is with much pleasure, my Lord, that I have to inform your Lordship that there is not a single night-charge this morning for hearing. There are no remanded cases, and not one summons. According to the ancient custom, my Lord, it devolves upon me to present your Lordship with a pair of white kid gloves.



Mr. Joelard.

The LORD MAYOR, addressing Mr. NOWAL, said: The announcement of this fact is far more satisfactory to me than my powers of expression will admit. Nothing can be so agreeable to one who has to administer justice than the news of decrease in crime. It would be a matter of great interest to me, if you, Mr. NOWAL, will kindly look over last year's books, and let me know how many charges were brought before my predecessor on this very day last year. We can then make a good comparison, and note to what extent crime has decreased.

Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, then left the Court for the purpose.

Mr. JOELARD (from Whitehall), courteously addressing his Lordship, said: May I be permitted, your Lordship—

The Lord Mayor. Are you about to make some observations respecting Mr. NOWAL's observations?

Mr. Joelard (politely). No, your Lordship; I was about—

The Lord Mayor. Then I cannot hear you just now. I am expecting Mr. NOWAL's return every moment.

Mr. Joelard (with gentle persistence). But it's most urgent—

The Lord Mayor. Now, do pray not to interrupt. I will hear you presently.

Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, returned into Court, and said: I have examined the books, your Lordship, and find that this exact day last year fell on a Sunday, on which day, of course, as your Lordship is aware, the Court does not sit.

The Lord Mayor. Let me see. It would scarcely be fair to judge by any other day. I think, Mr. NOWAL, the better plan would be to examine the books on this day (the seventeenth) two years ago.

Mr. NOWAL said: He thought his Lordship's suggestion was most excellent, and left the Court for the necessary examination of the books.

Mr. Joelard (amiably). My Lord, as the Chief Clerk may be some time—

The Lord Mayor. Really, Sir, you have admitted that your application is not concerning the present matter, and I cannot hear you until it is disposed of. These statistics respecting the decrease of crime are of immense public importance. I will hear you, as I before remarked, by-and-by.

Mr. NOWAL returned into Court, and, addressing the LORD MAYOR, said: A careful examination of the books has been made, my Lord, with a result that I am certain will be exceedingly satisfactory to your Lordship. On this corresponding day two years ago, there were not only two night charges (one of drunkenness, and one of begging), but there was also an important remand; a charge, preferred by a mistress against her servant, of stealing a postage-stamp.

The Lord Mayor. This is very gratifying. An immense decrease of crime has been clearly shown, and what is so flattering to me, is to think that such an event should have occurred during my year of Lord Mayoralty. I take this opportunity of thanking you, Mr.

NOWAL, for your valuable assistance, and the Bar, the Reporters, and the Police, for their courtesy.

Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, acknowledged the compliment paid to him by the LORD MAYOR in a few well-chosen words, and then handed his Lordship a pair of white kid gloves, according to the usual custom.

Mr. Joelard. May I now, my Lord—

The Lord Mayor (with considerable severity). Pray do not interrupt me, Sir. I was about to observe, Mr. NOWAL, when I was, as you no doubt noticed, rudely interrupted, that I should like to make a suggestion, in case a similar occasion to this should occur, and I heartily hope it will, for the Public's sake. The suggestion is, that lavender kid gloves should be presented instead of white. I know this is a departure from ancient custom, but one ought to go with the times, and, as you are doubtless aware, white kid gloves are a little out of fashion now.

Mr. NOWAL thanked his Lordship for the suggestion, and the proceedings terminated.

Mr. Joelard. May I now be permitted to address your Lordship?

The Lord Mayor (having received a hint from Mr. NOWAL, who had just recognised Mr. JOELARD). Most certainly. I beg your pardon, I am sure. (Much bowing.) I have not had the pleasure of seeing you here before.

Mr. Joelard (returning salutes courteously). I am exceedingly sorry to have interrupted your Lordship, but my application is indeed very urgent. Has your Lordship fixed any time for the hearing of the Dynamite Case to-day?

The Lord Mayor. Dynamite Case? To-day? There must be some mistake. There is neither charge nor remand to-day—not even a summons.

Mr. Joelard. I am afraid not. Eight men have been arrested within the last quarter-of-an-hour at the "Eagle and Dove" public-house over the road. They are at the Station now—the charge is being entered against them at this moment. They will be brought over at once almost.

The Lord Mayor. But you said Dynamite Case.

Mr. Joelard. Yes, Sir. Four cans, with fuses attached, were found in their possession, corresponding precisely with the can found on FINNIGEN.

The Lord Mayor. FINNIGEN. Who is FINNIGEN?

Mr. Joelard. He is charged with an attempt to blow up your Lordship.

The Lord Mayor. What?

Mr. Joelard. He was found, my Lord, twenty minutes ago, in the room situated immediately below your Lordship's seat, with a can and a fuse attached— [The Court suddenly adjourned.]

### ALL OF A SOUDAN;

*Or, the Corsican Brothers' Rapid Intelligence Delivery Outdone.*

SCENE—A Battle-field thousands of miles from England. TIME—Ten minutes after the final Charge of the British Army. Wounded Officer left in charge of his Soldier Servant.

Officer. There, my man, you heard what the Surgeon said—keep quiet, and I shall be all right in a fortnight.

Servant. Yes, Sir, that's it. But you must keep quiet.

Officer. A difficult task, my man. Had I the use of this hand—were I not wounded—I would write to the dear ones at home, and describe to them the stirring events of the last three-quarters of an hour. I would tell them how we, after sleeping all night within a stone's-throw of the rebel entrenchment, rose at the sound of the bugle, how we fell into our places silently, how we got into a formation, how we advanced in echelon, how we formed square.

Servant. Don't worry yourself now, Sir.

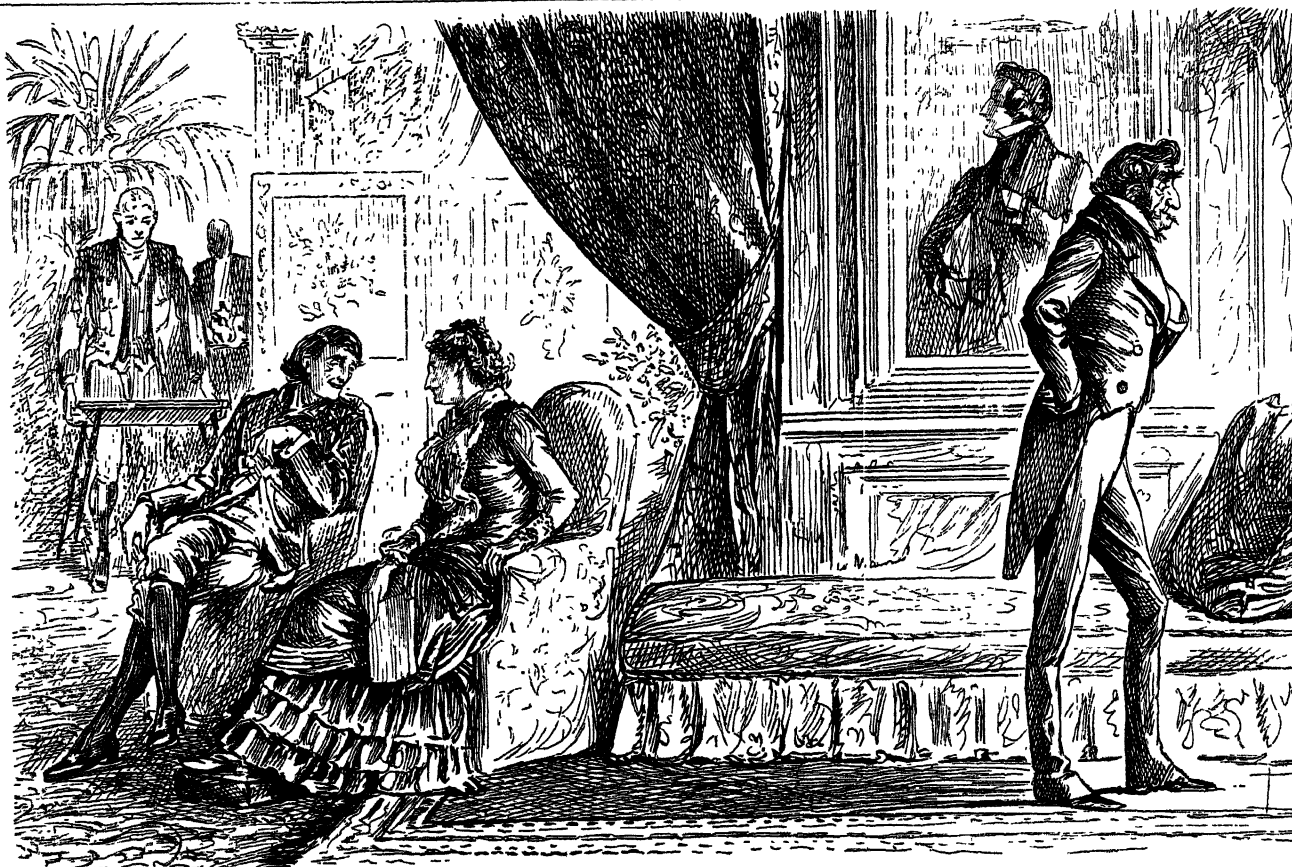
Officer. But I would like to tell them this, and more. I would describe to them the scene you and I witnessed not twenty minutes ago—the Charge, the Victory, the incidents of the Battle, fights for the Standard, hand-to-hand encounters, spears against bayonets, Martini-Henrys answered by Remingtons! Oh! would that I could tell them all this!

Servant (soothingly). If you wish, Sir, perhaps I could take the despatch. If I started at once, I could get to London in ten days.

Officer (changing his tone). What am I thinking of? I must be off my head! I had forgotten the marvels of modern Science. They will know all this—and at once. By the time—that is to say ten minutes hence—when you have got me comfortably tucked up in the Ambulance Tent, my relatives in London will have been supplied with all the details of our victory!

[And he was right; for, thanks to the telegraph and the Daily Press, that morning's news from the Soudan arrived in London with that morning's breakfast-roll!]

THE HOAX AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A little Peril and a good Lesson.



“SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!”

“BY THE WAY, DUCHESS, SUPPOSING THAT WE DO SUCCEED IN GETTING THE HOUSE OF LORDS ABOLISHED THIS SESSION, WON'T IT BE A GREAT BLOW TO THE DUKE?”

“YES, IF HE EVER HEARS OF IT; BUT I SHAN'T TELL HIM, YOU KNOW!”

POOR JACK.

(Very Latest Version.)

Go, patter to PALMER and GREEN, d'ye see,  
 'Bout danger to trade, and the like,  
 A Bill fair and square to all parties give me,  
 And I don't see the rocks we need strike.  
 Though the Trade like a tempest roar, thunder, and smite,  
 And would shiver our JOE, if they could,  
 When the storm clears away, we shall find him all right,  
 With as much of his Bill as is good.  
 Avast! nor don't think him a milksoy so soft,  
 By hard words to be taken aback,  
 No; he'll still play the Providence perched up aloft,  
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK!  
 I've heard the Shipowners palaver away  
 About harassing, insult, and such,  
 And M.P.'s lots of lingo they coil and belay,  
 'Bout as much to the point as High Dutch.  
 They say that if vessels still founder at sea,  
 The “average”—that's it—gets low,  
 And a many fine things, as prove plainly to me  
 There are some of 'em not “in the know.”  
 But although I don't want to be ranked as a soft,  
 It is pleasant to know for a fact,  
 That a sweet little—CHAMBERLAIN—sits up aloft  
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK!  
 I says to our POLL, when she asked me for why  
 They were making this shine about me,  
 “I do not know much about in-dem-ni-ty,  
 But I do know what happens at sea.  
 Overloading's a fact, howsoever they squall,  
 And unsaworthy hulks do leave shore,  
 And if to Old Davy I must go, dear POLL,  
 Let it be level luck and no more.

Whilst my loss is some shipowner's gain—as 'tis oft—  
 I've less chance, POLL, to come safely back;  
 So I'm glad that JOE CHAMBERLAIN sits up aloft  
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK.”

D've mind me a sailor from risk shouldn't flinch  
 If 'tis met in a seaworthy ship,  
 And I guess we can all of us prove at a pinch  
 That at danger we won't hang a lip;  
 But Coffins are crafts which more danger attends  
 Than from duty, met manfully, springs;  
 Maybe no one's to blame, but there's some of JACK's “friends”  
 Have been parties to precious rum things.  
 The Bill may want mending, our JOE should go soft,  
 Yet by blasts not be taken aback,  
 And I'm glad such a cherub still sits up aloft  
 To look out a good berth for poor JACK.

Mr. Irving in America.

(Special Telegram.)

“At the conclusion of the performance of *Hamlet*, Mr. IRVING and the principal performers were wellnigh smothered in wreaths and bouquets. It was in fact, as a noted gourmet remarked, who happened to be present, a *Hamlet aux fines herbes*.”

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is going to the Artistic Fancy Ball at the Royal Waterworks Exhibition, Piccadilly, in May. She has been told, she says, that the cheapest dress, and the one in which there is the least chance of her being recognised, is that of Annie Domino, with a half-mast on her face. But then, she asks, can that be comfortable?

“VESTED Interests” stigmatise Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Shipping Bill as “reckless.” So do we; only we spell it with a “w,” and speak of it as an Any-amount-of-wreck-less Bill?





“THE CHERUB!”

“THERE’S A SWEET LITTLE CHAMBERLAIN SITS UP ALOFT,  
TO KEEP WATCH FOR THE LIFE OF POOR JACK!”





## TAMANIEB.

MARCH 13, 1884.

AFTER that rain of bullets in the night,  
Borne silently, they welcomed morning's light  
Those men of GRAHAM'S. Hard indeed to stand  
That lead-hail pattering on the parched sand  
Midst the prone, sleepless soldiers. Now the day  
Heralds fierce conflict. An heroic fray  
As ever the unchanging Desert saw  
Since RAMESES, swift as the tracked lion's claw,  
Smote his encircling foemen! Like a flood  
The Spearman rolled, dyeing with ready blood  
The thirsting sands, and like a ridge of rock  
The Black Watch breasted the repeated shock  
Of the wild Arabs, fierce as wind-lashed surge.  
But that gap'd flank! In vain sharp shoutings urge  
The stragglers up. What! wavering, broken, forced  
That line, our hope? The hot blood must have coursed  
Madly through many veins. Yet nerve can school  
Quick pulse to steadiness, and, sternly cool,  
BULLER is there to head the rally. Then  
Ill fares it with that horde of desert men  
So vainly valiant, sweeping down to death  
Like wheat swath that before a swift wind's breath  
Boweth toward the sickle.

Once again  
The British flag flies free amidst the slain,  
Our slain, alas! too many. At what cost  
The vantage here was won! not to be lost,  
If England's voice have power, by faltering will  
Or fiction-muddled fancy. GRAHAM'S skill  
And BULLER'S coolness, with the valour keen  
Of English fighters, Soldier or Marine,  
Matched with such worthy foes, must not in vain  
Mark the right watchword, "Rescue and Remain!"

## SPORTING NOTES.

(From a Pleasant Point of View.)

## THE TURF.

LISTS of betting on the Spring Handicaps are now to be read in the papers, but those of my readers who are not positive candidates for the suffrages of the governing body of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots must know that these lists are in the main fictitious swindles. Looking over the Tyler's Hill Handicap, for instance, I see that *Gillie*, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. is favourite. Why? The money reported to be invested on him cannot be that of the public, for the public has never seen *Gillie* on a race-course, and inordinate ass as the public undeniably is, it is not quite yet so demented as to back an animal of which nothing is known. The money reported to be invested is not that of the owner, for it is the most patent fact in the Turf world that Colonel DE PROSPERO is so notoriously hard up, and has behaved so badly whenever he has had a chance, that not one single bookmaker



Going to the Dogs; or, the last Meet of the Season.

will trust him for anything beyond half-a-crown ready money, and if he were a wise bookmaker he would test the genuineness of that before booking the bet. The stable connections are as equally beggarly thieves as the Colonel, and nobody would ever accuse the trainer of backing a horse under his charge. He has made what money he has by laying against those horses he has trained, more especially if they have been favourites.

I pass over *Highflyer*, *The Masher*, *Kingsgate*, *Dumpton*, and *Pegwell Bay*, as I am now discussing racehorses and their merits, and not the possibility of there being a glut of glue in the market before the season is over. *Hoola-Hoola* is being well backed, and it is said by the owner; but, of course, those who know the owner the best will, like myself, believe what he says the least. 6st. 9lb. is a very light weight for a 5-year-old, and in favour of this horse it must be said that each time he ran last year he was roped in such a shameless and open manner, that but for the fact that the punishment would have had to include some prominent members of the Jockey Club, both *Hoola-Hoola's* trainer, owner, and jockey would have been warned off the Turf for life. *The Gull*, 5 yrs. (7st.) is the property of a sportsman who—as far as is known—is a perfectly straightforward nobleman, and he has engaged ASCOT HEATH to ride, a fact which weighs much with the public. Undeniably, A. HEATH is a consummate horseman, but he has acquired £30,000 within the

last ten years, a fact which indubitably proves that his powers of thieving are equal to his riding. If winning will suit HEATH, from a pecuniary point of view, better than losing, why *The Gull* is certain to be first past the post; but as I have every reason to know that he has already been squared by a very wealthy bookmaker—NIMROD JEHU to wit—who knows too much about HEATH's former robberies to be left in the lurch by him, I shall throw over *The Gull*, and plump for

## SOUTH FORELAND

who is very well treated indeed. I know that he belongs to a confederacy who would break into a church if they could, but I also know that so unfortunate were they last year, that unless they win a race very soon, and *South Foreland* is quite good enough a horse to do it, there is no alternative for them but the gaol or the workhouse.

By the death of Mr. NEWE KUT, the Ring has lost one of its most prominent members. He was a man who played the great game. He was tolerably honest in his business, and in private life was much beloved by his wife, who died in a Temperance Retreat some years ago, and by his son, who, however, went utterly wrong, and is at present either at Chatham or Dartmoor. The deceased's liberal gifts of coals and meat and beer and blankets to the poor of his native town will be bitterly missed by them next Christmas. Mr. NEWE KUT's first start on the Turf was as a Welsher—he was severely hurt at Hampton thirty years ago—having originally been a Waiter in a City Chop-house.

## BOATING.

THE Oxbridge crew has been doing its usual work this week, and precious hard work it has been. An eight from a girl's school would beat our lot this year with such men as No. 4 and No. 7 rowing. This fact is transparent to all, but it is equally well known that No. 4 is the President's cousin, and that No. 7 intends to give up rowing after this race, and devote himself to playing, for very high stakes, of which he has plenty, loo, *écarté*, and other games of chance or skill of which he knows absolutely nothing. If our lot win, the others had better make a bonfire of their boat and oars.

The Camford eight has been getting through steady work this week, and as steadily going from bad to worse, and at their present rate of progression bid fair by the day of the race to be able to make no headway at all unless assisted by a powerful steam-tug. No. 2, although ostensibly conforming to training regulations, has taken to secret drinking, which accounts for his inability to give any practical help to the boat. No. 5, who was a good man once, now, so his skip informs me, hangs a curtain over his fire-place, and smokes six or seven pipes of strong tobacco up his chimney every night. If our crew win, the grateful onlookers might afford a speedy and public funeral to our opponents.

The sculling match between JOBBER and young FLASHY, to come off next Tuesday, still engrosses attention in the low publichouses of Hammersmith, and among the riparian thieves who interest themselves in aquatic. Both men are fit, but what is more to the purpose is that young FLASHY's backers have offered £90 to JOBBER to lose. JOBBER, however, holds out for £100. If he gets it, he will of course be well beaten; but, if his terms are not acceded to, it is 100 to 1 on him, as he is as much in front of young FLASHY as a fire-engine is faster than a four-wheeled cab.

## PIGEON-SHOOTING.

THE match for £100 a-side at twenty-five pigeons, at twenty-seven yards rise, between Mr. "BOPPER" and Mr. "DOPPER," is fairly puzzling backers, and I confess that I cannot put my finger on the winner. Both stand as nearly on the same mark as possible, and Mr. "BOPPER" is training on "poker," *écarté*, the Theatres, and continual suppers at well-known restaurants in the Strand and Regent Street. This, in great measure, puts him out of court, and, indeed, when I last saw him, he was as chippy as a man could wish to be. Mr. "DOPPER" is as fit as a two-year old, but, on the other hand, can't get his money on at his own price, and his powers of missing "owls," when the market doesn't suit him, are only too well known to his infatuated backers. With neither man up to the present "on the job," it is impossible for me to select a winner.

## COURSING.

A VERY curious *contretemps* brought the Zed meeting to a close on Tuesday week. Mr. ARMSTRONG'S *Appy-go-Lucky* and Mr. D. E. SEYER'S *Destiny* were left in the final tie for the Zed Cup, and betting ruled at guineas to pounds on *Destiny*. When slipped, it was at once seen that something was wrong, and the running of two such well-known dogs was derisively cheered by the crowds assembled. After an undecided, they were returned to the slips, but before sighting Puss, *Appy-go-Lucky* fell down dead, and the Cup and stakes were awarded to *Destiny*. After a wrangle, an investigation was instituted, and it transpired that both owners had, previous to the final, indulged their own dogs in huge meals. By winning the Zed Cup, Mr. D. E. SEYER is reported ruined; and his not settling conclusively proves what a heavy commission he had executed in favour of his opponent's dog.

## WOLSELEY'S SOLILOQUY.

(Extract from a Tragedy of the Time.)

"Our Only General" loquitur—  
FAREWELL! a long farewell to  
my sole greatness!  
Such is the state of Soldiers;  
all to-day  
And nothing—by comparison  
—to-morrow!  
I bore unblushing honours  
thick upon me,  
But this looks like what slang-  
ists call "a frost,"  
Which at the moment when I  
thought full surely  
My Onliness was ripening,  
nips it coldly,  
And others rise, as I did. I  
have risen,  
Like a light-burdened hodman  
up a ladder  
Of easy steps, to the house-  
top of glory  
Far beyond others' flight: my  
high-paced pride  
Now stumbles under me, and  
I am left,  
Loved little by the Service, to  
the mercy  
Of a rude Press that loves to  
chaff and chide me.  
Vain pomp and point of epi-  
gram I hate ye!  
Field-guns, indeed! They stuck  
in style most wretched  
At my Tel-el-Kebir, but For-  
tune favours  
GRAHAM, who wins her smile,  
which he aspires to.  
El Teb, Tamanieb! Ah! Mis-  
chief seems brewing.  
I feel such pangs as pretty  
women have  
When, touched by age, they  
fall, like Lucifer,  
Never to shine again!

Is the False Prophet to be  
trusted when he gives us any  
information as to the "Dark  
Races"?

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 177.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, R.E., V.C., K.C.B.,

OUR T'OTHEREST GENERAL.

LENTEN FARE; OR, AS  
WE'D LIKE IT.

TITUS oats for clamorous Celt,  
Curried cockscombs and  
roast bear  
'Neath the ultra-Tories' belt;  
For the MAHDI feet of hare,  
Peppered freely à l'Anglaise;  
For the KHEDIVE a green maze;  
Such were fit, your Poet says,  
Lenten Fare.

Ferryuginous, fair France,  
Is the diet keeps you spare;  
Chinese mare's-nest soup, and  
chance

Tonquin beans dished up by  
GUERRE.

Bills of fare con with less zest,  
Grand Old Man; a little rest  
Might perhaps turn out your  
best

Lenten Fare.

## A MYSTERIOUS CALLING.

WE read in the *Era*—

WANTED, a Good HAND-  
SELLER; also a Watch-  
maker; if can handsell preferred.  
—Apply, stating salary required.

Now, what is a "Hand-  
seller"? According to dic-  
tionaries and general accepta-  
tion, to handsel is to "use  
anything for the first time."  
Now, we imagine the salary  
required would depend very  
much upon what was to be  
handselled. Supposing you  
were desired to handsel a fifty-  
pound note, your friend's best  
silk umbrella, some "Thirty-  
four Port, or a box of su-  
perb Intimidads, it might be  
very pleasant. But it would  
be a very different matter if  
you were requested to handsel  
an unbroken horse, a pair of  
tight boots, or a new meer-  
schaum pipe. Of course, all  
these things should be con-  
sidered in the remuneration.

## FATHER THAMES IN DANGER.

It is certainly high time some responsible body looked after the  
welfare of Father Thames. If the Thames Conservancy have not  
the ability or the power to do it, by all means let it be placed in the  
hands of those who have not only skill but discretion. The rights of  
riparian owners should be rigidly inquired into. Frequently their  
only rights arise from putting up a threatening notice-board, marking  
land that has been filched from the River, "Private," and placing  
bars and chains across backwaters.

Those who know the Thames well could point to many secluded  
spots, belonging as much to the Public as any bye-way turning out  
of Bond Street, which have been unceremoniously converted into  
private property. An instance has even been known of a man who,  
by planting withies in the Thames, eventually established a little  
island, which he claimed as his private property.

*Mr. Punch* is glad to find the House of Commons is about to give  
some attention to this subject. He hopes the matter of ferries,  
towpaths, backwaters, and landing-places will be fully discussed,  
and at the same time he trusts something will be done to control the  
vagaries of the "river roughs," who land in private gardens, who  
bathe at mid-day in front of respectable dwelling-places, who come  
in crowds in steam-launches, and make the quiet reaches of the  
Upper Thames hideous with their drunkenness, their vulgar music-  
hall songs, and their blasphemy. There is plenty of work for real,  
capable, energetic Conservators of the Thames to do; and if they  
cannot or will not do it, *Mr. Punch* will have to find someone who can.

INTELLECTUAL SURFEIT.—Consequence of Cram: *Crambe repetita*.

## THE MEEING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not, in the Session, a joke so complete  
As the sight when the Tories and Turtlemen meet  
In conflict direct about Water-Supply,  
And when RANDY to FOWLER gives "one in the eye."

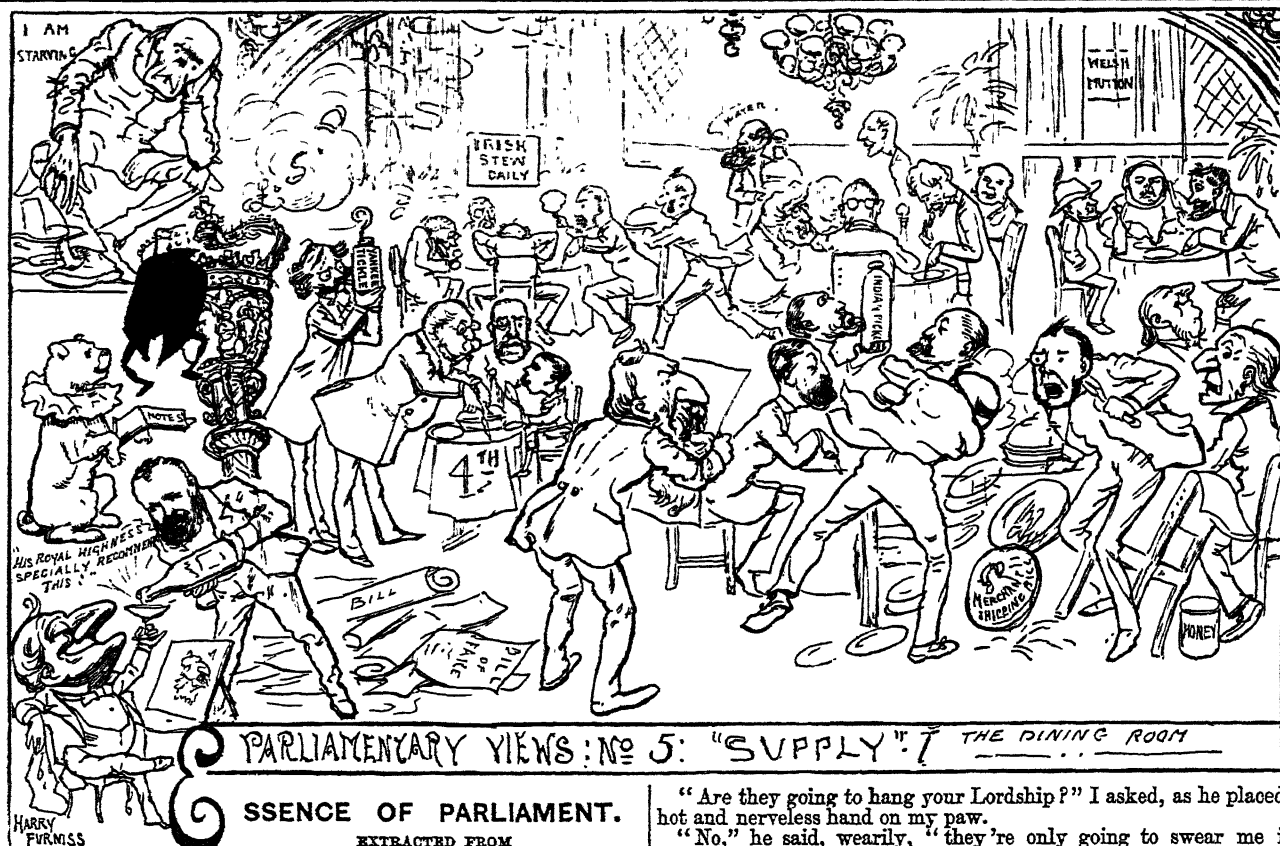
That double-chinn'd joker, great HARCOURT, must shake  
As COOPE the Conservative benches doth rake  
With his verbal stern-chasers; acidulous FIRTH  
Must be moved to a Mephistophelian mirth.

Oh, it *must* be some sly compensation, if slight,  
For delay of *their* Measure, to witness the fight  
'Twixt the old Corporation, their long-threatened foe,  
And those bad Water Companies, equally so.

The Municipal Bill may be under a cloud,  
But to hear cheeky CHURCHILL demanding aloud  
What's the use of an Alderman, verily, this  
Must mitigate bile by one moment of bliss.

The meeting of waters may be a small point,  
When they hold the whole City is quite out of joint;  
But this pleasant reflection must comfort their breast,  
"When rogues tumble out,"—well, the world knows the rest!

NEW NAME FOR IT.—The Merchant Shipping Bill to be known  
as "CHAMBERLAIN'S New Apparatus for Saving Life at Sea."  
Admirable invention! We're afraid it's just a bit overweighted,  
but "Partner JOE" can soon set that right.



# SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 10.—More of "want to know, you know," about Government policy in Egypt. "Politics in the House of Commons moulded on fashion of one of those stupid music-hall songs which always end with catchpenny refrain," says JOHN MORLEY. "An infinite succession of verses more or less heavy and always the line, 'What's your policy in Egypt?'"

GEORGIE HAMILTON took a turn to-night. Tried to be vivacious. Couldn't be done. Essayed to be venomous. Too late; been done score of times before. Great success of evening GRAND CROSS, that ponderously wise, profoundly intelligent, supremely lucid personage. "Don't know anybody," says RANDOLPH, "who looks so wise as CROSS, and is so foolish."

SIR RICHARD more than ever himself to-night, spectacled, spasmodic, severe, superfluous, his modicum of meaning feebly struggling through wilderness of words.

"You will not," he said, angrily tapping the table, and surveying through his spectacles the shrinking form of HARTINGTON on other side,—"You will not allow one single Minister to say a word, or to have any power in the Cabinet, unless you allow him to do so, and then you say that that is what you will not do."

Seriously, this is not a joke. Took down the words as they were uttered and simply make transcript. Only sample of scores of sentences which, addressing House towards midnight, GRAND CROSS drops on astonished floor. Delivered with angry earnestness, enforced by forefinger shaken at Treasury Bench, they sound singularly impressive. WARTON loudly cheers. "Yah, Yah, YAH!" cries the LORD MAYOR, and looks round at Liberals as who should say, "There now, what do you think of that! There's force, clearness, and judgment! Let's see some of your fellows beat that." Still when we get the words written out on paper meaning seems a little hazy.

FORSTER to the front again, more candid than usual, honester than ever.

"We're wrong I know," says HARCOURT, humbly. "Curious thing is that we have never been right since FORSTER left us. Used to agree. Up to difficulty with Ireland, FORSTER one of us; shared our counsels, defended our acts when attacked. Then comes the day he leaves us, and never since have we in one single instance been right. Odd, but too true."

*Business done.*—Debate on Policy in Egypt collapsed. Votes for military expenditure agreed to.

*Tuesday.*—TENNYSON, having been called early this morning, got down to House at four o'clock. Never saw a man more dejected.

"Are they going to hang your Lordship?" I asked, as he placed a hot and nerveless hand on my paw.

"No," he said, wearily, "they're only going to swear me in. Done my best to get out of it. Tell you a secret, if you won't mention it. You know story about theft of my robes? All nonsense. Fact is, reading the *Ingoldsby Legends* the night after clothes came home from tailor's. Happy thought occurred to me. Got up, went into the garden, dug hole, and buried clothes. You'll find them, TOBY, when I am gone, under the oak-tree on the right-hand side, after taking the left turning from my Castle-gate. Was told couldn't take seat unless I put on dressing-gown of dirty red, slashed with ermine. Argal, if I hadn't got 'em, couldn't take my seat. No use. Put up my back against buying new suit. Said state of Copyright Law in America wouldn't justify the expense. Then came half-a-dozen offers of loans. COLERIDGE importunate. Put it off as long as I could. No use, and here I am."

Tried to cheer him up. Offered him cigar. Pressed glass of sherry wine upon him. Proposed to read *Maud*. Nothing would do. "They're coming for me," he said, with a slight shudder. "I hear their footsteps in the hall."

In the House, scene affected me to tears. Contrast the greater between Poet-Laureate's pale pained face, drooping figure, and slow gait, with Duke of ARGYLL's cock-a-whoop stride. Good deal of hobnobbing goes on on these occasions. Poor TENNYSON taken first to one Bench, then to another, finally to LORD CHANCELLOR, who shakes his hand, and whispers to him to cheer up.

"May I go now?" was all TENNYSON answered, with difficulty restraining the flood of tears the like of which had not shamed his manhood for half a century.

"Yes, take him away," said SELBORNE, himself not unaffected.

So he slipped out into the robing-room, and ARGYLL helped him to strip himself of his borrowed plumes.

"Cheer up, old Chappie," said THE McCULLUM MORE. "Nobody ate you, or wants to."

TENNYSON turned on him glance of withering scorn.

"Vex not thou the Poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit;  
Vex not thou the Poet's mind,  
For thou canst not fathom it."

With these words he strode forth, and, calling a fourwheeler, made off to the railway-station.

*Business done.*—In Commons, threw out Metropolitan Water Bill, passed Parks Bill, appointed Select Committee to inquire into question of Preservation of Thames, and went home at eight o'clock, having done more business than on any single night in preceding portion of Session.

*Wednesday.*—Live and learn. Mr. ELTON, just elected for West

Somerset, introduced new Parliamentary custom. Hitherto been habit to make one maiden speech. This afternoon ELTON made four. On most charming subjects, too—Copyhold Enfranchisement, Registration, Old Cemeteries, and Commons and Enclosure Acts. ELTON a big man; might perhaps claim to make two maiden speeches, or at least one-and-a-half, against average Member. But four, excessive; and still not satisfied.

"Dear me!" he said, when at quarter to six the usual Wednesday *clôture* came, and Members rapidly dispersed. "What's the matter? Not going home yet, eh? Lot more Bills on the Orders. Another speech or two ready. What's the use of going so early?" Left speaking. *Business done.*—Various.

*Thursday.*—Never thought RAMSAY could get so much expression into his face. Mingled surprise and inquiry, not untouched by horror and shame. House laughed whilst he was speaking. Was it possible? Had he unawares made a joke? An honest man, RAMSAY. Wouldn't do anything wrong for the world; yet how powerless is good intent against accident!

"I don't see anything in this for amusement," he said, pausing and looking round with scared face, whereat the House laughed again, and RAMSAY gave it up.

"Can't do with frivolity, TOBY," he said to me, afterwards, "and this Comyttee rather given to it. Have sat here for ten years. Often heard men about me cackling and sometimes roaring with laughter. Like to know things. Have earnestly inquired what they were laughing at. Never could see it. I'm a plain business man and like serious conversation in print or speech. Always read your Diary. No frivolling there. Nothing but good plain facts, some of them new and curious. In the House like to hear TALBOT speak, and SCLATER-BOOTH and DODSON. Good strong meat. No kickshaws like that young popinjay Lord RANDOLPH serves up. Wonder the House tolerates him. Glad you don't think I was funny just now. Gave me awful shock when I heard House laughing."

TIM HEALY pretty lively to-night. Accuses TREVELYAN of being the nephew of Lord MACAULAY and trying to hang innocent men. JOSEPH GILLIS applaudive. HEALY getting a little blown after the eleventh speech. Windbag SEXTON gallantly comes to his assistance. Harangues for about an hour, whilst he accuses the Irish Government of "a policy of lying," and "by stealthy, tricky, cruel, and cowardly means throwing into gaol harmless men"—like JOE BRADY and his colleagues. All this it appears is in order. At least Chairman interferes only once, when TIM persisted in describing TREVELYAN as concerned in conspiracy to murder. At Two o'clock in the morning CHILDERS reminds Committee that there is business to do, so set to work and sat all night. *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

*Friday.*—Though RAMSAY doesn't joke, our new SPEAKER does sometimes, in quiet way. Just now ONSLOW up, with serious complaint. Seems he's been making vicious attack on BAXTER in secret as he thought. Got in the papers. ONSLOW ponderously indignant.

"Drat them papers!" says he. "Why can't people be content with their *Tizer*? Never read anything else myself."

"The Member for ONSLOW," the SPEAKER called him, taking rapid account of fact that he doesn't represent anybody else. "And a very stupid constituency, too," said Sir WILFRID.

*Business done.*—House determines to talk to-night, and work to-morrow. So Saturday Sitting arranged for.

#### CONVERSATION-BOOK FOR SCHOOL-RATE PAYERS.

(To be Circulated Ten Years Hence.)

DID you say that the School-Board "precept" for the present year is only four shillings and fourpence in the pound?

For such a paltry sum how can they possibly afford to teach French, German, Sanskrit, Electricity, Conic Sections, and Experimental Physiology?

This plan of teaching Greek to Infants under eight years of age, through the assistance of the Regius Professor at Oxford is really an admirable innovation.

Now that we have cut down our Army Estimates so as to allow for one regiment of the Line and half a battery of old Artillery, and have decided *not* to refit our three worn-out iron-clads, perhaps the Education Rate will not be felt quite so heavily.

My dear, be sure and remember to tell ELIZA to give us *only* boiled cabbages and batter pudding for dinner to-day. There are the boys' Coptic Lexicons still to be paid for.

The notion of erecting a small Lunatic Asylum in connection with each Board School, for the accommodation of children unable to stand the strain of the enlarged curriculum, indicates much foresight on the part of the Board.

It is painful to have to tell SAMMY—who is such a clever boy, and knows the word for "starvation" in sixteen different languages—that there is nothing in the cupboard for breakfast to-morrow morning, except the Collector's "Final application" for the amount of the School-Board Rate.



#### A MARCH HARE'S LAMENT.

"DEAR ME! SO SORRY! NO MORE HARRIERS FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS."

#### THE MUNICIPAL UNIFORM LEAGUE COMPANY (VERY LIMITED).

THE Public are respectfully informed that with a view to replenish the greatly exhausted funds of the above nearly exhausted Company, a combined Entertainment will be given at the Savoy on Tuesday, the 1st of April, that being the Festival Day of the Company.

##### PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE—"Much Ado About Nothing."

SOLO on the Trumpet, by Professor BOTTOMLESS FROTH. (On this occasion the Professor will perform upon his own celebrated Trumpet.)

DUET, by Mr. Treasurer FILLUP and Mr. Secretary CLOYED—

"We know a Bank, but we haven't much there."

J. DIDDLEB.

PART SONG AND CHORUS, by the Members of the Executive Committee—

"Do you think we haven't got our little game?  
If you do, perhaps you think we work for fame.  
Is it likely? Is it likely? Oh, dear no!  
Is it likely? Is it likely? Oh, dear no!"

SONG, by Mr. VERITY GRANT—

"I dreamt that I dwelt in the Companies' Halls,  
With Aldermen drunk by my side!"

TRIO, by the Three Solemn Leaguers—

"I once was a Member of Parliament,  
And had two thousand a year."

PUNCH.

RECITATION, by Professor THOROLD MANNERS, M.P.—

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility."

SHAKESPEARE.

COMIC SONG, by Sir JOHN DENNETT—

"I think for one I knows the time of day,  
Tiddle-e-um!  
And which side of a question best will pay,  
Tiddle-e-um!"

SCENE from *Macbeth*, by the Three Solemn Leaguers—

"When shall we three meet again?  
When at Guildhall we shall reign;  
When the hurly-burly's done,  
When our good berths we have won!"

PUNCH.

GLEE, by the Principals—

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,  
'Twill soon be Quarter-Day."

CHORUS—

"Let's blow our trumpets loudly."

WORDY.

A MOTTO FOR OLD BILLIARD PLAYERS (*especially passé ex-Champions*).—"Rest cue and retire."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



## A CRUISE WITH THE BLUES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Krooman going for a Scull with a High Feather.



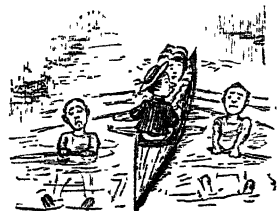
Rowing a Heat.



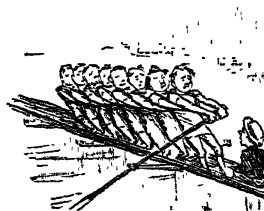
Drawing Well to the Front.



Going in for a Good Bucket.



Some of the Crew rowed Outside the Boat.



Pulling themselves together.



Backing up.



A Hard Roe.



Swing—



—and Finish.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS IT SHOULD BE.

(A Report taken after the passing of Mr. Punch's proposed Rules.)

In the House of Commons, the SPEAKER having taken the Chair at four o'clock, a message from the Upper House was read to the effect that their Lordships had just carried a Resolution agreeing prospectively to everything settled by the Commons, and declaring all Bills that would naturally have come before their Lordships from another place as read three times and passed.

The First Lord of the Treasury was about to congratulate the House on this very sensible arrangement, which he said was calculated to save much valuable public time, when

The SPEAKER interposed; and, while deprecating an undue interference with the right of debate, suggested that the Right Hon. Gentleman might more conveniently write what he wished to say to one of the daily papers. (Cheers.)

The Leader of the Opposition, while bowing to the authority of

the Chair, thought it would be only respectful if some acknowledgment—

The SPEAKER (interrupting): I know what the Right Hon. Gentleman is about to say. But no acknowledgment is possible. Their Lordships, after passing the Resolution just conveyed to the House, immediately adjourned until this day year. (Laughter.)

An Hon. Member wished to ask—but

The SPEAKER moved that he was out of order, as by the New Rules no questions were permitted. ("Hear, hear!")

The Queen's Speech (which had been communicated to the Public Press a week before the assembling of Parliament) was then taken as read.

The First Lord of the Treasury reminded the House that Rule VII. declared that when the Government had a two-thirds Majority, all measures should be accepted without opposition. ("Hear, hear!") He begged to introduce the Estimates, which had for some weeks been under the consideration of the people in the pages of the Public Press; and as Hon. Members had already received copies of the accounts, he proposed that they be accepted *en bloc*.

The Estimates *en bloc* were then agreed to.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER then introduced the Budget. He would make no financial statement, as his plan had been fully explained, before the assembling of the House, in the daily journals.

The Budget was passed under Rule VII.

The following Bills were then read three times, and passed under the same regulation:—The New Borough and County Franchise Bill, the New Bankruptcy Bill, the New Merchant Shipping Bill, the New Corrupt Practices (Elections) Bill, the New England, Ireland, and Scotland Distribution of Seats Bill, and the Corporation of London (Abolition of) Bill.

Just as the last-mentioned measure was being read a Third Time, the LORD MAYOR of London rose from his seat, and amidst loud shouts of "Order!" tried to address the House.

The SPEAKER: I must request the Right Hon. Gentleman to resume his seat. His interruption is indecent. (Loud cheers.) I must remind the House that Rule VIII. abolishes all discussion not sanctioned by the Chair. I have made it a practice to permit no discussion when no interest can be advanced by talking ("Hear, hear!") All the oratory in the world would not influence a single Party vote; so it would be a pure waste of time to discuss these matters further. ("Hear, hear!") If the Right Hon. Member wishes to speak, surely he can avail himself of the privilege when presiding over the splendid hospitality of the Mansion House. (Cheers and laughter.)

The Corporation of London (Abolition of) Bill was then passed, as were the Criminal Code Bill, the Compulsory Cheap Consumable Articles Bill, the Foreign Cattle Importation Bill, the New Marriage Bill, the Married Woman's Property Protection Bill, the Gas and Water Companies Abolition Bill, the Payment of Vestrymen Bill, the Primogeniture Abolition Bill, the Real and Personal Property Amalgamation Bill, and the Fox-hunting Suppression Bill.

When this measure was reached, the LORD MAYOR of London again interposed. He wished to say that, in the interests of Epping Forest—

The SPEAKER having called the LORD MAYOR to order, all the Private Bills of the Session (which had been examined in Committee during the Recess) were read three times, and passed. Thirty Clerks, each reading a Bill simultaneously, got through this duty in a few minutes.

The First Lord of the Treasury then announced that the work of the Session was over. Her MAJESTY (by a recent statute) was now permitted to give the Royal Assent through the medium of the Postmaster-General, who stamped the various measures on their arrival at St. Martin's-le-Grand. This formality would be observed before to-morrow morning. (Cheers.) Their labours were now at an end. (Prolonged applause.)

The Leader of the Opposition then asked how they would learn the contents of the Queen's Speech proroguing Parliament.

The SPEAKER: By reading it in the evening papers. (Renewed cheering.)

The Members then separated, after expressing themselves delighted with the afternoon's entertainment, and conscious of the fact that they had done more real work in less than a couple of hours under the New Rules than, in the olden time, used to be accomplished during the greater part of a twelvemonth.

## Punch to the Premier.

YOUR health! *Vox vobiscum!* Eloquent GLADSTONE,  
May you soon find that rest to your fine organ adds tone.

Take time, shun the cold,

And 'twill sound, as of old,

As mellow as Memnon's, as gay as a lad's tone!

THE PARTY MOST INTERESTED IN THE FROZEN MEET TRADE.—  
The Fox.



SOME STARTLING BAGS ON THE MOORS!

## MY LONG WAKAYSHUN.

I FINDS myself a spending my Long Wakayshun of a hole week at Surbiton, of all places in the world. Scrumptshus Surbiton, as its ushally called, and quite rite too, for I never seed with my pare of old eyes such a swell place. As I'm told they calls the Town where they makes the werry best silk welwet the City of Paleasses, so I shoud call this reelly butifful place the Burrow of helegant Willars.

There doesn't seem to be such a thing as a Porehouse or a pore person in the hole place, and that's jest what I likes. I dislikes with a most bitter dislike anything like povverty! They're a reglar complainin lot is the pore, at the best of times, and not the least use in the world to an Hed Waiter. They don't want no waiting on, they don't. They can wait on themselves, they can, and likes it better, and as to harf-crowns, they don't seem to know the proper use on 'em, even wen they as 'em.

I chose Surbiton with one eye to pleasure and one to busyness, thinking as they was likely to be busy at appy Ampton close by, and I've got engaged for 3 dinners all ready, and as one on 'em is for one of my fav'rite Gilds, I don't suppose as my little houting will be a howdaciously expensive one wen I strikes the ballanse.

I've took lojjings with a werry respectable Gent in the Sweep line, and I offen has a ride with him of a mornin in his little hoarse and shay when he gos his perfeshnal rounds, and its quite emusing to me to jine him in his musical and plaintif cry of Sweep! Sweep! jest like two overgrown Blackbirds whose voices has got jest a leetle roppy. We was a little bit unlukky at fust as we had the Plummers in the house for 2 days, and all I will say is, that if the other Hartysans of the town is all like the Plummers, they must be remarkable fine spesimuns of noisy humannity. "Hammer an Tongs" was nothin to 'em. WILLIAM says there's a line of SHAKESPEER's as describes 'em ecksakly: "Guns, Trumpits, Blunderbusses, Drums, and Thunder!" We've been all right since, ekscept jest a little trubbel with the Painters up stares, so I mustn't grumbel.

To return to my muttins, as the French says, I should think Surbiton must be about as neer to what I should expec Parrydice to be, as you can reasonably expec only 12 miles from London. In the first place we've got jest 49 trains a day to take us home, and tho' of course I shan't want one on 'em, excep wen I goes away, and then it will be a pretty job to know which to choose, still its a great cumfit to know that there they is if you happens to want 'em, and, as I'm pretty close to the line, I has the pleasure of hearing 'em parse, up or down, about every five minnits all day, and nearly all nite two.

In the nex place, if you're a trew born Harrystocrat you haven't net no need not even to see so much as a wulgar Shop. The lord of the manors won't have no shops in this trewly grand place, excep what's soshally wanted for people's wants, and them few he's had all stuck up close to the Railway Stayshun; so, excep when you're a going away, you needn't even know as there is sitch a thing as a

## BACK TO LONDON.

Back to London, in September,  
When they're threshing out the wheat,  
Pleasant is it to remember  
How your holidays were sweet.  
Now those halcyon days are past,  
All Lawn Tennis setts you won done,  
And you're glad to be at last—  
Back in London.

Back to all accustomed duties,  
Dearer for the hours of play,  
Visions of the sea-side beauties,  
Seem like dreams of yesterday.  
Haply with reluctant mind,  
Now you know all rural fun done,  
Yet you're glad yourself to find  
Back in London.

Town looks pleasant after places  
That were just a trifle slow;  
All the old familiar faces  
Greet you wheresoe'er you go.  
Holidays are, you'll agree,  
Very like a child's plum bun done,  
And you're very pleased to be  
Back in London.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has taken the greatest interest in the reports of the British Association meetings. She wants to know if *Bacteria* is the scientific name for lumbago, as, if so, she's got it.

Wulgar Shop in the hole Burrow, which must be a great blessin to all the Hole-sailors and Re-tailors from London, who lives here, and who must natrally hate the site of such low places.

My son WILLIAM, who is with me, is werry fond of boting, but as of corse we can't eford to pay such prises as they asks here, he's made a werry nice erangement with the Ferryman to let him row the custummers backards and forrards all day long for nothing, and it inkludes taking me over and back on the same lib'ral terms, and tho' there aint quite so much wariety in it as some giddy youngsters might want, we offen gits up quite a little egsitement when WILLIAM runs slap into a houtriggerger or a rangdang.

I soon made acquaintence with a gentleman's gentleman, as I formerly knowd at the "Albion," and over a frendly glass he told me a good deal about the Swells as lives in the lordly Manshun Houses as one sees on every side of him. He says as they're that partickler, that no one as keeps a carriage and pair would think of condisceding to speak to a pore devil as only kep a coach and one. That no Hole-sailor from London ever so much as looks at a Re-tailor, and a perfeshunal Gent cuts 'em both. And what they does, their wives and families does too, and a great deal more, even down to the little childun. Some of the princeple servants thort of carrying it out a step-father among theirselves, but they wasn't quite such fools as that cums to, and so you sees even a Butler assosheaying quite familyear with a Footman, or even a Groom, if he's a good emusin sort of feller.

They've got a capital dodge here of letting out the botes by the week or the munth at rejuiced prises, and why? Becoz they knows werry well from long egsperience that the young Swells gos it at such a pace when they fust comes down, rowing from morning to nite, that, after about 3 days, their pore hands is so covered with blisters that they can't even look at a skull without a shudder. Old JOE says it's quite lovely to see the pace as they goes at it for the fust few days compared with the gentle paddle arterwards.

I had a good long look at the Dear in Booshy Park as I walked through the railins and wonderd which nice bit of Wenson wood fall to my share.

ROBERT.

ORDER FOR CEREMONY OF THROWING OPEN BURNHAM BEECHES TO THE PUBLIC.—The Bucks Volunteers will be present in full uniform, greater bucks than ever. The Aldermen will group under the trees, and will receive the LORD MAYOR with their very best bows. The biggest tree will be christened "Jumbo," because of its enormous Trunk. The chief part of the ceremony will consist in the significant action of the LORD MAYOR, who, as representing his high office and the Corporation, will "turn over a new Leaf." The place of arrival will be Slough, and the Luncheon will be Eton. "*Per non semper vivet*" will be proposed as the Motto for the toast of absent friends, coupled with the name of Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. Mr. Punch says, "Bravo, LORD MAYOR and Corporation!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders

## EXAMINATION-PAPER FOR WOULD-BE ARMY MAJORS.

(Compiled to meet the Objection that the Present Test is too difficult for Senior Captains to undergo.)

1. HAVE you got a horse? If so,—Do you know how to ride him in rear of a Band without dismounting before waiting for the word of command?
2. Can you draw your sword on horseback and say "Charge!" without falling off?
3. "Two's 'company,' three's none"—does this apply to a Brigade?
4. If two pairs of ammunition boots cost three shillings, what would a single pair of boots at the same rate cost?
5. What had the following Generals to do with the Battle of Waterloo—(1) WELLINGTON, (2) NAPOLEON, (3) BUTCHER. If you can, give their nationalities?
6. If ordered to advance in *échelon* from the right, what question would you put to the Adjutant? If he said "he didn't know what to do," which would you consult first, the Colonel or the Sergeant-Major?
7. What is the size of a target six feet by four feet? How do you (1) load and (2) fire a musket?
8. What, in your opinion, should a Sentry observe when alarming a Guard in case of fire?
9. State the nominal difference between a Regimental Court-martial and a District Court-martial.
10. On what weapon should the bayonet be generally fixed when a battalion is being drilled in the bayonet exercise?
11. Given a company with loaded rifles at "the Present." What word is considered frequently necessary by the Officer in command to cause the men to discharge their rifles?
12. A battalion, consisting of eight companies, is divided on parade into equal parts—the first four companies (Companies Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4) are called the "Right half battalion," the remainder the "Left half battalion." In which half battalion would Company No. 6 be found?
13. If you heard the word of command, "Right shoulders forward!" which way would you go?
14. Is an "Ensign" a man or a flag?
15. State anything you may happen to know about the formation of a square? If this is too difficult, name some of the most fashionable squares in London.

THE GOVERNMENT TO THE OGRE OBSTRUCTION.—"Thou comest in such a question-able shape!"

NEW WORK, by the Author of *Called Back*, to be entitled *Called Forward*; or, *The Pert Young Thing*.



## CULTURE.

*Parlour-Maid (to Butlers).* "YOU VULGAR BOY! YOU SHOULD NEVER SAY 'AX.' YOU SHOULD SAY 'HARSK'!"

## THE FOWLER DID SPREAD HIS NET IN VAIN!

OUR City Correspondent informs us that having fortunately discovered the name and address of the LORD MAYOR's Buttermen, who contracts, at per ton, for the weekly contents of his Lordship's Waste-Paper Basket, he has been enabled to obtain the replies of the various celebrities to a recent Munching House invitation, copies of which he subjoins:—

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (who had been asked to "talk down" Mr. GLADSTONE) would have been much pleased to have accepted the LORD MAYOR's courteous invitation under other circumstances, and in other company; but with Railway Stations flying about our heads, and cattle dying by the hundred thousand, and the national expenditure increasing by millions and millions a day, he must decline accepting hospitality in company with the man who has caused it all!

MR. MARRIOTT, M.P. (begged to escort Mr. CHAMBERLAIN), regrets exceedingly that he is unable to accept the LORD MAYOR's kind invitation, associated, as he would be, with one who, to the meanness of a screw adds the sting of a wasp and the audacity of a Caucasian.

MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P. (asked to give his arm to Mr. NEWDEGATE), presents his compliments to the LORD MAYOR, and very much regrets that a previous engagement to lecture at the Hall of Science, Huggin Lane, prevents him from accepting his most unexpected invitation to dinner on April 1st; the more so, as he should have been glad of the opportunity of convincing Mr. NEWDEGATE of his error in supposing that he was not perfectly ready to swallow any oath without blinking.

MR. PARNELL (required to convoy Mr. FORSTER), having consulted

the Members of that important Party of which he is the only acknowledged leader, has received their instructions to decline, without thanks, the invitation to dine at the Mansion House, in close proximity to the cold-blooded Saxon who ruled his down-trodden country with a rod of hot lead and cold steel, and left a name behind him which they will Forster till that glorious time when a Native Parliament of calm, dignified, peace-loving representatives shall meet on the shores of the beautiful Liffey.

MR. BASS (paired with Sir WILFRID LAWSON), would have accepted the LORD MAYOR's invitation with very much pleasure if unaccompanied with the intimation of the name of his next neighbour on the occasion. But to be seated next to a chaffing Teetotaler who would be watching every draught he took, would make his Bitter Ale bitter indeed, and make him as Mumm over his Champagne as a Waiter.

MR. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, M.P. (allotted to Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT), is somewhat surprised that the LORD MAYOR should think it possible that he could for one moment consent to put his Irish legs under the same mahogany as that bitter foe to the patriotic Irish Brigade, the HOME SECRETARY, otherwise it would have pleased his genial nature to have seen the conger eel that his poor countrymen spurn with contempt, served up as a luxury to the ignorant Saxon.

MR. JAMES FIRTH BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, M.P. (attached to Sir WALTER ROBERT GARDEN), must decline the LORD MAYOR's invitation for the 1st of April, having an important Post Office engagement for that day, which will pay better. Even were it not so, he should still think that "better is an humble chop and a baked tater in the Hall of the Middle Temple, than doubtful turtle and high wenson at that 'Shrine of Gluttony,' the Munchin' House!"

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

To Mr. David James, on "Confusion" at the Vaudeville, and on a Report about "The Rivals" at the Haymarket.

MY DEAR DAVID,

I DON'T remember ever having written to you before this; and when I wrote down your Christian name,—not that "DAVID" is a distinctively Christian name, being common alike to the Ancient Hebrew Race and Welshmen (whose Christianity was for a considerable time doubtful, and has never entirely got rid of a certain Druidical flavour that still hangs about it)—a thrill went right through me, and had I been a Spiritualist, I should have felt convinced that the Shade of GARRICK was at my elbow, looking over my shoulder, and inquiring, in a chilly whisper, "May I ask if you are addressing me?" Yes, my dear DAVID JAMES, you are the only member of the Theatrical Profession who, as far as I am aware, bears the honoured name of DAVID; and that you have also something of the Garrick stuff in you I will honestly take my Davy, and aver that from what we have read of GARRICK, you are at least half-a-Davy, as ROBSON was quite three-quarters of him.

So you are not going to revive *Our Boys* at the Criterion, and CHARLES WYNDHAM is going to reappear there himself with a new Comedy. Good luck to it! The other evening I dropped into the Vaudeville (which you dropped out of some time ago), but I didn't see your old chum and partner THOMAS in *Confusion*, which is a funny farce spun out into three Acts, all about a baby and a dog, just as *Nita's First* at the Novelty is all about a baby without the dog.

I say, my dear DAVID, good old times revived, eh? You and I remember EDWARD WRIGHT (and if you don't, our excellent friend JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE does) at the Adelphi, when people went to see WRIGHT and BEDFORD, and used to split their sides over a broad—a very broad—farce in one Act and one Scene. And four times out of seven wasn't there a baby in those farces?—a baby who was invariably hidden away in any place that came first, the top drawer, a shelf of a cupboard, a portmanteau, anywhere, in fact, where it might have a good chance of being smothered, suffocated, sat upon, and so shamefully and yet so comically ill-treated that when, after upsetting a heavy trunk and a few articles of furniture on to the top of something or other that went crack, Mr. WRIGHT suddenly exclaimed, "Good gracious! I've smashed the baby!" the audience would scream with irrepressible mirth. Did you ever send your *Wife to Camberwell*? was one of these farces; and in WEBSTER'S *Royal Red Book*, which was, I think, a farce in three Acts, or, at all events, in several Scenes, there was much the same *équivoque* about the dog and the baby as there is in *Confusion*.

In the column of "Opinions of the Press," which heralded the 200th or 250th night of *Confusion*, I saw the opinion of the *Standard's* Critic quoted. The satirical rogue had, it seems, actually praised *Confusion* as a good specimen of "Modern Comedy." Rather hard this on the Author of *Our Boys* and *Cyril's Success*, for example, not to mention other writers of Comedy more or less successful. *Confusion* is just as much a Comedy (in our English sense of the word) as were the old Adelphi Farces above mentioned, of which Messrs. WRIGHT, PAUL BEDFORD, O. SMITH (who was immense in *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell*?), the youthful EBURNE, and the inimitable Miss WOOLGAB were the life and soul. *Confusion* is well acted by everyone except Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, who seemed thoroughly out of his element, and was only not quite so bad as Mr. JOHN CLAYTON in that One-Act Burlesque (I forget its title) which, after being so successful at a Gaiety *Matinée* when played by Actors who understood that line of business, proved such a dead failure when done (to death) at the Court by Actors who didn't.

And now, my dear DAVID, where are you coming out? Are you in *The Rivals* at the Haymarket? You'd like to know the cast for that piece, would you? Well, there are many reports about it,—nothing like getting up these mysterious reports, circulating whispers "in confidence," you know—telling all the details "as a secret" which "won't go beyond these four walls, of course," or "mustn't on any account go beyond this table"—(but walls have ears, and tables have talked before now)—it's the best and subtlest and gentlest form of advertising,—well, as I was saying, there are many reports about, and you, whether engaged or not in the piece, have heard something about it, but not everything. Isn't your old friend "NIBBS" likely to know? Isn't his version of what is going to be done at the Haymarket as good, nay, isn't it probably better than anybody else's?

Well, then, hark in thine ear:—Mr. BANCROFT, with admirable tact and judgment, has secured the services of Mr. WILLS (Poet and Painter, and Author of *Charles I.*, &c., &c.), to edit and generally re-arrange SHERIDAN'S *Rivals*. It will be put into form just as the *School for Scandal* was put into form at the Prince of Wales's (Constable BANCROFT), and just as GARRICK, KEMBLE, KEAN, MACREADY, PHELPS, CHARLES KEAN, and IRVING have chopped and changed and

re-arranged SHAKSPEARE to suit the taste of their Nineteenth-Century audiences. Since SHAKSPEARE'S own time, I will venture to say that no Manager has ever put a play of the Divine WILLIAM'S on the Stage as he wrote it. And quite right, too, if the Manager is to be credited with understanding his own business. As to SHERIDAN'S *Rivals*, the scenes between *Faulkland* and *Julia* should come out by handfuls. They are bores, nuisances, sentimental twaddles, as tedious as *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Lovelace*, *Grandison*, & Co.

The only time I ever remember *Faulkland* tolerable, was when the Actor had emptied on to his wig a boxful of powder, which, on his striking his forehead, despairingly, flew up *Julia's* nose, and set her sneezing. The sneezing was infectious, and the scene ended in such a sneezing match between the two otherwise tedious lovers as sent the audience into fits of laughter. If Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is engaged for *Faulkland*, no doubt he will introduce this business, and Mrs. BANCROFT will be inimitable as *Julia*. This will be real Comedy. BANCROFT, as *Sir Lucius*, will be the big hit of the piece, I venture to prophesy. Whether Mrs. BERNARD BEERE or Miss ANDERSON is to play *Mrs. Malaprop* is at present uncertain, but either of them would evidently be admirable in the part of the "weather-beaten old she-dragon." The Editor will probably suppress all coarse and vulgar allusions to *Mrs. Malaprop's* personal appearance, and, of course, *Sir Lucius* will no longer address her as "old Gentlewoman," or repudiate her as *Delia*, with "You *Delia*! pho! pho! be easy,"—and *Sir Anthony's* extravagant compliment as to her being "in her bloom yet," given with a glance aside at the audience, will be taken *au sérieux*. The BANCROFTS have the credit of sparing no expense and doing things well,—and Mr. BANCROFT'S truly practical motto has always been "If you want a part well played, play it yourself,"—so that it is no wonder that their ideally-perfect cast for the piece should be as follows:—

<i>Sir Anthony Absolute</i>	Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.
<i>Captain Absolute</i>	Mr. HARRY JACKSON.
<i>Faulkland (with a song)</i>	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
<i>Bob Acres</i>	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.
<i>Sir Lucius O'Trigger</i>	Mr. BANCROFT.
<i>Mrs. Malaprop (in classic costume)</i>	Miss MARY ANDERSON.
<i>Lydia Languish</i>	Mrs. BANCROFT.
<i>Julia (with a dance)</i>	LOTTA.
<i>Lucy</i>	Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

The notion of getting the veteran, Mr. WALTER LACY, to shave off his beard and moustache, and come out of his retirement to play *Sir Anthony*, of securing Miss VICTOR for *Mrs. Malaprop*, Miss MARIE LINDEN for *Lydia Languish*, yourself, my dear DAVID, for *Bob Acres* (what a *Bob Acres* you would be!), and Mr. HERBERT STANDING for *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, is of course absurd on the very face of it. Mr. BANCROFT has, we hear, not succeeded in persuading Mr. WILSON BARRETT to give up *Claudian* for *Faulkland*. Catch Mr. BARRETT allowing anything to be cut out of the scenes between himself and *Julia*, except, of course, some of *Julia's* lines. But he would have the useless scenes between the *Absolutes*, *Acres*, and *Sir Lucius*, and so forth, considerably reduced. But if you, my dear DAVID, were going to play *Faulkland*, you wouldn't cut everybody else down, and have it all to yourself, would you? Not you, my dear DAVID. You like everybody to have their little bit, and you don't want a great big slice for yourself. You're too much of an Artist for that, aren't you, DAVID?

If I hear any further news of things theatrical, I'll let you know, as you've been rather "out of it" lately. Best wishes from

Your old friend, NIBBS.

## In Defence of the Doctors.

SHE shames her sex who charges, with false tongue,  
A great profession with all licence lewd:  
Doctors disdain,—their withers are unwrung—  
The stingless insults of a prurient prude!

DON'T FORGET!—EVERYONE is familiar with the Advertisement in the daily papers beginning—

MEMORY.—Instantaneous Art of Never Forgetting, wholly unlike Mnemonics, TAUGHT thoroughly by post, &c., &c.

Mr. Punch would be grateful indeed if this Professor could teach certain Gentlemen to remember to return silk umbrellas, to repay five-pound notes, and to send back books borrowed months ago.

FROM the *Times's* Correspondent at Khartoum last Saturday:—"There is also a report that the Sheikh BUSEEN, who was besieging SALA BEY, has been poisoned." Serve Sheikh BUSEEN quite right, but we look forward with anxiety to next Saturday's *Illustrated London News*, and shall at once go to the "Echoes" signed by "G. A. S." We do hope SALA BEY will have been besieged and got safely back again by that time.



## WAITING FOR THE WAGON.

THE following further correspondence relating to the recent treatment of travellers by the Trans-Continental and General Practical Joking No-chance-of-getting-any-sleep-at-all Car and Carriages Company has been forwarded to Mr. Punch for publication:—



"Sheets" and  
(Point) Blank-hits.

SIR,—I have read the lines of your Correspondent "A PERMANENT LUNATIC," and I can endorse nearly every word of what he says. Recovering from a thirteen years' illness and with nerves so shattered that the mere fall of a housemaid from the top of the house to the bottom with a tray full of glass and china caused me to start in my chair, I was ordered by my Doctor complete rest in the Caucasus. To avoid any approach to noise or excitement on the journey, which I had been warned would be fatal, I had had my boots muffled and my head enveloped in medicated cotton wool, while I had, as a still further precautionary measure to ensure repose, taken just before starting an almost dangerously powerful sleeping draught. Thus prepared I was carefully placed in my "*wagon-lit*," the other three in my compartment being occupied respectively by my two elderly maiden Aunts in whose temporary charge I was travelling, and by an invalid Gentleman, a sufferer like myself, who said he had completely lost the use of his legs in an accident at a Fancy Fair.

For the first three or four hours, at least so I was given to understand, all went fairly well; till, at about a quarter to two in the morning, a sudden bursting in of the floor of the carriage with a noise like thunder, accompanied by a ripping off of the entire roof into a thousand splinters, announced to us the unwelcome fact that the six wheels of the car had simultaneously shot from their axles, and that there was, in fact, something wrong somewhere. At first we would not believe it, and, as we had paid in advance for our places, this was natural. We, however, were soon rudely awakened to the fact. One of the officials of the train, in an excited and insolent manner, hurled us from our couches, and commanded us instantly to jump out on to the up line and walk to Bouviers, the next station, thirty-five miles distant. This I declined to do, and insisted on my right to stay where I was until my arrival at the Caucasus. At the same time I courteously showed my ticket. All remonstrance was, however, vain; the official merely produced a horsewhip, with the result that, ill as I was, and feeble as we all were, half-dressed, hungry, and for the greater part of the time in violent hysterics, we had to accomplish the whole distance, in a north-east wind, accompanied by a blinding sleet, mingled with terrific showers of tropical hail. And this took us twenty-nine hours on foot!

To make matters worse, on our arrival at our destination, we were instantly thrown into the common gaol as tramps, and neither a civil explanation in excellent French, nor the offer of a small money bribe could satisfy the Authorities. I should add that our invalid *compagnon de voyage* was without further ado peremptorily sent to take a turn on the prison treadmill for "insubordination," and I have not seen or heard anything of him since. As to my two elderly maiden Aunts, they were both, much to my annoyance, buried this morning, and I shall now be obliged, at great personal inconvenience, to return to town for the purpose of soliciting the assistance of two others. I need scarcely say I am not so well as when I started, and yet my Lawyer tells me that I have no redress. Comment is superfluous.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RESISTER.

SIR,—Your grumbling Correspondents deserve all they get for patronising the Company at all. I am continually travelling to all parts of the Continent, and though a very light sleeper, I invariably select a night journey whenever I can manage it. But I see to my own comfort myself. All your Correspondent "TIMIDUS" has to do is to take a six-foot flock-mattress, and feather-bed, bolster, and pillow to match, and three good-sized blankets and a counterpane into the carriage with him on starting. If the other passengers, as they sometimes will, object, let him sensibly take no heed of them, but spread out his extemporised bed-gear in the middle of the carriage, and, as soon as it is firmly fixed, jump into it as quickly as he can, and draw the blankets over his head. His companions will now be not only surprised but so jammed into their places as to be quite unable even to summon the Guard. If the latter should happen to look in for tickets, a bit of good-humoured banter, backed by a shilling, will instantly quiet him. I have travelled all over Europe in this fashion; and though I have now and then had a bit of a scuffle, I have only been fairly thrown out into a tunnel, with my belongings, seventeen times.

EXPERTO CREDE.

SIR,—Your Correspondent "BACCHANAL," who paid for a ticket from London to Palermo, and has not been allowed to use it, wishes

to know how he is to get any compensation from the Company. I will tell him. Let him, the first time he catches a dangerous fever, hurry off with his medical man to Charing Cross, and take his ticket—say for Genoa. He gets into the car, and at once takes to his bed. Now he has the pull of the Company. On arriving at his destination, he is requested to get up and leave the carriage, but the demand is instantly met by the medical adviser, who, telling the official not to make so much noise, produces a certificate to the effect that the patient is in a condition that will not admit of his being disturbed, and the train again starts on its return journey. The process is repeated, and may, with judgment, be often almost indefinitely prolonged. I can vouch for the fact that this is thoroughly practicable, for I recommended it to a friend only last month, and had he not unfortunately died on the third journey home, he might even now have been profiting by the advice of

ONE WHO KNOWS.

SIR,—In answer to the letter of "LEX" I have merely to point out to him that under the Company's Act, 39 Vict. c. 4, s. 15, it will be found that by a special bye-law that has never been questioned, all that in their dealings with the public the Company guarantee is "to issue them their tickets." Trusting that this will be a sufficient rejoinder to "LEX," and those, who like him, imagine that the mere payment of a fare involves any obligation other than of a purely imaginative and arbitrary character.

I am, your obedient Servant,

THE CHAIRMAN.

## SOME MORE "QUESTIONS OF THE DAY."

MR. CROPPER. To ask the Under-Secretary to the Local Government Board what the population of England is likely to be in 1900? what is the name, age, and residence of his hatter? how many herrings could in his opinion be bought for an outlay of a shilling, on the supposition that one-and-a-half are purchasable at three halfpence, and whether he will submit the calculations on which he bases his opinion, in the form of a Parliamentary Paper, to the House? and, finally, whether the Government will consider the advisability of admitting the Secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to a permanent seat on the Treasury Bench?

MR. LABOUCHERE. To ask the HOME SECRETARY whether any Gentleman is now at liberty to burn the bodies either of himself or of his nearest relatives, in consequence of some extra-judicial (but perhaps not extra-judicious) *dicta* which had happened to fall from one of the *Puise* Judges?

SIR H. MAXWELL. To ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether the elderly female recently appointed to sweep out the Post-Office at Maresnest, is not the great-aunt of a person who once acted as assistant to a firm of Dust Contractors who cleaned out the dust-hole of a former Liberal Agent for that borough?

MR. M. GUEST. To ask the Vice-President of the Council whether it is the case that one of the infants at the Stoke Pogis Board School has been compelled to learn by heart the whole of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian Speeches, the *Faerie Queen* and the *Novum Organon*; and whether the intellect of the infant is likely to survive the strain.

MR. W. MARRIOTT. To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether an Emissary from Birmingham, stationed at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with instructions to peruse and report upon all post-cards sent by Conservative Members of Parliament, has not, in a fit of remorse, attempted suicide and arson, after compounding with his creditors for payment of twopence-farthing in the pound.

LORD A. PERCY. The height, breadth, and other dimensions of all recruits of Her Majesty's Army.

LORD R. CHURCHILL. The blood relations, views on politics, and votes at recent elections, of all the Bankruptcy Receivers recently appointed.

MR. MACLIVER. To ask the ATTORNEY-GENERAL if the Police have any knowledge of the present whereabouts of the Public Prosecutor, and when and also where that functionary was last heard of.

ANY NUMBER OF MEMBERS. To ask any and every Member of the Government a string of the most ill-timed and inconvenient questions (embellished with extracts from speeches in Midlothian and elsewhere) as to the operations in Egypt, with the object of getting some declaration out of Ministers which will entirely undo the good effect of the victories of General GRAHAM, still further jeopardise GORDON'S mission and life, and the general position of the English in that country.

THE ONE QUESTION PUT BY MR. PUNCH, M.P. (*for the United Kingdom generally*). To ask the SPEAKER if all this useless talk can't be stopped, and the real business of the country proceeded with?

A REGULAR LARK. — The marvellous pennyworth of the best poetry, by the best poets, published every month under the editorship of Dr. BENNETT.





### "DON'T!"

#### ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T EXPLAIN TO LORD PLANTAGENET LE MESURIER-DE-VERE (ON THE OCCASION OF YOUR MEETING HIM AT A SCIENTIFIC DINNER) THAT AN ANCESTRESS OF YOURS, ON YOUR MOTHER'S SIDE (ISOBEL DE GOBYNS), MARRIED A LE MESURIER-DE-VERE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. IT MAY BE TRUE, BUT IT WON'T INTEREST HIM, AND HE WILL PROBABLY TELL YOU SO, QUITE SIMPLY!

DON'T OMIT TO ASK LITTLE CHRESO SQUABB, THE SON OF THE FAMOUS ALDERMAN (IF YOU WANT HIS NAME TO A BILL) WHETHER HE ISN'T ONE OF THE BERKSHIRE SQUABBES—LADY TERESA AND ALL THAT LOT, YOU KNOW! THERE ARE NO SUCH PEOPLE, IN BERKSHIRE OR ANYWHERE ELSE; BUT HE WILL FAINTLY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THERE IS A KIND OF RELATIONSHIP—AND DO WHAT YOU REQUIRE.

### A BIT O' FRESH MEAT.

(A Poor Wife's Views on the Cattle Question.)

AH! it's all very well; they may talk and may talk,  
And it's little I know of their meaning at best,  
And political cheese and political chalk

May be like or unlike, when it's put to the test.

But I know that trade is bad,

And my JOHN with the fever is down;

And I know what a small bit o' meat's to be had

For the change o' one's only half-crown!

No, it wasn't so cruel twice ten year ago

When JOHN was stronger and I was young,

And at fourpence a pound—late at night—I have known

The primest of spare-ribs or aitch-bones, well hung

And tender as marrow, chucked in at our bid;

"Weigh there, two-and-eight!" was the butcherman's cry.

AH! we relished our marketing then, that we did,

In the flush of our young married life, JOHN and I.

But now—well, JOHN grows grey,

Rheumatics unstraighten the sturdiest lad;

I seem to get sourer, somehow, day by day,

And Trade's so bad!

A bit o' fresh meat! That's his longing, poor chap;

Very natural too,—I have felt it myself,

When Sunday's meal's gone to its very last scrap,

And there's nothing but bread and Dutch-cheese on the shelf.

Seems greedy, it may be,—she hinted as much;

Our prim Lady-Visitor; ah! but you see,

To keep up his strength against sickness's touch,

A labourer needs more than 'taters and tea.

Work down at the Docks is work,—

At six in the winter 'tis cold.

JOHN never was one to skulk or shirk,

And he's growing old!

A bit o' fresh meat! I suppose they can't guess

What that means to a man,—or a woman, sometimes,—

How should they? A Duke doesn't dine any less

If the price goes up twenty per cent. upon "primes";

But a penny a pound upon offal or scraps,

Or tuppence on small Sunday joints—(they're a treat

That don't always come to our husbands, poor chaps!)

Just draws the hard line betwixt meat and no meat!

Don't believe it, perhaps? Why, no!

Seems funny, no doubt—to you Swells;

We women, however, whose pennies come slow,

Can tell what they're worth, and must watch how they go.

What means a meat-dinner when prices are low

In places where Poverty dwells,

Means cheer o' the heart and a flush o' the cheek!

My Lords and such-like as seem to seek

To keep 'em high, if you had to come

Late o' Saturday night from a slushy slum,

Like me and many a woman more,

With a bit of a bag and a sixpence, or less,

To chaffer and scheme for the Sunday's mess,

To turn "block-ornaments" o'er and o'er

And try for the pick of the musty pile,

Till even the butcher—with half a smile—

Shouts, "Now, then, Missis there, when you have done!"

And find at last that the money won't run

To even a pound among five!

Perhaps you might own that *all's* not right,

Though "our flocks and herds" are fair to the sight,

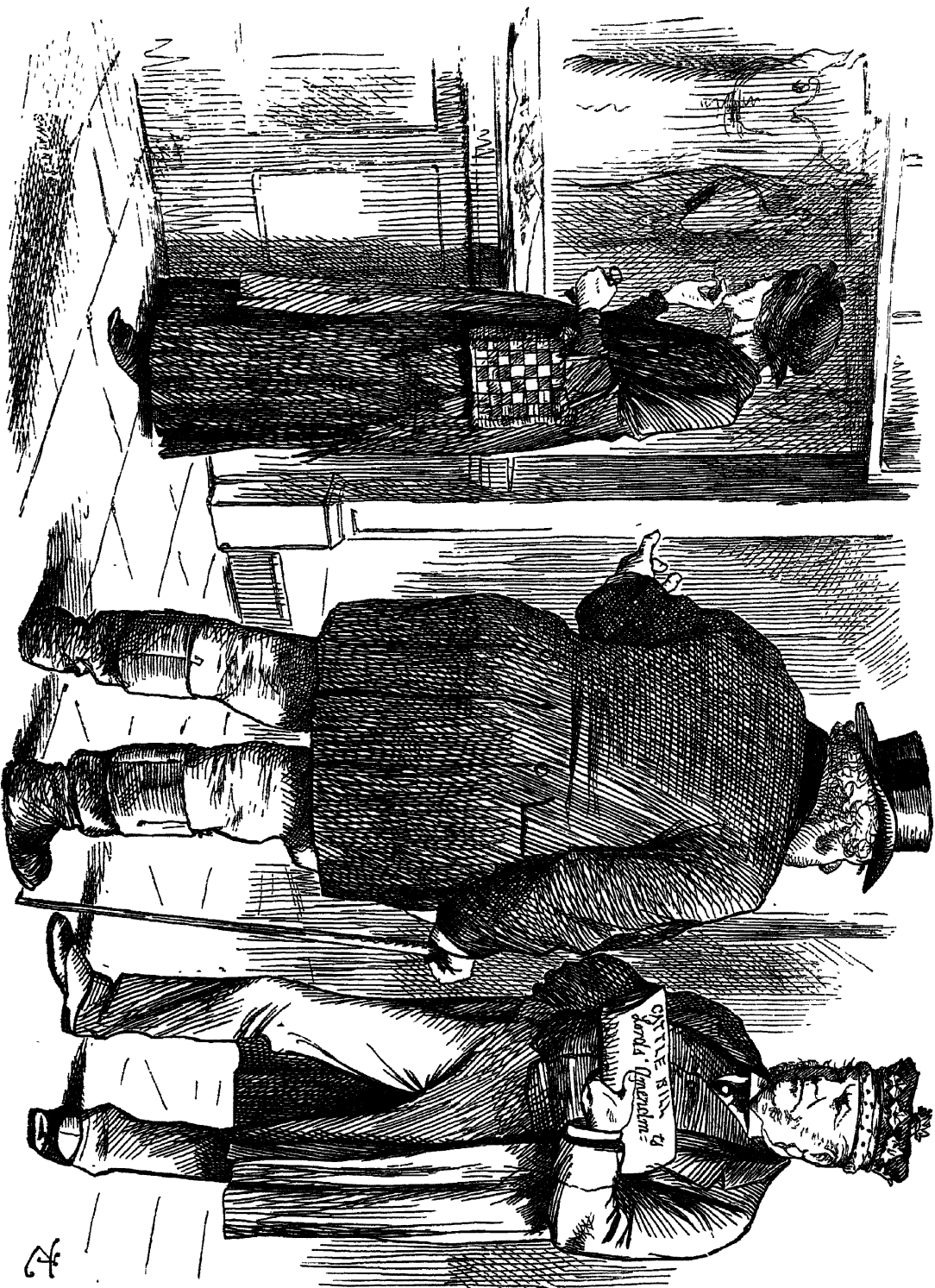
Though Law may have shut out the Murrain's blight,

Though Dukes and Dealers no longer fight,

Though Farmers no more may complain of their plight,

And Butchers flourish and thrive!

THE PALETTINATE.—The Artists' Quarter at Kensington.



## A QUESTION OF "SUPPLY."

MR. BULL (the Duke of Richmond). "NO, YOUR GRACE; IF THERE IS TO BE 'PROTECTION,' THAT IS THE SORT OF PERSON WE MUST PROTECT!!!"





### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"I WAS SO SORRY NOT TO BE AT HOME WHEN YOU CALLED, MR. BINKS!"

"OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT! IT DIDN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST, I CAN ASSURE YOU!"

### GOING A-BEGGING.

THE Constituency of Muchstir appears to experience considerable difficulty in securing a suitable Parliamentary representative. It has been "going the rounds" of the Seers and Prophets, and superior persons generally, in search of some one willing to become a Candidate, but at present without success. The replies, however, which Muchstir has received to such applications constitute a most interesting and valuable *précis* of what may be called the Higher Politics, politics which in Jupiter or Saturn, in the realms of the Platonic Ideal, or *in vacuo* would doubtless be estimated at their right value, but which, unhappily, are considerably "above the heads" of the Man in the Street and the Member at St. Stephen's. Some extracts from the replies received by the Local Association may be of public interest.

Professor SHERBERT POZ says:—

"Many thanks for your invitation, which is doubtless intended as a compliment to the Higher Intellect and the Political Oversoul—in my person. The compliment is unfortunately misjudged and misdirected. The Higher Intellect, like the Ideal Pegasus, cannot work in harness, political or otherwise. I am pledged to certain unchangeable—because absolutely correct and final—opinions on every conceivable topic, which I could not waive for a moment or in deference to any possible majority. One of these opinions is, that all Parties in Parliament are entirely wrong about everything. I could not possibly, therefore, agree or act with any Party. There is only too much reason to fear that all Parties would not unite to agree and act with Me. Obstinacy and Unreason, so dominant in these days, would, alas! prevent that desirable consummation. I will not say that I am not fit for Parliament. The Philosopher is fit for anything. But Parliament, as at present constituted and conducted, is emphatically not fit for Me! How could I follow the lead either of a voluble, emotional, sophistical Sciolist, or of a molluscous platitudinarian Philistine?"

"I have, of course, a political programme as complete as COMTE and as clean-cut as a *silhouette*. But would Parliament submit to my intellectual scissors? I should snip too much for the Tories, and shear too little for the Radicals. I should cut away all State excrescences, such as Churches and Colonies. I should cut down the power of the State in every possible way. I am opposed to compelling people to be honest, or sober, or unoppressive, or non-homicidal. I am

opposed to all kinds of compulsion save one. I would compel people to be free. *That* would cure everything.

"No, Gentlemen, the Positive Philosopher cannot at present find rest for the sole of his intellectual foot at St. Stephen's. He can put that foot down as heavily as he pleases in the Press, and nobody says rude things to him. But in Parliament it would tread on Party corns all round, and those who were hurt instead of getting out of the way would resent, howl, perhaps *kick*. So, unless you could secure me the position of Autocratic Leader of all Parties at Westminster, I think I can do more justice to myself, and more service to the Universe, as Intellectual Ruler of the *Pan-Cosmical Review*."

MR. DIONYSIUS DUSK writes:—

"No! emphatically and eternally No! To be Arch-Cackler in Chaos, who, save a miscreated and malign Nincompoop, would sacrifice the Supernal Complacency of Egoistic Isolation in Conceptual Cosmos? It is like your Cockney impudence, and I will see you eternally dephlogisticated first! Member for Muchstir? Bah! I am Member for all the Infinities, and most of the Magnificencies, for the Mellituous Memnon-Melodies, and the glittering Cohort of Golden Silences! In your machine-made Ape-ridden Palaver Shop at Westminster I should be as a new Prometheus stretched out on an arid *Caucus-us* range, harried and liver-torn by the Voluble Vultures of what they fatuously call free Debate! Would they listen in soul-stricken silence to my dicta? Would they vote in unbroken unanimity at my nod? Would they not yearn to 'argue'? Would they not itch to 'reply'? Of what avail then *my* Presence in their midst? Goto, foolish political postulants! Put your anserine heads in a (Gladstone) bag! Leave me, leave me, ye Caucus-confounded Cacklers,—'alone with the stars'!!!!!!"

MR. OSRIC LUTESTRING thus lyrically responds:—

You ask me—*why* I cannot say—  
To stand for Muchstir! Vastly well!  
The "ting" of the Division bell  
Sheep may regard, but Singers?—nay!  
Political bell-wethers lead  
Their foolish flocks to either lobby—  
"Run in," like tipplers by a Bobby.  
Shall Bards do ditto? No, indeed!

A nectar-drinker, I, and not  
A tippler of mere Party spirit.  
A Poet of superior merit  
Looks upon all "Reform" as rot.

*Form* is the thing. There is *no form*  
In Parliament. The Art of BELT  
Is better; there all outlines melt,  
Like waxworks when the weather's warm.

Inchoate chaos, muddied flux!  
The Bard might serve them well indeed,  
If, Whig or Tory, they would heed  
His bland unbiassed *fat lux*!

But no, APELLES in the Court  
Of HUDDLESTONE were happier far  
Than Poet at the Commons' bar  
In an impromptu ode cut short.

I seem to see the SPEAKER's frown,  
The "rise to order," and the ruling;  
Next day's report, "After much fooling,  
The speaker suddenly sat down."

"The Honourable Member thinks,  
'Twould seem, that the Egyptian mess  
May be cleared up with much success,  
By Songs to Memnon or the Sphinx!"

It will not do, not quite, not quite!  
That Parliament is out of joint  
Is very clear, but—here's the point!—  
I was *not* born to set it right!

It is understood that Muchstir has given up the idea of seeking a Candidate amongst those Greater-Lights that lighten—in books and reviews—our political darkness. *Sic itur ad astra* is an excellent motto. But, unfortunately, in this case, the "Stars" that Muchstir has gone to have refused to shine upon that aspiring Constituency. Some think so much the better for the Constituency, and for Parliament also.

### THE UTILISATION OF BALD HEADS.

FROM the following Advertisement in the *Morning Post* we see how it is possible to make baldness profitable, and how personal unsightliness may be turned to good account:—

**WANTED, TWENTY BALD-HEADED MEN**, as PERAMBULATING SIGNS, willing to have the words, "General Idea," burnt in on the back of their heads.—Apply for address, &c.

It speaks well for the enterprise of the age to find that a hitherto untried field for advertising has been discovered. Blank walls, hoardings, pavements, and railway stations have long ago been used up, but this startling notion opens up a rare channel for remunerative employment. Of course the remuneration would depend upon the society in which the advertiser moved, and no doubt the promoters of the scheme would make it well worth the while of Dukes in difficulties or impecunious Bishops to have their heads extensively tattooed for the glorification of some vast commercial speculation. The idea is quite worthy of the immortal BARNUM.

THE CHIEF OFFICER IN COMMAND AT THE COMING VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—The movements, according to the published orders, are apparently all directed by "General Idea." Who's he?

PRIVATE VIEWS.—Public Crushes.



### DELIGHT OF THE LAST OF THE BARONS

ON HEARING THAT HIS JUDGMENT HAD BEEN AFFIRMED BY THE COURT ABOVE.

### A PROTEST FROM POWDER AND PLUSH.

THE Sunday morning sitting of the House of Commons has caused the greatest sensation in the Servants' Hall. The *Globe* has informed us how Messengers arrived from the House of Commons at the residences of those Members who were quietly sleeping in their beds, and knocked up about thirty households at six in the morning. The aforesaid M.P.'s started forth in all haste, but on arriving at the House, they found the doors just closed. Subsequently, telegrams were sent round from the Government Whips, apologising for thus disturbing the senatorial slumbers. The matter, however, will not end here. A meeting has since been convened under the presidency of Mr. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE. Among the speakers were Mr. JOHN SMAUKER, Mr. WHIFFERS, and Mr. TUCKLE. A strong protest was made against this inconsiderate behaviour on the part of the Government, and a remonstrance was addressed to the PREMIER, saying that this kind of thing must not occur again, and, if it does, the whole of Flunkeydom will at once withdraw their support from Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration.

### The Church Nautical.

SAYS WILLIS, "It seems clear to me, Though HARCOURT chaffs and jeers, A Bishop's place is out at Sea, And not among the Piers!"

### FAREWELL TO THE NATIVE.

[An article in the *Standard* points out that real Native Oysters are increasingly difficult to obtain, the marketable stock being all but exhausted, but gives hopes for the future in the development of Oyster-farming.]

Oh, dear Native Oyster, don't say that you're banish'd  
From places where greatly you flourished of old;  
'Tis true that for long you've been dear, and have vanish'd  
Except when a Cressus his stores can unfold.  
Is Whistable bare, and is Colchester beaten  
By queer foreign rivals?—it cannot be true.  
One day will the last of the Natives be eaten,  
And nothing avail that the gourmet can do!

Don't tell us of strange Anglo-Dutch, which are flabby,  
Don't let the American send his Blue Point;  
Each fat Anglo-French is as pale as a "babby,"  
And never can put Native nose out of joint.  
They may do quite well for a scallop or sauces,  
They serve for a soup when 'tis artfully made;  
But for a half dozen to prelude the courses,  
The Native puts all other sorts in the shade.

And so let us hope that new beds for the Oyster  
Will prosper as others have done we've been told;  
That good "spat" will fall, and the product be moister  
And fatter than even the Natives of old.  
O cynical MALLOCK, life is not worth living,  
Unless a fair Oyster can gleam on the dish;  
So let your *Punch* hope that next year will be giving  
A better supply of the King of Shellfish!

MRS. RAMSEBOTHAM tells us that a young friend of hers, who is a most accomplished Italian scholar, is now occupied in turning the sonnets of PLUTARCH into English.

### A CAPITAL JOKE; OR, WHAT IT MAY HAVE BEEN.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Congratulations! But it is a pity he escaped. Am asked such awkward questions every night and have nothing to reply. Can't something decisive be done?

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Have done it. It will cost £5,000, but I think I've got a surprise for you.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Splendid! Never mind expense. What is it? What have you done?

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Offered £5,000 for O. D.'s head.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Capital:—that is—I'll just look at the papers: for it strikes me on second thoughts—wait a moment for further instructions.

Admiral H. to Lord H.—No use! Too late! Have sent out 20,000 posters in my own Arabic. Am expecting head to turn up every minute.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Good heavens! Call all posters in at once! Only one opinion about it! Great mistake. You'll be the ruin of us. Wire back latest particulars.

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Certainly. Five heads have just come in. What am I to do?

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Return them at once with thanks.

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Have. Nasty business all the same. Hope you're satisfied?

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Thoroughly.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In commemoration of the sudden retreat of the French after their recent advance towards the Chinese frontier, it has been decided that their latest acquisition in Annam shall be in future known as *There-and-Back Ninh*.

"THE only tenants Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD could find to evict in Egypt," said an Irish M.P., "were the tenants of the prisons, and he at once evicted a hundred and twenty of 'em."





PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No 6: EFFECT OF THE FRANCHISE BILL. DRAWN BY A VOTER OF THE FUTURE

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY. M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 17.*—Got to work again at four this afternoon quite refreshed after long rest. Home little before six on Sunday morning, which was great boon. Might have sat all day and had our Sunday's sermon brought us between two plates, as the British workman's wife carries her lord's meal. Suppose that will come later in the Session. At present revel in comparative leisure and prolonged rest. Expected fresh row at Question Time. On Saturday LYULPH STANLEY made rude remark about TIM HEALY. TIM very properly indignant. Threatened to tell the SPEAKER and have LYULPH whipped. On reflection thought better of it. Perhaps have brought up reference to some of his own remarks. Needn't go back later than Thursday when he accused TREVELYAN of conspiracy to murder and SEXTON accused LORD SPENCER of lying and cheating and suborning witnesses.

"Wish he'd come on," said EDWARD CLARKE, "Reminds me of my first brief. Client a professional gartrotter whose hat had been playfully beaten in by a passing policeman. Insisted upon having the practical joker prosecuted."

As it was RANDOLPH had to make a little play. He, also, shocked at strong language. DIKE observed on Saturday FRED BURNARY not under military compulsion to shoot Arabs with shotted gun. That, RANDOLPH says, is insult to whole British Army, and insists upon HARTINGTON repudiating DIKE. Result of scene not quite what RANDOLPH designed. Meant to vindicate order in House, and put down growing practice of using strong language. Result, a squabble, with flat contradictions flying around, House in uproar; only RANDOLPH calm and possessed, sometimes waving down irate Radicals, anon with folded arms and darkened brow frowning reproach on DIKE, and sinceing HARTINGTON with lightning of his wrath.

"So like his great ancestor," WOLFF said, admiringly, "The fellow who used doncha to 'ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm.'"

Sitting given up to Colonels, who discussed various matters, shunting the SECRETARY FOR WAR on to midnight, when he explained Estimates in wearied House. Colonel MILNE HOME introduced new Parliamentary procedure. Common thing for Member after delivering exciting harangue to conclude by sitting on his hat. HOME first man to sit on another fellow's. General ALEXANDER secured corner seat meaning to make a speech. Beat temporary retreat; left his hat there, sort of flagstaff to mark his position. HOME, returning from charge against system of examining Army officers for promotion, plumped down on hat. Diligently straightened it out, and brushed it in vain effort to make it look as if nothing particular had happened. Pretty to see him later, when ALEXANDER returned, furtively watching to see

whether he noticed anything. ALEXANDER did, but, concluding that it was the Government who were at bottom of it, only shook his head. "What can you expect," he said to Sir WALTER BARTHELOT, "from a Ministry that has GLADSTONE at its head and CHAMBERLAIN with his Caucus at its back. Even our hats are not safe."

*Business done.*—Army Estimates in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—House still talking of HARCOURT's great speech of Saturday, after Division on LABBY's well-meant Amendment.

"So," said the HOME SECRETARY, on Saturday, caressing his bountiful chin. "this dirty trick hasn't succeeded, after all."

Only nine words (same number as the Muses, LORD MAYOR reminds me) but full of point. Question is, what's going to be done for HICKS-BEACH? Only for Sir MICHAEL, who, sitting with All Angels on Front Bench, overheard oration, the speech would have had very limited audience, and immense advantage to Liberal Party of having case put in nutshell for popular use lost.

"We must do something for BEACH," HARTINGTON said, as he took a cup of tea with GLADSTONE on Sunday.

"Hicksackly," said the PREMIER. But nothing more passed at the time, WILLIAM being limited, by order of ANDREW CLARK, to one word per quarter of an hour.

LABBY going about triumphant after his little game of Saturday.

"You nearly left us without a Ministry," I said to him. "Fine fun, but what about your Constituents? How do they like your coalescing with RANDOLPH and PARNELL to turn out our only Government?"

"My constituents are all right," said LABBY, "as long as I stick to BRADLAUGH, and move to reduce Votes on account of the Royal Family. As to Egyptian politics, they're altogether muddled. Don't know the difference between OSMAN DIGNA and OSMAN MORGAN."

**Morning Sitting**—day to pass **Second Reading** of **Cattle Plague Bill**. Both sides **anxious** to see **Bill** getting on. Got on very well up to eighteen minutes to seven, when **KENNY** appeared on scene, and stringing words together for space of twelve minutes, talked the **Bill** out.

"Seen a good deal in the way of degradation of House of Commons," said GOSCHEN, feeling in wrong place for his eye-glass, "but this the most striking exemplification that occurs to me. Here's a national interest demands legislation. Two great parties of the State agree to legislate. Special arrangements made for discussing measure. Valuable debate takes place. Bill about to be read Second Time, when there appears on the scene a Manchester counter-skipper, who, undertaking occasionally to blacken FARNELL's boots, is made Member of Parliament. Chatters for a few minutes and all the labour of the day destroyed, and legislation indefinitely postponed. A great Institution House of Commons, but evidently not adapted to the times."

House Counted Out at nine o'clock. *Business done.*—None.

*Wednesday.*—Much shaking of the head over RANDOLPH to-day. Not only gave his support to BROADHURST'S Bill for the Compulsory Purchase of Leaseholds, but spoke disrespectfully of a Duke.

"It's all very well for him to have a lark, doncha," said Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, who had obtained the freehold of a new pair of gloves for the occasion; "but, demmy, when it comes to saying a man may buy his ground-rent if he afford to pay for it, the Constitooshun's in danger. Besides, the way he talks of Dookes makes my blood run cold. Shouldn't wonder if he were to attack ME next!" To avoid which CHRISTOPHER hurried out of the House.

*Business done.*—Leasehold Bill rejected by 168 votes to 104. Overtures made to RANDOLPH to join Radical Party. "You could worry GLADSTONE much better from this side," LABBY said. RANDOLPH promises to think it over. Tory indignation against blameless RANDOLPH immeasurable. "Lord 'HENRY GEORGE' CHURCHILL," they bitterly call him. But RANDOLPH, as usual, knows what he's about.

*Thursday Midnight.*—Been here all night. Just made private arrangements with elderly Messengers to carry me out as if I were BRADLAUGH. Sick in soul, worn out in body. Hour-and-half spent in wrangling over Questions. Only two out of the ninety-eight proper to be put in House of Commons. Then CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ready to explain the Navy Estimates. Minister and interests of perhaps greatest department of State set aside, whilst half-a-dozen Members wobble round miscellaneous subjects more or less nearly connected with Navy. Now it is Midnight. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN up, and real business of Sitting commences. Treasury driven to last ditch. Must have Vote, so House going to sit all night.

How long will country stand this nightly spectacle, I wonder? Used to be very indignant about St. Pancras Board of Guardians. Their business way perfect compared with ours. Must be an end of this. British Lion be roaring around presently, putting a Question of its own.

"Here, you fellows," I fancy I hear B. L. roaring in the Lobby. "You clear out quick. I sent you here to do my business, of which there's plenty standing around. Instead of that you squabble at Question Time; you dawdle from seven to ten; then you begin a fresh row. At half-past twelve you say you want to go home. Ministers at wits' end, protest certain Vote must be passed before the House rises. Then you divide; go on dividing for an hour during which business in hand might have been got through. Finally settle down and, half asleep, vote my money by the million without inquiry. You sit on Saturdays and you desecrate Sundays with coarse vituperation. I know very well who are the prime movers in this plot and who keep Pandemonium going. But responsibility rests with Ministers, with the Majority, and with the Authorities of the House. I look to them to restore House of Commons to condition of decency and will support them in the enterprise. They can do it and they must do it without a week's delay."

Nice party B. L. when his moustache bristles. Hard to rouse, but when once on rampage not pleasant to meet him in narrow place like House of Commons.

*Business done.*—First warning from British Lion.

*Friday Night.*—Bishops had a near squeak. In the Lords threw out Motion for opening libraries and museums in London on Sunday. In the Commons nearly thrown out themselves. GRAND CROSS splendid in debate. Been out to dinner with Archbishop of CANTERBURY. More than ever solemn and little more than usual muddled. Throughout speech House in roars of laughter. Cross couldn't make it out at all, but stumbled along, solemn and muddler.

"There's been nothing like this," said Mr. BRIGHT, who watched the scene from the Cross Benches, "since Mr. Pecksniff, looking over the bannisters, addressed the guests after the dinner at Todgers's."

*Business done.*—Motion to banish Bishops from House of Lords defeated by 148 votes against 137.



Model Anti-Obstructionists clearing Mud-Salad Market and Bloating Ducal Barriers.

## "SAUCE FOR THE COUNSEL GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR SOLOR GANDER."

(Respectfully dedicated to the Incorporated Law Society and the Bar Committee.)

SCENE—Interior of the Duke of DITCHWATER'S Study. TIME—The near Future. PRESENT—His Grace and Mr. KOSTS, the Family Solicitor.

The Duke (finishing a long business talk). And I suppose we had better be represented by Mr. SILVERTONGUE, the Queen's Counsel?

Mr. KOSTS (hesitating). Certainly, your Grace, if it is your express wish.

The Duke (surprised). Why, Mr. KOSTS, you surely know of no better representative?

Mr. KOSTS (hurriedly). Oh no, your Grace. Mr. SILVERTONGUE is a most eloquent advocate, and has the law at his fingers' ends; but—

The Duke. Well? Surely we may entrust ourselves in his hands with perfect confidence? Do you not think so?

Mr. KOSTS. Oh, certainly, your Grace, certainly. (Hesitating.) But matters have changed a little lately. There has been an alteration in the law.

The Duke. Indeed!

Mr. KOSTS. Yes, your Grace. The fact is, that the two branches of the legal profession have been amalgamated.

The Duke. I don't quite understand.

Mr. KOSTS. Why, your Grace, there is now no real distinction between Solicitors and Barristers, except in name. So I thought, your Grace, that as I could do the work as well, that perhaps I might replace Mr. SILVERTONGUE, and— You see it is simply a matter of business.

The Duke (interrupting). Certainly, certainly, Mr. KOSTS. No doubt you could represent me admirably. But you see I am afraid Mr. SILVERTONGUE might be a little offended. You know he is a personal friend of mine, and—

Mr. KOSTS (promptly, with a bow). I trust your Grace will not give the matter another thought—Mr. SILVERTONGUE shall be instructed. (Preparing to go.) Of course, your Grace's young relative, the Honourable CHARLES NEEDY, will act as Junior?

The Duke. Certainly, Mr. KOSTS. Give CHARLEY as much of my work as possible. My wife's cousin, I am afraid, is not overburdened with briefs.

Mr. KOSTS. I am afraid not, your Grace. And yet Mr. NEEDY is a sharp and clever young Gentleman. Good day, your Grace!

The Duke (after a moment's thought, suddenly). One moment, Mr. KOSTS. Did I understand you to say that the two branches of the legal profession were amalgamated?

Mr. KOSTS. To all intents and purposes, your Grace. You see we can now do all the work of the Bar.

The Duke. And I suppose Barristers can act as Solicitors—I mean, undertake the same kind of business?

Mr. KOSTS (laughing). There is nothing to prevent them, your Grace, save their incapacity?

The Duke (with dignity). No relative of the Duchess, Mr. KOSTS, can be incapable!

Mr. KOSTS (puzzled). I beg your Grace's pardon. I do not quite understand—

The Duke. Then I will explain. You tell me that Barristers can now act as Solicitors. Well, you know the old adage, that "blood is thicker than water," it is, Mr. KOSTS; it is. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I suggest that the connection of your firm with my family has not been un lucrative.

Mr. KOSTS. On the contrary, your Grace! I may fairly say that the connection is worth many hundreds a-year to us. We cannot be sufficiently grateful.

The Duke. Pray desist, Mr. KOSTS. The matter is one of pure business. It really is not at all a question of gratitude. Well, as I understand you to say that Mr. NEEDY is quite qualified to undertake Solicitor's work—

Mr. KOSTS (blankly). Theoretically, your Grace; theoretically.

The Duke (haughtily). Any relative of the Duchess can reduce theory to practice.

Mr. KOSTS (bowing). No doubt, your Grace; no doubt.

The Duke. Well, as I now find that CHARLEY can do the work I have hitherto given to you, Mr. KOSTS, I feel that some alteration must be made. CHARLEY is poor, and my relative. So I am sure you will not be offended when for the future I give him the whole of the legal work I used to give to you. You see, after all (as you explained to me just now), it is purely a matter of business!

[Scene closes in upon Mr. KOSTS' discomfiture.]

"THE" CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.—"Three boxes a penny!"



### MR. PUNCH'S PATENT PLAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF PERFECT PRIVACY AT THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

FIRST CATCH FOUR CHAMPIONS. THEN LET THEM ROW AS ABOVE IN YOUR FISH-POND. 'VARSITY WHICH PULLS OTHER ACROSS WINS. RESULT EQUAL TO OLD METHOD, AT ONE-EIGHTH THE COST! NO GENTLEMAN'S BACK GARDEN COMPLETE WITHOUT A BOAT-RACE! NO CROWDING! NO RISK!! NO ROUGHS!!! VIVAT PUNCHIUS!!

### AS IT IS, AND—AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

*A Legal Tragi-Comedy in a Prologue and one short Act.*

#### PROLOGUE.

SCENE—Inner Sanctum in the Offices of an old-established Firm of respectable Solicitors doing a very large leading business. Bland Head of Firm discovered surrounded by all the outward signs of well-sustained and successful litigation. Enter a Raving Influential Client in tatters, off his head with worry, grief, and disappointment, carrying a carpet-bag.

*Bland Head of Firm (placidly).* Ha! Mr. BOLDOVER! here again, and so soon? Well, my dear Sir, pray what can we do for you now?

*Raving Influential Client (with a cry of frenzy).* What can you do for me now? Ha! ha! ha! I'll soon let you know. Look at that! (Opens carpet-bag, and empties a pile of writs, summonses, and other aggressive legal instruments on to the table.) And that isn't all. I was pursued here by Bailiffs! (Rushes to the window.) See! There are fifteen of them even now lurking hidden among the sooty-leaved evergreens of the Square, ready to pounce out on me the moment I set my foot on the other side of this accursed threshold! (Falls backward into a waste-paper basket in a fit.

*Bland Head of Firm (surveying him reflectively).* And yet we not only advised him wisely, but after a few appeals got him his verdict. Surely he ought to be a thoroughly satisfied if not a solvent man.

*Raving Influential Client (in an interval of consciousness—wildly).* Tell me, fiend in human shape—for being my Solicitor you are a fiend in human shape—how it comes that once being wealthy and a man of substance I have come to this? (Displays his tatters.

*Bland Head of Firm.* My dear Sir, it is obvious. You felt it was necessary, in the face of a grave civil injury, to have recourse to the protection of your country's law,—nay, we, a little interested in making something out of you, advised you to such a course,—and you are, as a natural consequence of taking that advice, after being harassed by the requisite litigation, landed safely in the gutter a beggared and broken man.

*Raving Influential Client.* And I was in easy circumstances! Is justice then in England a luxury that means ruin even to the rich?

*Bland Head of Firm.* It is!

*Raving Influential Client (springing out of the waste-paper basket with a yell).* Then, tell me—social leech,—the poor, who can not afford to refresh and to retain Counsel and feed the crew of sharks and harpies who live by the organised system of robbery that exists in this country under the name of legal procedure,—they can have no justice at all!

*Bland Head of Firm.* None, my dear Sir, whatever!

*Raving Influential Client (going mad).* None! Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Then three cheers for a pauper—and here goes for the fifteen Bailiffs. But, mark me—(jumping out of window)—a day will come!—

*Bland Head of Firm (smiling pleasantly, as he descends).* Indeed? I doubt it! But now to sell up the Duke.

[Strikes a silver bell, as the Curtain falls.

*A hundred years are supposed to have elapsed.*

The Scene represents the Official Room in the Government Advising Solicitor's Office. Advising Solicitor discovered at his post hearing cases. Enter a Public Client.

*Advising Solicitor (disposing of last applicant for advice).* And now, please, will you state your case as briefly and concisely as possible?

*Public Client.* Certainly. My next-door neighbour started a steam dynamo, and the action shaking down my chimney-pots through the roof on to my children's heads in the nursery, I remonstrated. He then, annoyed at my interference, blew up his boiler, and drove my drawing-room wall by the force of the explosion clean into the study of the house on the farther side. Remonstrating again, and finding it useless, I then took the law into my own hands, and retaliated by letting off expensive fireworks all night among the orchids in his conservatory. He then asked me for damages, which I declined, upon which he called for an explanation. Treating this as a forcible entry, I had him thrown back into his own premises over the garden wall. The next day he replied by waiting till I came out and hitting me over the head with a heavy banjo, and on my taking him up and placing him in his own cistern, he followed me downstairs, and broke my arm with a blow from the umbrella-stand. In the evening I removed his area-palings and threw empty stout-bottles at him whenever I got a chance. Upon this he has this evening written to a local paper and libelled me by accusing me of murder, and has, moreover, hired a permanent German band of three to play all night and day inside my house whenever the street-door is opened. Under these circumstances, I have thought it better to go to law, but, as I have two hundred and seventeen witnesses and the case is somewhat involved, I am afraid it will be very protracted and expensive.

*Advising Solicitor.* Not in the least. Merely the usual fees. It will cost you £1 1s. 9d. That is fifteen shillings for the Judge who hears the case, five for the Government lawyer told off to take it up for you, ninepence for the usher, and one shilling for myself.

*Public Client.* Dear me, that is really very moderate, but I haven't a halfpenny to pay it with.

*Advising Solicitor.* Indeed! then all you have to do is to fill up this (gives him a form) and it will be charged to the rates.

*Public Client.* Capital! But I suppose, being a complicated case, it will not come on for some months?

*Advising Solicitor.* On the contrary, it will be settled by to-morrow afternoon.

*Public Client (brightly).* Thanks. Ha! They manage things now better than they did one hundred years ago!

*Advising Solicitor.* Really? You don't say so?

[Bows him out pleasantly as Curtain falls.



## FOREWARNED.

Good Samaritan (to Friend, who, we are sorry to say—). "I'LL SEE YOU HOME."  
 Culpit. "SHEE ME HOME! MUN, YE DINNA KEN MA WIFE! YOU'LL  
 CA'SCH IT!!!" [Offer thought better of.]

## IN RE MATRIMONY RATHER MIXED.

(Being Additional Suggestions for embodiment in Professor Bryce's  
 "Unfortunate Infants Bill.")

1. A MOTHER shall have the power to appoint by deed or will that her Husband shall wash all the Children under the age of three.
2. A Father may direct his Wife to accompany her Sons (until they reach the age of one-and-twenty) on any visit to a music-hall they may undertake, after the hour of nine in the evening.
3. A Mother may require her Husband to wheel any perambulator between the hours of ten in the morning and six in the afternoon.
4. A Father may call upon his Wife to give instruction in smoking to any Son who shall attain the age of fourteen.
5. A Mother may order her Husband to dress the hair of any Daughter after that Daughter shall have reached the age of sixteen.
6. A Father may insist upon his wife giving practical instructions to any Son elected to the Gun Club, in pigeon-shooting.
7. A Mother may desire her Husband to serve the nursery dinner.
8. A Father may cause his Wife to instruct her Sons in athletics, inclusive of lofty tumbling, fencing, and the use of the dumb-bells.
9. A Mother may expect her Husband to mend all the Children's clothes.
10. A Father may advise his Wife to teach the Children mixed mathematics.

And Additional Clause (inserted by the Shrieking Sisterhood).—For the purposes of this Act, every Man shall become a Husband, but shall not marry any Woman who has not reached the age of, at least, five-and-forty.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM heard her Nephew observe that a certain leader of modern thought has been named among the master spirits who "dare to march in the van of modern progress." "Ah!" said his Aunt, "I suppose that's what they call 'poetic licence,' because it certainly isn't fact. You ride in a van, you don't march in it. But, there, Poets will say anything!"

## ENDYMION IMPROVED.

(From the Scientific Point of View.)

"Our civil engineers are doing a great work by surrounding the minds of the people from their birth until their death with the symbols of the scientific faith."—Professor Huxley at the Banquet of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

SYMBOLS of Science are a joy for ever.

Their pregnancy increases, they shall never

Pass into prettiness, but still will keep

Their hideousness whether we wake or sleep.

They haunt our dreams, like nightmares check our breathing,

Dull fancy which, with fine fantastic wreathing,

Of flowery whims would beautify the earth,

Spite of bad climate, of the man-caused dearth

Of Nature's gifts, of London's gloomy days,

Of the mud-cumbered and fog-darkened ways

Made for our plodding in; but spite of all

Symbols of Science shall retain the pall

On our dark spirits. Such, in glare of June,

The Railway Station, a most blessed boon

For simple folk; and such are monster bills

And the blank walls they sprawl on; the sharp shrills

Of railway whistles, and the row they make

With snorting steam and the continuous brake;

The girder-bridges and the bald blank domes,

And belching blow-holes. Oh, not all the tomes

Of doctrine written by the pious dead,

All creeds that we have ever heard or read,

So nourish "faith" as gloom, and row, and stink—

At least so Science hints. What do you think?

EMPLOYMENT FOR MASHERS!—The following, from the *Daily Free Press* (Aberdeen, March 24), might be posted up over the Stall Entrance at the Gaiety Theatre!—

COMPETENT MANAGER Wanted for Highland Distillery. Must Engage to take Entire Charge, and personally do the Mashing. Salary, £150.

Here's an opportunity! Don't all speak at once! The Highland Lassies are anxiously waiting to see who "accepts the situation."

MARCH came in like a lamb, rather fresh. Then it was hot lamb, then lukewarm lamb, and then most decidedly cold lamb.

## THE ACTRESS AND HER SUITORS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—There is not the least particle of truth in the rumour that Miss MARY ANDERSON is about to be married to Mr. GLADSTONE, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir ROBERT PEEL, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord WOLSELEY, Lord TENNYSON, the Master of Balliol, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Colonel FRED BURNABY, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Marquis of BUTE, the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Captain BURTON, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Lord MAYOR, Baron ROTHSCHILD, Lord HENRY LENNOX, Mr. SPURGEON, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Mr. MARRIOTT, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, or the Maharajah DULEEP SINGH. I must beg you at once to deny all or any of these rumours which have, in some unaccountable fashion, gained currency. I happen to know that many of the above-mentioned are married men,—and so their pretensions are out of the question; and, moreover, I also happen to know that the accomplished American Actress has long been engaged to yours most faithfully,

THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER LOVED.

DUBIOUS.—Of course we mustn't say anything *pendente lite*, but we cannot help calling the attention of our readers to Lord COLERIDGE's statement, as reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* last Friday, when,

"On their Lordships taking their seats, the Lord Chief Justice said:—'I am sorry to be obliged to say that the Court is not in a condition to-day to pass sentence in this case.'"

What did this mean? The Court "not in a condition to pass sentence"! As the song has it, "So early in the morning!"

THE East wind has been cruelly bad during the last part of Lent, but what will it be when it's Easter!!

TORY MOTTO.—"The Wiggist goes to the wall."





**THE MARCH PAST.**



## DOING THE STUDIOS.

(Our Extra-Special "NIBBS" sends us the following account of his praiseworthy endeavours to anticipate all other Journalists in their "Rounds of the Studios.")

WHERE Art, where Royal Academical Art is concerned, I wouldn't be behind-hand—no, not for worlds. Wait for Show



Painter and Turtle.

Sunday, indeed! Wait for the crowd which makes the airiest studio stuffy, so that with a headache I remember the day as the *Qu'il fait Show Sunday!* Not for NIBBS! So, determined to be first in the field of Literature and Art, I went a round of the Studios on my own day,—for I have a day in the week all to myself, though it has not as yet been mentioned in the Calendar.

I wanted to take the Artists by surprise. If they expect a distinguished visitor, they can't help posing, it's in their artistic nature. They can't help assuming a sort of a *nonchalant*, easy, careless, smoking-coaty, happy-go-lucky air, as much as to say, "Painting a trouble! not a bit! at least, not to a Genius, you know."

Lor bless you! I just knock off these little canvasses 86 x 94, with a pipe in my mouth, after breakfast, and, if not quite finished, then I have another turn at 'em when I come in to dress,—just a wash-in and paint-brush up, so to speak,—before dinner! "*Ars longa!*" exclaims JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. "Pooh! "*Ars brevis—price longer!*"—that's the true reading nowadays," and mighty angry is he with the Government for having retracted the offer of a reward for OSMAN DIGNA's head.

"Why," says JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, "I'd ha' gone out to the Soudan, wherever that may be,—I don't know much about these places,—and have taken old OSMAN's head with pleasure, if the Government had only put a good price on it. Not under three *thou*, my boy, money down, travelling expenses included."

He didn't expect me, and when I had rushed past the servant, who, thinking I was the water-rate and gas collector, or the tax-gatherer, nearly fainted in the hall while I bounded up the stairs to the studio, and looked in from behind the curtain, I found JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS hard at work, with his nose down to the picture, and groaning and sighing as if he were cussing the day on which he had taken to Art. Then, when I said "Booh!" suddenly, he gave such a start, that bang went the brush on to the canvass with a splotch, and out went the eye of a portrait that had taken him many weary weary months to get anything like right.

"How you startled me!" stammered the great Post-Raffaelite. "I—I—I—didn't, you see,—ex—ex—pect you—and ha! ha! I'm not quite—" and he looked round in vain for his pipe, and his artistically daubed old easy coat. But unable to find his regular studio properties, he vainly attempted to assume his usual cheery, hearty, anyhow-take-it-or-leave-it-you-know manner.

"Found you in!" I cried, with an emphasis on the last word which conveyed my meaning perfectly.

"I'll show you my Pictures, if you please, Sir," said JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, humbly. "But don't—don't tell what they are, and I'll give you one of them to take away with you."

I was not to be bribed. I gave a look round. "Come!" I said, "show me your *chef-d'œuvre*. Out with it!"

"Well, I was on it when you came in," he explained; "but you made me put his eye out, and—and—I shall never get it done in time." And here he broke down, and sobbed like a child.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, "give me the dagger!—I mean the brush." And then approaching the picture—But here I pause. I own I was deeply affected by that grand work of Art, even *with* the eye out. It was life-like. "You've only dotted an eye," I observed pleasantly. "And," I added, as with a whisk of the dry brush (a trick unknown to English Artists, but which I had learnt in the studio of old GAMMONIO DE SPINACCO in my Roman student days), I removed the splotch and uncovered the damaged eye, "as you hadn't got this quite right"—

"I see!" he cried, with all the rapture of veritable inspiration, "I see! Only leave me alone with it, and call again in another hour. Genius can take a hint—"

"And give one," I observed with that innate modesty which alone is true nobility. "I will call in again about luncheon-time, and

mind you have it finished by then. Don't trouble yourself to come to the door. I know my way about."

The maid, pale and scared, was in the hall. As the door banged behind me, I fancied I heard a muttered threat, a tearful apology, and a month's notice. But as it occurred to me that I should be looking in there again at luncheon-time, I did not turn back to explain. I had forgotten to take Notes of the Pictures. But this was a detail.

Thence to High Art Row, the residence of J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. It was formerly an old monastery, and has never been restored,—at least not to the people to whom it originally belonged. Of course it has been renovated; but the old hinges, the old iron chains, the old Caen stone and thirteenth century bricks are as they were left by the last old Prior, who was known as 'Prior to the Reformation.' The ancient postern-gate was formidably barred and bolted, and, by an odd coincidence, the bell sounded one,—the universal luncheon-hour,—just as I surveyed the grill, the sight of which, from the associations conjured up by its name, I own made me feel decidedly hungry.

Above the doorway are curious slits in the wall, through which the defenders of the castle (before it became a monastery) used to pour down molten lead on visitors' heads, which was one of the practical jokes of the period when our land was known as "Merrie England." Through these slits I fancy I was being "observed," as they say on the Stage, because I had to ring three times before anyone answered the summons, and then the door wasn't unbarred, but only the little wicket was opened, and somebody's nose (most mysterious this! and a good title for a Christmas tale of horror,—*Somebody's Nose!*) appeared at the grill.

It was a nose with a cold too,—a violent cold,—as, after the tip had been exposed to the air for half a second, it had to be withdrawn and blown.

"A game of 'tip and run,'" I said, cheerily, supposing it to be my old friend J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., at the wicket.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice, which at the moment I did not recognise.

"To see your pictures," I replied.

"Can't be done," answered the voice most unmusically, though it was speaking through several bars. "Ain't got none. Not at home."

"But," I expostulated, "who is it speaking—HORSLEY?"

"Speaking hoarsely!" retorted the gruff voice, "so would you if you had such a beastly cold as I've got," and the wicket was slammed violently in my face, just as the speaker seemed to be succumbing to a fearful paroxysm of coughing.

"He must have mistaken me for somebody else," I argued with myself, as I took my way to Sir F. LEIGHTON'S.

"Is Sir FREDERICK the Great at home?" I inquired pleasantly of the Grecian Butler who guards the first portico.

"No, Sir FREDERICK is not."

"Not to me!" I exclaimed.

"Not to you," was the rejoinder.

I was staggered; but just at that moment the sound of a familiar voice, rising and falling in measured cadence like the soothing monotone of the poluphoisbuoyant sea, fell on my ears as it was borne towards me by the waves of sound, over the sands of time, from some inner sanctum, and these words were distinctly audible: "Your Imperial Majesty, your Royal Highnesses, your Serene Transparencies, your Excellencies, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It would ill become me whom the rich afterglow of a manysided idyllic banquet and the unyielding strength of the superfluous Bacchus delight (*cheers*) to dilate on the—" And here the voice died away, and once more I found myself alone with the Grecian Butler, who was now in an attitude of rapt ecstasy under the first portico.

"I will not disturb Sir FREDERICK," I murmured, in a whisper. "I know he is practising his speech for the Academy Banquet, and if he is not a quick study, the five weeks he has got before him to do it in will have passed before he has mastered the sentiments for the third toast."

So I noiselessly withdrew. The fragrance of the myrtle and orange groves with which Sir FREDERICK'S house is surrounded had increased my appetite to a considerable extent, and I was therefore not ill-pleased at remembering that a short walk would bring me to the residence of Mr. VAL PRINSEY, A.R.A., whose hospitable door was open, and a coloured servant was at the moment taking in several packages of evidently very good things, all covered up, which were being handed out of a confectioner's cart.

"Aha!" I exclaimed, cheerily, "just in time, eh?" and nodding to the Retired Maharajah, who gave up a kingdom and any amount of loot to come and serve "SAHIB VAL," and whose devoted attachment is the theme of many a curious and interesting story, I was about to divest myself of my shoes (a custom on which the retired Indian Potentate still insists as a mark of doing reverence to "SAHIB VAL"), when the faithful creature—who must have a very bad memory for faces, as I've been there any number of times before—suddenly barred my passage,—or rather VAL'S passage,—and placing

his hand on a jewelled dagger, which the Artist still allows him to wear in his belt (a great pity, I think, as if he loses his temper he is decidedly dangerous), he uttered some words in his native tongue which, though I have not spoken Hindustanee for years, I immediately understood to mean that "his master was not at home to anyone."

"Not to me?" I protested.

No; the Sahib was not even in to me. The Sahib was busy.

"Is he giving a party?" I inquired, carrying on the conversation in his own language, which returned to me quite easily after the first minute or so.

No; the Sahib was not giving a party. He was tasting cake-samples from BRIDGEMAN'S.

The truth flashed across me. What I had seen announced in the papers was true! I should have liked to assist him, but the Ex-Maharajah was inexorable, and so was BRIDGEMAN'S man, who refused to let me see even one of the sugar ornaments.

Just then the tom-tom sounded.

"I must go, and so must you," the Maharajah said, sternly, showing his gleaming teeth, and half-drawing his dagger, as, pointing towards the door, he stamped thrice with his foot, and from behind some low arabesque work, where he had been concealed, there crawled forth a small Dwarf Snake-Charmer, accompanied by several of his favourite reptiles, all alive-oh, and made towards me.

The Exiled Maharajah had disappeared, and so had BRIDGEMAN'S man, and as I had never met the Dwarf Snake-Charmer before, I thought it more prudent to bow as politely as was possible under the circumstances and retire, but not before my sharp eye had detected a small triangular packet, which my hand was quick enough to seize. It was cake—real wedding cake! and oddly enough wrapped up in a page of the Academy Catalogue for 1883, and, while eating the cake, and wishing my old friend health and happiness, I ran my eye over the list of last year's pictures, among which I found "No. 414. 'Returning after the Honeymoon.' VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A."

All wedding cake and no wine makes JACK NIBBS a dry boy, and the question was where should I go for the necessary refreshment. "Let me see," I said to myself. I must have several artistic friends within a stone's throw—the expression was an inspiration, for it suddenly occurred to me that MARCUS STONE'S, A.R.A., was just round the corner—the very corner-stone, in fact, on which I would build my hopes.

To arrive at his door and ring the bell was the work of a moment. To get the bell answered was the work of some minutes, during which time I deliberated within myself whether it wouldn't be as well to announce myself under a feigned name (to take him all the more by surprise), and not to run any risk of a refusal this time,—(for a true Artist scents the Critic afar off, and cries "Aha!")—and so when the door was opened by a comely maiden, in the costume of MARIE ANTOINETTE, I said, without inquiry for Mr. MARCUS STONE, "My *zimmer-mädchen*, in me you see a Burchaser of Bictures. Behold—I come to see ze works of ze Great Master MARCUS, wiz one, doo, dree towsand Bound in my Bocket!" And immediately she showed me upstairs to the studio. As I ascended that staircase, there went up with me a sweet savour from either the kitchen or the dining-room, and—I regretted that piece of cake.

I wished I had not touched it—I wished I had not eaten it at all. I was wishing I had never seen it—when, suddenly—the whole studio seemed to swim round—and in another moment I should have fallen on the floor but for a friendly chair, on which I sank, only to be fetched up again by a loud shout from a familiar voice, "Take care, old chap, you're sitting on my palette!"

They sent for a cab. On reaching home I sent for a doctor. The attack was inexplicable until I heard that an Indian had been to my rooms, anxiously inquiring about a piece of cake which had been intended and carefully prepared for the Snakes, whose doom had been sealed that morning. The Ex-Maharajah brought an antidote with him, and at the same time, to make up for your disappointment in not receiving from me all the information I had intended to obtain, I forward you a few particulars, for the correctness of which I could, if necessary, vouch with my life, and, what is dearer to me than life, my honour. Here, then, are my

#### STORIES FROM THE STUDIOS.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., is at work on a classic subject, to be entitled "*I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls*." The smooth polished floor and pillars are absolutely perfect. I hope he will have it ready in time.

MISS CLARA MONTALBA has hit on a really original subject. It is a view of St. Mark's, Venice, as seen from the left-hand corner of the Piazza, just five minutes after sunrise. One of the celebrated Pigeons is picking up the early worm.

MR. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., sends a "single figure,"—for which he asks three figures, and it's well worth it.

MR. J. SANT, R.A., has gone out of his line to draw what he has been pleased to call "*Speaking Dolls; or, Studies from the Lowther*

*Arcade*." I fancy these will be a great success, and should encourage the Artist to persevere in this "new departure."

MR. F. GOODALL, R.A., has also ventured on entirely new ground. It is an Eastern subject, and is entitled "*Egyptian Boy and Mummy*."

T. FAED, R.A., sends "*The Town Crier*"—a most pathetic picture.

MR. HOOK, R.A., is quite right to stick to the sea. His new work, "*The Portraits of Two Buys*," will be the hit of the year.

E. J. POYNTER, R.A., contributes a Roman Banker in the time of CASSIUS.

MRS. KATE PERUGINI sends two pictures. One entitled "*A Real Screamer*," is a charming portrait of a little child. As a study of repose and still life, admirable. The other is also a touching picture, with a deep moral underlying the simple pathos of the situation. It is an infant, heavily asleep in a cradle, and out of its hand has tumbled an empty bottle. Mrs. PERUGINI has called this "*Beginning Early*."

Animals in the Desert, stopping at a half-way house for refreshment is by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., who calls it "*Lions Inn*."

I congratulate Mr. A. STOREY, A.R.A., on a novelty. Instead of Cathedral interiors and endless architectural perspectives, he has thrown his whole soul into a single figure of a girl (she won't long remain single), which he has entitled "*Little Poppit; or, The Pawnbroker's Daughter*."

MR. MARKS, R.H., sends "*Antiquarians in Cheshire, or Mite is Right*." It represents two old gentlemen engaged on an old cheese. The cheese lacks finish; still it is strong.

The subject chosen by Mr. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., has all the real charm of novelty. An old man in the costume of 1780, a young girl, an open letter, an old wall, sunlight effect on trees. Title "*Will He?*" It tells its own story.

SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A., sends a mythological subject several sizes larger than life, which I hear will have to be reduced by photography before it can be got out of his house,—unless the entire roof is taken off and one side pulled down,—and will then be re-enlarged by some new process before being placed in its position in Burlington House, where it will receive the last touches of the master hand. It is entitled "*Jupiter Creating a Precedent*." It is in Sir FREDERICK'S best style.

R. ANSDALL, R.A., goes in for High Art. Brace and a half of grouse, which have been shot by accident and left on the moors for some days. The de-composition of this picture is marvellous. The Artist names it "*The Same Old Game*."

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., has, for a change, chosen a mediæval subject. It is called "*Hot Work, or, The Shortest Knight in Armour*," June 21st, 1403.

MR. FRITH, R.A., "*Much Ado about Charles the First meeting Dr. Johnson for the first time at the Academy Banquet in Whitehall*." The figures are all portraits. The moment selected is when the great Lexicographer was introduced to CHARLES, who, on being told it was JOHNSON, replied incredulously, "JOHNSON! O WALKER!"

I have nothing more to add, but I think you will find that the first, best, and most complete information is furnished to you by your real old friend and invaluable Contributor

NIBBS.

#### A Model M.P.

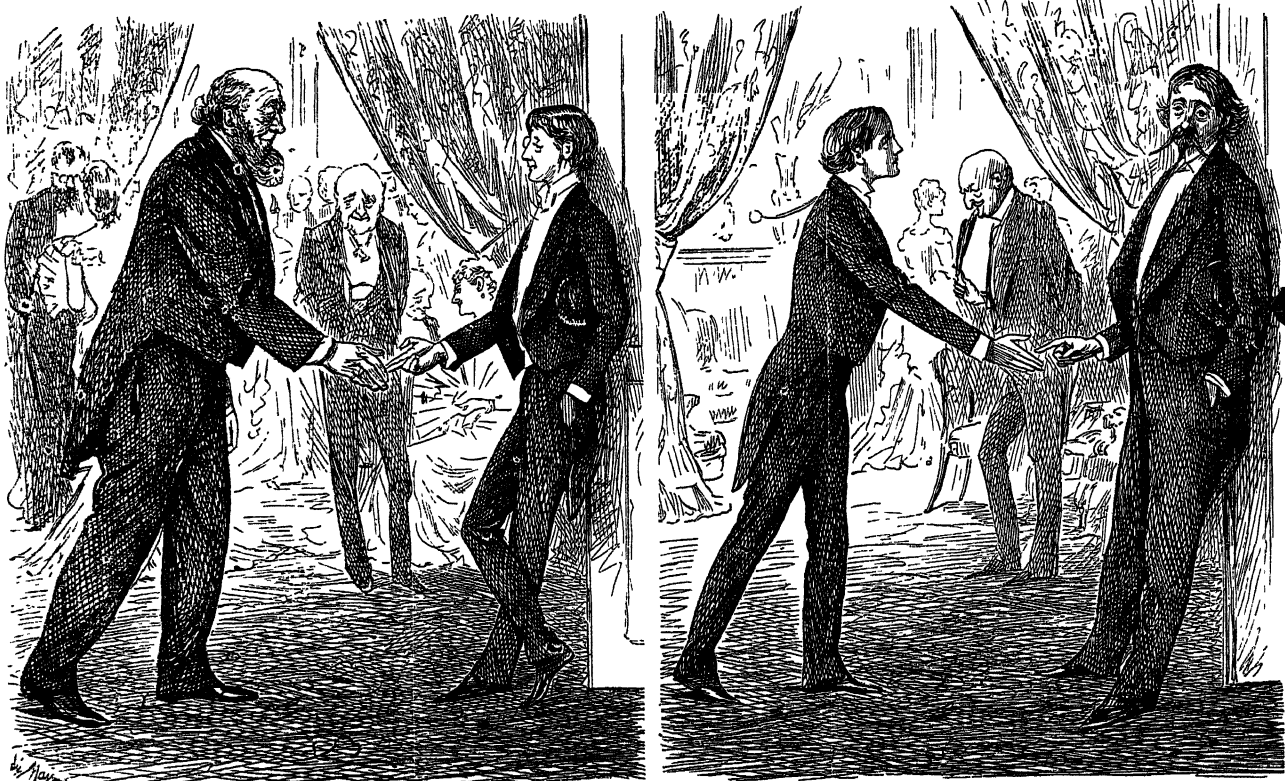
WHEN they talked of their progress, improvement, and stuff,  
He blocked all their bills, snorted loud, and took snuff.

THE NEW MARINE LIFE-PRESERVER, CHAMBERLAIN'S PATENT.—The inventor of the New Apparatus for Saving Life at Sea has wisely admitted that it is not absolutely perfect, but requires modification and reconstruction. The principle of this ingenious invention is undeniably right, though, as some little difficulty lies "in the application on it," a few details will have to be re-arranged, and the balance neatly adjusted. When this is done, the apparatus, no alteration having been made in its material substance, will float on any sea, and Skippers first, then shippers afterwards, will bless the name of "Partner JOE."

#### Our Oracle; or, a Tip for the Boat-Race.

On the night before must you	Who with knowledge wit com-
Note if any breeze light blew;	bines,
If it did, the fact remark	Let him read between these lines;
To yourself, though keep it	If he does, he'll gain a lot,
dark.	If he doesn't, he will not.

"GOVERNMENT STAMPS" ALL WOULD WELCOME.—"Putting their foot down" in Egypt, and "stamping out" Obstruction, Wartonian and otherwise, at Westminster.



## DON'T!"

ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T (JUST BECAUSE YOU HAPPEN TO BE A GREAT GENIUS, AND MEAN TO WRITE A PLAY, AND PAINT A PICTURE, AND PUBLISH A VOLUME OF POEMS) GIVE TWO FINGERS TO GOOD OLD DR. JONES, WHO BROUGHT YOU INTO THE WORLD—

AND THEN FEEL SURPRISED, AND HURT, AND INDIGNANT BECAUSE MONTEPULCIANO SMYTHE (A STILL GREATER GENIUS, WHO HAS WRITTEN A PLAY, AND PAINTED A PICTURE, AND PUBLISHED A VOLUME OF POEMS) ONLY GIVES YOU ONE!

## THE REAL PARLIAMENTARY WHIP.

*John Bull, loquitur:—*

PATIENCE? In face of long continued shame  
Patience becomes dishonourably tame,  
And wrath a simple duty! I'll not pale  
Expostulations meek; 'tis mine to rule,  
When rulers of my own appointing fail,  
And in the face of faction power grows pale,  
Halts cripplewise, or blindly stumbles on,  
All purpose palsied, and all compass gone!

These bogglers shame me. I am sick at soul!  
How if Leviathan amidst a shoal  
Of minnows flounders hopelessly inert?  
What boot the forces he can net exert?  
Parliament? Pooh! A scene of aimless noise,  
A show of senile dolts and wrangling boys!  
Where CHATHAM swayed, where fulminated  
BURKE,

A little lordling, with complacent smirk  
Or histrionic scowl, consumes the hours  
With farce or melodrama. Danger lours,  
Or business long-delayed attention claims?  
What matter? Faction's little soul, in flames  
With office-grubbing greed, its power must  
strain

To snatch by trick some petty party gain.  
Fanatic fad, still ready to upset  
The Solar System in the hope to get  
Its little whim well launched, uplifts its bray  
Like panniered Issachar and blocks the way.

They're wrong all round, and since self-  
righting seems  
The fondest and unlikeliest of dreams,

My hand must intervene. Think they per-  
chance  
That I have watched their motley Morris-dance  
Of loud unrulè and vulgar violence,  
Empty of chivalry and void of sense,  
With tolerant eyes? I tell them, not at all!  
They're wrong all round, and now my lash  
shall fall

On all impartially. Eternal clack  
In vain would cover the continual lack  
Of still and steadfast wisdom. Talk! talk!  
talk!

The floods that laid the sandstone or the chalk,  
Held for each drop its atom, but this void  
Long wash of words is mischief unalloyed,  
Just iridescent slush, foredoomed to pass  
To sun-dried flats or end in mere morass;  
Let the firm land of purpose once appear  
From out the watery waste; the tickled ear  
Of adulation stint of "eloquence,"  
An e'en Obstruction, robbed of one pretence,  
Will limp and languish.

As for that black pest,  
That Protean plague, with what amazing zest  
I'll lay the lash upon its callous hide!  
I used to think that with an equal pride  
I might survey the Ins and Outs; but then  
Both sides were patriots and were gentlemen,  
Opposed as equal fairly fighting foes,  
And not as low attorneys or bravos.  
They've changed all that! Obstruction's  
fatal touch

Contaminating all, has proved too much  
For manners, manhood, magnanimity,  
All laws of the unwritten chivalry  
Of brave opponents in the civic lists.  
Unfair advantages, malicious twists,

The conscious sly insinuated lie,  
Webbed with some veil of specious sophistry;  
The spurious wrath and simulated scorn,—  
These are their weapons! Is it to be borne?  
Who first rebels? The well-graced scholar  
bland?

The high blue-blooded magnate of the land?  
The Prince of Commerce, or the slip of Rank?  
Not they! Good humour winks at Puck-like  
prank,

But foxy trick, small malice, manners bad,  
And all the coarse equipment of the Cad,  
Shame him who'll use them, whether Irish  
churl

Or "noble" would-be-ape of the Great Earl.

Shame on them all! As voluble as daws,  
Aimlessly noisy as an ass's jaws!  
The cackling Chief, the "Leader" who's so  
weak

As to be led by cool and callow cheek  
To wink at the dishonour of delay,  
And mutely favour what he dare not say;  
The statesman soured by shelving, whose  
shrill spite

With "candid" flouts prolongs the wordy  
fight;

The posing patriot with his foolish flow  
Of muddled mock-heroics; the smart beau,  
Self-deemed a Cincinnatus, prosing long  
Of sham dishonour and fictitious wrong;  
The crotcheteer where jibbing "conscience"  
spends

Its heartiest kicks upon embarrassed friends:  
The Cynic who, when age long toil would  
crown,  
To shift a brick would bring the building  
down;



## THE REAL PARLIAMENTARY "WHIP."

MR. PUNCH. "GO IN, JOHN!—GIVE IT 'EM HOT ALL ROUND! THEY WON'T MOVE TILL YOU DO!!"





The mannerless malignants, and the herd  
Of catechists as aimless as absurd;  
I know, I mark them all, and all shall learn  
Beneath long silence what fierce wrath may burn  
Against these traitors to long-honoured rule,  
Blocked by the churl, dishonoured by the fool.

*Cave, adsum!* Look out, my patience long  
Is at an end. Time squanderers, ware the thong!

*Mr. Punch.*

Right, JOHN! These cacklers shame will not abash,  
Sense check, nor honour bind,—so try the lash!

### A DRAMATIC SCHOOL TREAT.

A TRIUMPH has at last been achieved by the School of Dramatic Art. At a recent performance, for the benefit of that Establishment, of a new Play by Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, founded upon *Bleak House*, a Miss DOROTHY DENE, a young Lady described by a contemporary as "a pupil,"—it does not say whether she is the sole pupil on the books,—appeared in the part of *Hester Summerson* with marked success. "She displayed," continues the approving Critic, referring to the educational advantages of the Dramatic School, "qualities reflecting much credit on that Institution;" and as if to emphasise their quite exceptional character, he adds that "to the charm of a pretty face and lissom figure,"—valuable accomplishments, by the way, and reflecting the highest credit on the curriculum,—"a knowledge of the requirements of the Stage such as has usually to be gained by experience."

It was only natural that after such a signally successful and almost unexpected issue to the combined and protracted efforts of all the earnest patrons, vice-presidents, noblemen, professors, officers of the general Staff, well-wishers, acrobats, popular lecturers, and others who have had the interests of the cheery little struggling concern so much at heart, they should meet to celebrate what might be regarded as the culling of the first ripe fruit of their united and assiduous labours; and at the last usual monthly meeting of the Council it was at once proposed that the matter should be made the subject of some official and congratulatory notice.

The motion being agreed to without any very disagreeable or serious discussion, the Regius Professor of Construction, Dr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, D.A.S., and Official Adapter-General to the Institution, whose clever Drama had played such an important part on the occasion, was voted into the Chair, and proceeded, amidst deafening cheers, which lasted some minutes, and were with difficulty suppressed, in a few brief words to address the meeting.

He said: He thanked them all for that manifestation of feeling, on which he could only put but one construction, and that was, that whatever he had done to *Bleak House*, it was quite clear the Council didn't think he had brought the interests of the Institution to a *Dead-lock*. (*Roars of laughter.*) He put the best construction on those jeers. Indeed, his whole life had been spent in putting the best construction he could upon everything he could lay hands upon. (*Renewed laughter.*) He would instance the present play as a case in point. He had looked carefully at *Bleak House*, and, being convinced that, situated as it was, it was bound to suffer from a frost, what had he done? Why, he had pulled it down, and reconstructed it altogether. Yet it had bothered him not a little. He did not see his way at first to getting rid of *Tulkinghorn*. Yet he had said to himself, "*Tulkinghorn* must be killed by hook or by crook!" Then the happy thought struck him, "*Why not by Krook?*" His auditors knew the rest. They had seen how admirably he had been assisted by the representative of the character, Mr. H. CAMPBELL. But for the skill of that clever Actor, it would have been quite impossible for him to have introduced the great feature in *Krook's* part—the spontaneous combustion. Many an Actor can make an effective exit, but it wants a very subtle acquaintance with Stage-business indeed to enable him "go off" in sight of the whole audience. (*Cheers.*) Indeed, he might say with truth that no Actor could do this even once without being a thoroughly finished Artist. Yet, Mr. H. CAMPBELL had accomplished it with "a realism," as a contemporary grimly remarked, "that could not well have been surpassed." (*Loud laughter.*) The only puzzle to him now was how to reconstruct Mr. H. CAMPBELL. (*A Voice—“You'll do it!”*) He believed he could. (*Cheers.*) Still, he did not ignore the difficulties that beset the path of a dramatic Author. He had no doubt that in giving a proper Stage-shape to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for instance, he should find it necessary to cut out that personage himself entirely from the cast, and making *Pecksniff* the hero, let him ultimately be shot by *Mrs. Gamp*. He mentioned no names, but he trusted that with this little change effected in the story, a distinguished and accomplished Lady Amateur might be disposed to look not unfavourably at the part. (*"Hear!"*) He also had hopes of putting one or two more of DICKENS'S

useful novels into "adapted" shape, and he conceived that two or even three might be rolled into one, if necessary. It was merely a question of cast. For the matter of that, if a theatre had a company of heavy salaries who could play the parts, why should not *Dombey*, *Mr. Squeers*, and *Fagin* all figure in the self-same piece? They might be brothers (*"Hear!"*) they might be cousins—they might be anything. (*Cheers.*) What did it matter as long as they were all got in and provided with a good situation a-piece? That was the constructor's real business—to act like the proprietor of a registry office for servants and be continually providing everybody with good situations. (*"Hear!"*) Sometimes a single Actor wanted several for himself, and then, in making the play, he, the learned Professor, found it necessary to ask that Actor how long it was since he left his last situation, and then provide him instantly with another. Indeed, it was a long familiarity with such a system that had enabled him to collaborate in the production of his celebrated *All for Him!* (*Loud cheers.*) And after that remark he thought he could not better conclude his observations than by expressing a fervent wish that their graceful and accomplished pupil, who had made so satisfactory a first appearance, might find her well-deserved success result in a decided and substantial *Haul for Her!*

The speech of the learned Professor was received with enthusiastic cheering, and he was about to resume his seat, when it being intimated that a strange Lady and Gentleman were waiting outside in the hall with a youthful pupil, and had asked for a Prospectus of the School Fees, the Meeting, after a hurried vote of thanks to the Chairman, hastily adjourned and rushed out to see what was up.

### CALLED BACK AND PULLED UP.

*THE English Illustrated Magazine*, published by MACMILLAN, is well worth two sixpences instead of one, if only for its admirable engravings. Excellent is the spirited account given by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES in this number of "How I Became a War Correspondent." But Mr. HUGH CONWAY, merely because he has done one Wilkie-Collins-cum-Le-Fanu like book, *Called Back*, should not trade upon this, and pose as a literary Fat Boy who "wants to make your flesh creep," and write such rubbish as *Paul Vargas, a Mystery*,—the sort of story that any one who has once gone in for this kind of thing could run off the reel by the yard. Mr. VICE-VERSA-ANSTREY-GUTTERIE made the same sort of firework success, followed by similar mistakes. Everything else is bright and artistic in MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated* for April, but this one story—which is a Mac-Millan-choly mistake. Why, the weakest of Mrs. RIDDELL'S *Weird Stories* is worth a dozen of *Paul Vargas*.

If Mr. HUGH CONWAY had called it "A Sell" instead of "A Mystery"—Stay! is that what he meant, after all? If so, as a practical joke, he has succeeded. But the experiment is dangerous, as when a Magazine is taken in by the Public, the Public doesn't like being taken in by a Magazine,—not even by one writer in it.

By the way, Mr. JAMES PAYN'S *Literary Recollections*, in the *Cornhill*, are very amusing. But the *Giant's Robe* is too long, drags, and wants cutting—or, being a robe, perhaps it only requires a little trimming.

### Redistribution of Seats.

On the pests who use seats in the House to brew storms,  
*Mr. Punch* would inflict a sharp sentence;  
All Members who make a bad use of its "forms,"  
Should be shunted to *Stools*—of repentance!

SHAKESPEARIANA.—We read in the paper that at the Southwark Police-Court the other day—

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 65, a tall, powerful-looking man, was placed at the bar, before Mr. BRIDGE, charged with being drunk and riotous in Meadow Row, New Kent Road, and assaulting GEORGE BOWEN, 174 M, and HENRY FITZGERALD, 154 M, in the execution of their duty."

We have heard of a certain Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE who wrote Comedies and Tragedies, and who did not always behave himself as well as he should. In fact at one time he was in the hands of keepers,—not as a lunatic, but as a poacher. Possibly the Gentleman above-mentioned is a descendant. Why did not some enterprising Manager secure him, get him to write a Tragedy, and advertise an "entirely new play by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"? What an attraction, too, he might have been at the Shakspearian Show at the Albert Hall in May! Unfortunately he found "the quality of Mercy is not strained" at the Southwark Police-Court, even for WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, for Mr. BRIDGE was inconsiderate enough to sentence him to six months' hard labour. We commend him to the attention of the Shakspearian Society when he comes out.

LATEST BULLETIN ABOUT W. E. G.—"*Fox, et præterea,—Nile.*"  
(Signed) R-NB-LPH CH-ROH-LL, M.D.



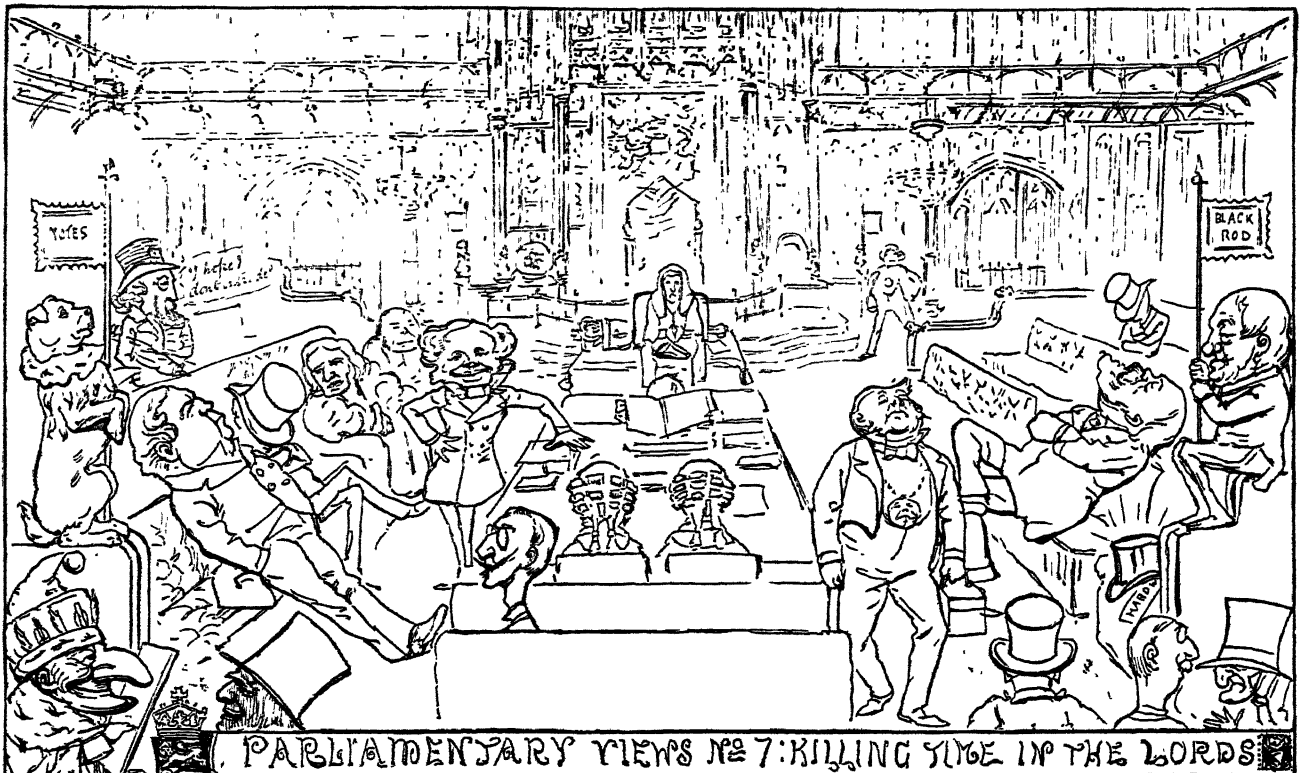
### IN MEMORIAM.

**H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY. BORN APRIL 7, 1853. DIED MARCH 28, 1884.**

WITH what a shock of sorrow, what arrest  
Of a whole Nation's pulse, the tidings fell  
Like mid-day darkness! Young and loved so well!  
A Prince whose ripening promise bore the test,  
All-searching, of comparison with him  
Whose passing moved a people to true tears;  
Whose memory not the fame-defeating years,  
Nor cold detraction's breath can ever dim.

Good ALBERT's son, in him there seemed again  
To live the cultured grace, the golden speech,  
That won the English heart, and seemed to teach  
The life of Courts a higher, prouder strain.  
The golden bough is broken, in mid-Spring  
The glad leaves fall! She who might fondly trace  
The well-loved father in the son's calm face,  
Is doubly stricken. Might affection bring,

On a great Nation's sorrow-stricken lips,  
Some comfort to the mother, the young wife  
Mourning untimely that much-treasured life,  
Some lessening of the darkness of eclipse,  
How vocal were our offering! But the gold  
Of sympathetic silence now seems best,  
Though many tongues hereafter shall attest  
Love for the memory of LEOPOLD!



## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 24.—Debate on Franchise Bill opened by Lord JOHN MANNERS. Most ladylike speech. Full of italics, notes of admiration, and several postscripts, concluding by Greek quotation done into English, imploring House, if they must kill him, might he ask that he should at least see his fate, and die in the open face of day?

Lord FITZMAURICE soothed to sleep by MANNERS's manner. Woke up just in time to hear the peroration. Rising hurriedly, and rubbing his eyes, he said, "Perhaps the Noble Lord will give notice of that question."

JOHN BRIGHT sitting in old corner-seat below Gangway, ready for another tussle with opponents of Parliamentary Reform. House filled up to hear him. Curious to see him sitting there as nervous as if the clock had been put back forty years, and he were about to make maiden speech. Face flushed, lips dry, and hand fitfully clutching at paper. Liberals gave him good hearty cheer when on his legs. This seemed to do him good, but he faltered through opening sentences. These bore directly upon Lord JOHN's speech, and proved to be the best part of his oration. On the whole, a woeful falling off from old times. As positive as ever, but so pointless! Once protested that he "could not turn his back on himself," but goes back on himself in pitiful poverty-stricken way. The Cave, long ago worn out, brought on Stage again; also the quotation from himself about the alternative of Ireland being unmoored and set again in the sea two thousand miles to Westward.

House listened respectfully but not without sorrowful disappointment, and as dinner-time came, Members, whom GLADSTONE on same subject held in thrall till the soup was cold and fish spoiled, openly dropped off in twos and threes. Fact is, there is no fight in the business. Conservatives don't dare meet Reform Bill with negative. Go blowing on it harmless side wind that means nothing. House naturally depressed on threshold of six nights' talk leading up to inevitable and unalterable conclusion.

Best speech of night JEMMY LOWTHER's. JAMES not to be tied and bound down by political exigencies. Never liked Reform. Doesn't like it now, and no kicking-strap will keep his heels off the splash-board. Having something definite to say, he says it; perhaps not always accurately but vigorously, and with contagious cheerfulness. No racing in false colours for JAMES. No pulling on the course. He runs straight both at Newmarket and Westminster, and the people he runs up against don't like him the less for it.

Business done.—First night's debate on Franchise Bill.

Tuesday.—Another day absolutely wasted. RANDOLPH came up fresh with old inquiry, "What's your policy in Egypt?" This goes on till Five. Then Cattle Plague Bill on. Speeches made by friends of the Bill up to almost last moment, when JOSEPH GILLIS stepped in, and blandly talked Bill out. Pretty plain to me country won't stand this much longer. If House doesn't dissolve itself, will be done for them. Shall have, instead of PRIDE's Purge, the People's Purge. Been getting my Election Address ready. Here's the first draft:—

"To the Electors of Barks.—Gentlemen, when I first solicited your suffrages, I followed long-established usage, describing my political principles and alluding to questions of the day. But *oter tong oter merce*, as they say on *le Continong*. The old times when the House of Commons was a political assembly governed by rules of conduct acceptable among Gentlemen are gone by, and learning, culture, and eloquence are no longer of account. I move with the times, and I trust I shall feel equal to their present requirements.

"Whilst, Gentlemen, I therefore say nothing on political questions, I assure you that my health is good, my voice unimpaired, and as to considerations of what is due to public service and to the dignity of the House, I have carefully eliminated them. I can sit up all night without any refreshment save of a liquid nature, and I am good for howling through the following day if necessary. I will make alliances with any political party in the House in order to worry the Government. I will load the paper with questions of which I am careful to give oral notice, reading out every word. When a Minister answers, I wrangle with him and finally give notice to repeat the question on another day. All of which you will perceive takes up time and prevents business being done. When a Bill is before the House on a Wednesday, or at a Morning Sitting, and some hours' Debate has taken place, I come in at the last moment and talk it out, causing the whole sitting to go for nothing. I move the adjournment of the House in order to ask the Government who is responsible for OSMAN DIGNA's hair being out. I bawl interruptions when Mr. GLADSTONE is on his feet, which irritates him and leads to a scene.

"In short, whilst originally I went to Parliament to help to get business done, I now ask your suffrages in order that I may be returned to prevent its accomplishment. What is now wanted as a proper recommendation for a Member of Parliament is a cast-iron constitution and a thorough contempt for the old traditions of Parliamentary life. These, Gentlemen, are mine, and I am yours to command,

"TOBY."

Fancy that'll fetch 'em.

Wednesday.—Been quite in the nursery line to-day. WARTON got on his Patent Medicines Bill, and BRYCE his Infants (in Arms) Bill. This last a useful practical measure, in striking contrast with many crotchets House asked to consider. Clause One makes it a

misdemeanor to hold any infant in a position that would bring its head where its feet ought to be. Clause Two regulates the heat of the bath, and, read in conjunction with Clause Five, will reduce the annual production, unhappily increasing, of parboiled infants. Clause Three provides for damages in cases where children have been (so-called) accidentally sat upon. Second Section of the Bill deals with perambulator question: Provides that on fine Spring or Summer days, when streets crowded, extra police (to be charged to the Rate-payers) shall be engaged to clear way for perambulators. All persons obstructing perambulators, or, in cases of previous convictions, openly objecting to be run over, may be taken before nearest Magistrates, and summarily dealt with.

Bill had very favourable reception. INCE moved rejection; on other hand, HORACE took his Davey in favour of it. Eminent legal opinion being thus divided, paternal instinct prevailed, and Second Reading carried by rattling majority. *Business done.*—Infants Bill read a Second time by 208 votes against 73.

*Thursday.*—"This is what the Marchioness would call 'a wonner fer WARTON,'" said Captain O'SHAY. FIRTH had called attention to wholesale blocking of Bills by intelligent representative of Bridport. Asked whether it was not wilful obstruction, SPEAKER could not say it came within letter of Rule, but was distinct violation of its spirit. Finished by throwing out broad hint to House to take the matter in its own hands. WARTON a little downcast.

"Cheer up, old man," said LABBY. "You're not at the end of your tether. House may growl, but it won't bite. Haven't been here so long as some people, but think I know the House pretty well. In all things that concern its own procedure, it's the most timid old woman in the world. There's not a Vestry in the kingdom would stand you for a fortnight. You are an exceedingly stupid person, vulgar in your manner, limited in your intelligence, neither good-humoured nor good-natured. Yet here you've been Session after Session sitting on the House like a nightmare, neither doing good yourself, nor letting other people do good. House grumbles and groans, protests its time's wasted, and that it's made the laughing-stock of the country, and does nothing more. And it'll go on doing nothing more till palings are pulled down somewhere. Don't distress yourself about to-night. You're quite safe; much safer than the prospects of public business."

More Debate on Franchise Bill. Lively speech from young GEORGE RUSSELL who has grit in him. Promising maiden oration from LOWTHER, not "JEMMY," but JAMES W. RAIKES gloomily vitriolic. "Looks as if he had risen from the tomb to whack GLADSTONE on the head and warn us against the Agricultural Labourer," said HARCOURT, in carefully subdued aside.

For hour or two House empty. THOROLD ROGERS, moving softly about in new pair of patent leather pumps, whispers his latest epigram by way of cheering depressed spirits of few Members present:

"What lawyers, and critics, and artists have felt,  
Your COLERIDGES, RUSSELLS, and FROSTS,  
Is that LAWES is a far better sculptor than BELT,  
For he's chiselled him out of his costs."

Towards eleven o'clock, when we ought to be going home, having done good night's work, CHAMBERLAIN appears. House filled up. Scene grows lively. CHAMBERLAIN—"mildest-mannered man that ever out a throat"—plods pleasantly along, dropping little bits of hot sealing-wax all over Conservative Benches, which are in constant commotion. "Like popped corn on the frying-pan," as Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL (who has been to America) observes.

*Business done.*—Further Debate on Franchise Bill.

*Friday.*—Sad news to-night. Young ALBANY's dead—dead ere his prime. A blameless, kindly gentleman, with scholarly instincts and a great desire to do his duty. Question whether House should forthwith adjourn? No precedent found for such course. Ministers wisely decline to make one. All very well to postpone festivities, but House of Commons not a festive scene. So, having dried our eyes, get to work again. *Business done.*—Farmer PELL's Local Taxation Resolution carried against Government by 208 against 197.

QUITE A LITTLE SURPRISE.—Last Friday, England was suddenly informed by the Correspondents, who represent the Wise Men of the East, that the War was over, and the troops were coming back. No more flourish about the announcement than there would have been had the troops gone out for a holiday, to a tea-fight, and were returning the same evening. The War over? Dear me! is it, really? What's the line in *Tom Thumb*? "Rebellion's dead! and now we'll go to breakfast!" But stop— isn't there someone still out there in a difficulty? Oh, yes, GORDON—General GORDON. Ah—yes—of course. Well, before this appears we shall probably have heard something more about him, but—anyhow—the War's over; and even if we are still fighting, still killing and being killed, yet we have it on the best authority the War is over, and it's all right. Ah! hum!—is it?

## SOMETHING LIKE A PUNISHMENT!

(A Fragment from the Records of a Court.)

COLD and shivering, the poor creature was torn from her home! A few hours before she had been warmly clad, and seated in front of a bright and cheerful fire. What a contrast! A biting cruel wind—her dress scarcely reaching to her neck, and certainly not covering an inch of arm!

Ah! she was too old for this cruelty! It would have tried the strength of her youngest daughter, so it was too much for her with her threescore years and more! Oh, the pity o' it, the pity o' it!

And she had led a comparatively blameless life. She was no political prisoner, she had been fairly just in all her dealings. Then why drag her forth like this—half naked—to face the cruel blast of a wintry forenoon?

But she had to face more than a wintry blast. For hours, as she was carried to the House of Detention, she had to run the gauntlet of a brutal mob thirsting to jeer at her wretchedness. A terrible ordeal this! There she sat in her vehicle of torture, while the very scum of a mighty city made her a target for their brutal jests!

And then, weary and sick at heart, she became hungry! But, bound in many wrappings, she could not move. It was her part to suffer the pains of semi-starvation!

At length the march of degradation was over! The vehicle had rolled, step by step, yard by yard, through the mouting mob until it reached that gloomy pile which for a time was to become her prison. Her progress had been slow, but now she was hustled out of her conveyance, and pushed, half fainting, up a flight of steps. She noticed that she had many sister victims—some matrons like herself, some crones even older, some mere girls who had scarcely left the nursery—and one and all were cold and browbeaten. They had no strength left for resistance, and so yielded without a struggle to the rough treatment of the red-coated official who received them.

Our victim entered the stone hall. After a pause in a side room, where she was deprived of a poor cloak she had managed to fling around her before she was driven from home, she was hurried up a stone staircase lined with armed men, who roughly motioned her to proceed.

And now she found herself in a gloomy prison, guarded at its two entrances by more armed men, who carried halberds, and seemed prepared immediately to slaughter those from whom any kind of opposition might be expected. The apartment which she now occupied was full of fellow sufferers. The wind whistled through this room mournfully. In the centre were a few chairs, which had been fought for, and secured by the first-comers.

Hungry, cold, thirsty, and weary, our poor victim stood near a window, waiting to see what next would happen. At a signal of the armed men, the crowd of prisoners rushed, squabbling and pushing amongst themselves, into a new apartment, similar in appearance to the one they had just left. The moment they were all in, bars and chains were put up to keep them safe. Again and again was this change made, until at length our poor victim was nearly dead with fatigue.

And now the moment of supreme torture had arrived. Encumbered by a heavy garment, which nearly tripped her up, she was ordered to approach a group of gorgeously-attired strangers, who seemed to regard her without a vestige of compassion. But this was not enough. *She was required to walk backwards!* For a moment she refused. But men with swords and spears were there to overcome resistance! Broken down with hunger and fatigue, cold and old and miserable, she—

"But what is all this about?" interrupts the gentle Reader at this point. "Is *Mr. Punch* giving some details about a case of Venetian Torture in the olden time?"

"No," comes the answer. "Although the mistake is reasonable enough, *Mr. Punch* is doing nothing of the sort. He is merely recounting the adventures of a London Dowager attending a modern Drawing Room!"

"Dear me!" exclaims the gentle Reader. "The sketch reads more like the story of a visit to a prison than a sojourn in a palace!" And *Mr. Punch* agrees with him!

### SHAKESPEARE IN THE SOUDAN.

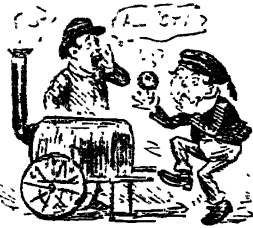
THERE is a *Parliament* that shapes our end,  
ROUGH HEWETT, how we will.

JOYFUL NEWS!—(From a Reuter's Telegram.)—"Several Sheikhs belonging to the Samarar, Damileh, and Hoorah tribes, formerly hostile to the British, arrived here last night." The Hoorah Tribes are friendly! Hoorah! No more fighting between the Hoorahs and the Hussars! Huzzah! Hoorah!



## SPORT.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



A Hot Favourite.



Heavily Backed.



Pulling up Sound.



A Jumping Race.



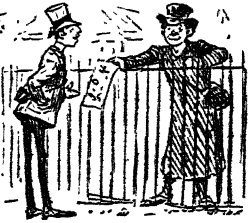
A Dark Three-Year-Old.



Landing the Stakes.



Too-too One, Bar One.



A Promising Outsider.



Pulling off the Handicap.

## THE FASHIONABLE FLOWER.

A DAFFODIL IDYL.

LET it be as Fashion wills—  
In the Park, or in the Row—  
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

In the valley, on the hills,  
In the street, where'er you go—  
Let it be as Fashion wills.

Though the East wind blights and chills,  
Though we think of frost and snow,  
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

Little girls in frocks and frills,  
As they scamper to and fro,  
Let it be as Fashion wills.

Maids in gingham, silks and twills—  
MARY, NINA, NELLIE, FLO—  
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

Heedless of the Florist's bills,  
Thoughtless of the sum you owe—  
Let it be as Fashion wills,  
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

## "Strike, but Hear!"

WE thought the days when the "quality" protected itself with paid bruisers was past. If so, what is the meaning of the following advertisement in the *Daily News*?

SMITH'S STRIKER, &c., wants JOB. 4½d. hour. Two years at trade. Age 19.

Or there's another view of it. Who's "Job"? Job will need all the patriarch's patience to stand being struck by SMITH'S Striker at 4½d. an hour.

THE PREMIER'S SONG.—"There's no place like Coombe!"

## FOR SOCIETY'S SAKE.

THE following advertisement from the *Times* is almost touching in its earnestness:—

FOR SOCIETY'S SAKE.—A Lady and Gentleman with a small, beautifully-furnished house, are open to RECEIVE another MARRIED COUPLE, on moderate terms. Near Holland Park.—Address, &c.

It suggests two people being utterly weary of one another, and yearning for sensible society, when the honeymoon has waned. It ought to have been made into a poem. Thus—

'Tis odd, when two people each other adore,  
That each finds the other sometimes is a bore!  
When very much married for better or worse,  
To change for the better they're seldom averse!  
From honeymoon dreaming they suddenly wake,  
And welcome the world "for society's sake"!

We sometimes feel dull, so we're willing to share  
The mansion we've furnished with taste and with care;  
'Tis bright and 'tis pleasant, and near Holland Park,  
Its aspect is cheerful from daylight to dark!  
And a nice married couple we're willing to take,  
On moderate terms, "for society's sake"!

If we have the luck, and we chance to entice  
A couple to dwell in our sweet Paradise,  
Its joys and its pleasures they'll quickly restore,  
When boredom and bliss are divided by four!  
A moderate offer we're willing to make,  
And sacrifice much "for society's sake"!

EASTER CARDS AND EASTER EGGS.—Some beautiful specimens of the latter from the nest of the Sparrow—no, SPARAGNAPANE—have arrived at our office quite safely; all fresh; but, to our taste, these Eggs are overdone. Also some quite too too-too Easter Cards, without any name and address (except *Mr. Punch's*) on them. Where they came from, we don't know; where they are going to we do. Very charming; but aren't the Christmas Cards more than enough? And can't somebody invent an entire novelty? At all events "No Cards."

## SOME "CHARLES THE FIRST'S HEADS."

"Mr. Dick complained that he could not keep CHARLES THE FIRST'S Head out of his memorial."—*David Copperfield*.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett.—"The Russian Advance in Merv."

Mr. Joseph Biggar.—"Ear, ear!"

Mr. J. L. Toole.—"My friends Mr. IRVING and Mr. SIMS REEVES."

Mr. Irving.—"My friends Mr. TOOLE and Mr. SIMS REEVES."

Mr. Sims Reeves.—"My friends Mr. IRVING and Mr. TOOLE."

Mr. Chaplin.—"Cattle Disease."

Mr. Bradlaugh.—"My seat."

Mr. Hollingshead.—"Bricked-up Exits."

Mr. A. C. Swinburne.—"VICTOR HUGO."

Mr. Victor Hugo.—"Moi-même!"

Lord Randolph Churchill.—"MR. GLADSTONE."

Lord Wolseley.—"Short Service."

The Lord Chief Justice.—"I have heard of and seen nobody."

Mr. Howard Vincent.—"Suicide, not Murder."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—"Both CAIN and the Serpent were Licensed Victuallers."

Mr. Piner.—"An Organised Opposition."

Sir H. D. Drummond Wolff.—"The Protection of England."

Lord Tennyson.—"Where are my clothes?"

Rev. Canon Wilberforce.—"Cold Water."

Miss Mary Anderson.—"Single Bliss."

Mr. Edward Lawson.—"The largest circulation."

The Marquis of Queensberry.—"Open Ditches."

Mr. Robert Browning.—"Professor JOWETT."

Sir Andrew Clarke.—"Light Claret and Water."

Mr. Archibald Forbes.—"My old Soldier Blood."

Mr. Augustus Harris.—"Le théâtre, c'est moi!"

Mr. J. M. Whistler.—"Advertisement."

## BRIGHT IDEAS AT THE BOAT-RACE.

A BOAT is something like a Cat—you will not get on with it if you "stroke" it the wrong way. It is also an illustration (which would have pleased Sir Pertinax MacSycophant himself) of the advantage of politeness, as nothing is more conducive to its advance than an adroit "bow."





### "TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

*Snookson.* "YES; HASTINGS IS A CHARMING PLACE, AND HAS QUITE A PECULIAR—A—AND HALF-MELANCHOLY INTEREST FOR ME. WE CAME OVER WITH THE CONQUEROR, YOU KNOW!"

*Fair Bostonian (late from Paris).* "AH, THAT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY TRYING! WE CAME OVER WITH THE CALAIS-DOUVRES."  
[*S. tries not to look foolish.*]

### THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST; OR, SOMETHING LIKE A LANDLORD.

TIME—*Apud*, 1984, A.D. SCENE—*The Library of the Marquis of SWALLOWLAND. Present the Marquis and his Man of Business. The table is strewn with Title-deeds, Maps, Charts, &c.*

*Marquis (complacently).* Well, MOULTER, I fancy that at last we are within sight of land!

*Mr. Moulter.* The metaphor, my Lord Marquis, is marked by more than your accustomed felicity.

*Marquis.* Ahem! Quite so! I had not so considered it, but with our race fitness is an instinct. And you really think we shall bring that stiff-necked Nail-man to his knees at last?

*Mr. Moulter.* Haven't a doubt of it, my Lord. He has long been your only surviving rival. With the exception of his miserable twenty thousand acres the whole land—and water, too, for that matter—of the United Kingdom has long been your private freehold.

*Marquis (hotly).* Yes! Just imagine!! A stubborn jumped-up third descendant of a Brummagem tin-tack manufacturer contend with *Me* for the monopoly of land-holding, and hinder by ten good years the realisation of the Great Ideal!!!

*Mr. Moulter.* It is indeed an atrocity! When your Lordship's grandfather first conceived the noble ambition of concentrating in the possession of the head of his family the freehold of his Native Land, it, like other Ideals, was laughed to scorn by the brawling levellers of the time. Your respected progenitor argued thus: "The Land is now the Monopoly of the Few. These blatant Socialistic agitators

aim at making it the common possession of the Many. I will render it the Exclusive Privilege of the One!" The scientific theory of the survival of the fittest bids fair to be vindicated in your person, my Lord, by your Lordship's becoming that One!

*Marquis.* Ah, yes. It has been a tough fight, though, and even now—by the way, how has that Thames riparian question between myself and the residents of Camfordham been decided?

*Mr. Moulter.* In your favour, my Lord. The riparian leaseholders are—at their own expense, of course—to carry their grounds right down to the river, and the public traffic will have to make a *détour* of a mile and a quarter—for the present. We hope next year to exclude the public from the left bank of the river for the whole thirteen miles between Camfordham and Maplemead.

*Marquis.* That's right, MOULTER! The Public, as the levellers vaguely call the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of the country, is getting too bounceably exacting. Want to walk on the banks of my river where and when they like; fish in its waters at their own sweet will; and indulge in what they are pleased to call the "harmless recreation" of boating and pic-nicing without restriction! Monstrous!

*Mr. Moulter.* It is, my Lord! The pettiest little suburban villa-dweller, who'd howl himself apoplectic if he caught a strange youngster angling in his four-by-six fish-pond, will talk largely about the "hardship" of not being made free of your eyots and backwaters when he takes his red-faced wife out for a Sunday morning's gudgeon-fishing.

*Marquis.* Precisely! You—ah—really put these things very well, MOULTER. You—ah!—should be in Parliament to—ah! defend the Rights of Property, which very shortly, as you say, will be *my* rights.

*Mr. Moulter (effusively).* Oh! my Lord—the honour—the privilege of—ah!—defending—

*Marquis (indignantly).* When men appeal—as some still *do* appeal—in the admirable words of Sir BOBUS REEL in the most mischievous, inflammatory, and ill-conditioned manner to the very worst passions that can be engendered by ignorance, poverty, and a sense of injustice, it is high time that—ah!—somebody else, should be there to, to—ah!—appeal to—well, quite different passions.

*Mr. Moulter (eagerly).* Quite so, my Lord! The passions engendered by the desire to possess the land and exercise its exclusive privileges are doubtless the fiercest and basest, the most grasping and unscrupulous that can inspire—

*Marquis (disturbed).* Ahem! MOULTER, Ahem!

*Mr. Moulter (adroitly).* That can inspire those whom pedigree and a wise Providence have not marked out as the inheritors or—ahem!—accumulators of Landed Property.

*Marquis (relieved).* Well turned, MOULTER, well turned! I must certainly sound SMUGSBY about your probable chances in Slugford. But now, how about that trespass case in Pibrochshire?

*Mr. Moulter.* My Lord, in future any person caught off the main roads in any of your Lordship's Game Counties will be liable to be shot as a poacher; whilst anyone found wandering in the hills without a pass, may be summarily pitched over the nearest precipice, or tossed into the next loch.

*Marquis.* Ah! that's as it should be, MOULTER! Nothing less will keep the moors and mountains free of the confounded herd of tourists, and botanists, and painter-fellows, or make the Rights of Property worth a twopenny rap, as Lord HANDY BIRCHEM would say. By the way, what do you calculate is the net gain to me of the leases that have just fallen in at Westminster?

*Mr. Moulter.* A million and a quarter, my Lord.

*Marquis.* All Unearned Increment, as the gabbling *doctrinaires* call it.

*Mr. Moulter.* Every penny, my Lord.

*Marquis.* Hum! hum! Anything further to tell me this morning, Mr. MOULTER?

*Mr. Moulter.* Well, m'Lord, I think we shall succeed in getting the Bill through for constituting the Thames above Slangbourne a strict preserve, for making Wastwater a private lake, for summarily ejecting the twenty thousand tenants on the Crowsfoot Estate, for erecting an hotel in the middle of Hyde Park, for enclosing Burnham Beeches, and running a railway with twenty stations through the Lake District. The Nail-man, as your Lordship humorously calls Mr. HAMMERHEAD of Birmingham, opposed them all; but his opposition was too evidently interested. We were able to show how his Gray's Common Estate gradually grew from permission granted to his great-grandfather to put a donkey out to grass there. This created a prejudice against him which his demonstration that your Lordship's Fenbury Flats Park originated in a stolen drying-ground surreptitiously enclosed failed to remove.

*Marquis.* Naturally, naturally!

*Mr. Moulter.* And quite properly! How could Landed Estates have been accumulated, without those time-honoured and law-consecrated—ahem! appropriations which rude and rascally Radicals call *theft*? Shall we say that the Israelites *stole* Canaan; that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR *stole* England, or that your Lordship and your Lordship's ancestors have *stolen* the hundreds of thousands of



## THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

*Mr. Punch.* "STOP! LOOK HERE, MR. STAGE-MANAGER! IF YOU DON'T CUT THE DIALOGUE, AND COME TO THE 'BUSINESS,' IT 'LL TAKE A WHOLE SESSION TO GET THROUGH A SINGLE ACT, AND THE PUBLIC WON'T STAND IT!"

[Dismisses the Company, to re-assemble after ten days for refreshment at Easter.]

acres of common land which by skilfully timed and adroitly graduated enclosure you have—ahem! *utilised*, by redeeming them from unclaimed and unreclaimed wastes to—well, to what they are. In fact, my Lord, it is you, and such as you, who have made *England what she is!*

*Marquis (who has been reading a letter,—exultantly).* That is to say, *MOULTER, the private freehold of one noble Landowner—myself!* Yes; for HAMMERHEAD has caved in, MOULTER. At last the fittest has survived, the concentration of landed property has reached its ultimate term, the Great Land Question is finally settled, the Marquis of SWALLOWLANDS is perpetual Grand Landlord of the whole of the United Kingdom!!!

[Scene closes.]

## CON. for a Conservative Catechiser.

WHY is your mouth, Sir,—pardon the suggestion!—  
Like Sunday Closing? Paradox! Eh? Cut it?  
Because 'tis (in the House) an "Open Question!"  
(For Heaven's sake shut it!)

SMOKELESS GUNS.—Why not? We have "Smokeless Chimneys," at least *we* haven't—but no matter—MR. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL has suggested that our troops should use smokeless powder. A strong protest has been raised against this innovation by all painters of battle-pictures.

## NOTES BY "NIBBS."

(Literary and Dramatic).



Mural Decoration. — The Wilson-Barrett-as-Claudian Picture Poster seen from a distance.

TOWARDS the finish of a carefully considered and well-written article entitled "Realism Behind the Footlights," in the *Fortnightly* for this month (on the whole a capital specimen number), Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD bestows on Mrs. KENDAL unqualified and, as agreeing with him I may add, well-merited praise. "Nothing," he says, "comes amiss to Mrs. KENDAL." True. She can do everything she undertakes "in an equally admirable manner." True again, though "equally" may be taken as a subtle qualification of the "admirable." But Mr. WINGFIELD goes on to apologise for her thus: "She has been unfortunate, however, of late in the series of parts she has been called upon to interpret."

Now, Mrs. KENDAL is to all intents and purposes a Manageress. "HARE AND KENDAL" means "HARE, KENDAL, & Co.," though not so nominated in the playbill, and is it likely that this lady would ever be "called upon to interpret a part" which she had not herself chosen? Wouldn't she have a voice in it, and a pretty powerful one too? Don't Managers choose their own pieces and their own parts? And as from unfortunate experience they come to mistrust their own judgment on merely hearing a play read to them, or on reading it themselves, is not this the reason why they rush over to Paris to see a new play performed, when they flatter themselves that they can at once tell you if, in an English dress, it will suit a London public?

But this by the way. If Mrs. KENDAL has been "unfortunate of late in a series of parts," surely she has only herself and partners to thank. Mr. WINGFIELD by implication throws the blame on the Authors, as is the fashion with some Critics who, not liking to blame the Actor, "give it" to the Bard, i.e., make a scape-goat of the much-enduring, long-suffering Dramatic Author, and force him to stand as whipping-boy for some popular stage favourite. Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD knows better than this—and this is the only unreality in his "Realism behind the Footlights."

The compilation of the new volume entitled *The Humour and Pathos of Charles Dickens* must have been a labour of love to Mr. CHARLES KENT. It might rank among a list of DICKENS's "Guide-Books," only this is a Guide-Book to DICKENS's Works, which is of course a very different affair. There is a fitness, too, in the name of the compiler of this work, as it is right that Kent should cherish the memory of DICKENS, DICKENS having been very much attached to Kent,—specially that part of it about Rochester. CHARLES DICKENS's KENT can say with SHAKESPEARE's faithful and modest Kent to *King Lear*,—

"I can keep honest counsel . . . : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence."

I have seen a little book called *Chips from Thackeray*, selected by THOMAS MASON. It can be carried in an ordinary waistcoat-pocket, and is a delightful companion which no gentleman's pocket should be without. "Chips" is a dry-sounding title, and suggestive of "the morning after," but, apart from this, I strongly recommend it, for size and substance, and as for its cost, why, it is of course—"chip at the price."

All sorts and conditions of pieces are coming out, and one of them will have seen the footlights before this notice appears. I mean Mr. REECE's *Our Helen* at the Gaiety. By the way, putting this and that tradition together, the beautiful Helen seems to have become quite a respectable person, and a thoroughly decent member of Greek Society. She proved to be a devoted mother, and paid the strictest attention to the education of her son and daughter, Euphotion and Hermione, who were the classic originals of *Helen's Babies*.

Mr. WYNDEHAM and talented Company appear at the Criterion, returning from their American tour before the Irvingites. This is considerable, as two Stars returning at the same time might have set us ablaze. As a herald of Our Only Tragedian's return, a book of "Henry Irving's Impressions of America," by JOSEPH HATTON"; or "Joseph Hatton's Impressions of America," by HENRY IRVING"; or "Hatton's Impressions of Irving in America"; or "Irving's Impressions of Hatton"; or "Hatton's and Irving's Impressions of each other in America."—I don't quite remember what the title is, but it's something of this sort,—is already advertised. I have heard at least two persons express considerable curiosity on the subject.

Also I have received an interesting pamphlet containing American

criticisms on 'Our Only Tragedian.' Unfortunately it came in such a questionable shape, done up just like any one of those nuisances called "circulars," that it was at once chucked into the waste-paper basket. I caught sight of the cover just in time to know what a treasure I had lost.

Mr. JOHN CLAYTON's St. Bernard mastiff having distinguished himself last week and displayed a taste for a tit-bit out of a waiter's leg,—for which luxury Mr. CLAYTON had to make a hole in a fiver by the advice of Mr. PARTRIDGE, the worthy beak, who was naturally "down on him like a bird,"—the Court Management, ever awake to the advisability of engaging a celebrity, are said to be contemplating the revival of the old drama entitled *The Dog of Montargis*, with the Manager's dog in the title rôle. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL thinks the dog would draw. The waiter swears that he *did* draw when he went for his leg,—only that he drew blood, which was not quite what Mr. CECIL meant. The partners at the Court will probably come to the conclusion that the noble beast has not rendered himself sufficiently popular to warrant them in running him as a Dog-Star. Besides the dog displayed a lack of intelligence in not having selected a distinguished character for his attack; it might have been the right leg, but it wasn't the right person. If the playful beast had singled out a Duke, or a Lord, or some notability, and if the sly Dog's photograph had been previously exhibited in shop-windows, the production of *The Dog of Montargis* would have been the hit of the season,—or rather it would have been a bite and a big catch at the Court. Mr. CLAYTON now describes the St. Bernard as a "good waiter dog."

But I must pause for more than a minute. In the midst of my Notes, the April number of Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT's Magazine, *The Theatre*, has been brought in to me. I open it, haphazard, at page 184. O my heart! O my head! O my lungs! O my lyre! O goroo! goroo! What have I seen? Can it be? Why do I suddenly recall the trim, the sprightly, the comic POLLY ECCLES? And what suddenly inspires me to exclaim,—

Let TENNYSON tremble! let BROWNING beware!  
Or gone are the laurels they both of 'em wear!  
See POLLY on Pegasus soaring aloft,—  
A serious poem signed "MARIE BANCROFT!"

I read it once, I read it twice, not having understood it the first time, and then, like the soldier who lent a certain amount on his sword, I wipe away a tear, as, once more inspired, I strike my lute, and sing softly—very softly, and very Bancroftly—

How doth the busy Mrs. B.  
Improve the shining hour?  
By dropping into poetree  
With Silas Wegg-like power.

The Poetess sings of something that passed "over her boyhood"—(Mrs. BANCROFT's boyhood! O, PIPPO! bless her!)—"like a beam of holy light." What sort of light is this? Lime, electric, or ordinary gas? Ah me! but it's too beautiful! And then, struggling with a choking sensation in my throat, I read on about "a darkness which can never feel Returning day." What day's this? Quarter Day? Income Tax Collector's Day,—which is a good specimen of a "Returning day?" But how can I plumb the depths of the Poetess's soul, or scale her flights of stairs up to the Attic regions with my two-foot-high air of library steps! No; I cannot understand why, when someone "bids her live," she should obstinately wish to do exactly the reverse, and "would fain forgotten lie 'neath the cold still earth." Mrs. BANCROFT is evidently not an advocate for cremation. There's a touch of the old Byronic sparkle (the H. J. Byronic Burlesque sparkle, I mean) about the finish, where I fancy I detect a pun. Of her "boyhood" in the last line, "Death shall ring out the nuptial bell, And be my bride." "Ring" "belle" and "bride"—it's all there, a trifle veiled, or rather Hood-ed. But MARIE come up! it is so beautiful and so comforting, like the word Mesopotamia to the old woman.

*Called Back* is being dramatised by Mr. COMYNS CARR. He has set himself a most difficult task. It is to be produced at the Prince's Theatre. If he succeeds, he will deserve to be called before the Curtain, and when he disappears, to be "called back" again by a demonstrative and gratified Public. I shall be jubilant at its triumph, and shall sing (making free with Mr. CARR's name, not, I fancy, for the first time, in an adaptation of the first line of the refrain of "*The Low-Backed Car*")—

"I shan't 'sit on' your 'Called Back,' CARR!"

And so wish the Adapter and Author every success.

Yours truly, NIBBS.

"Mrs. FLOPPINGTON GUSH At Home, Four to Seven." Crowded room, stuffy atmosphere, indifferent music, worse recitations, affected women, weak tea, weaker young men, and general discomfort. Why go?

## "THEIR VERY GOOD HEALTH!"

SOME alarm having, not unnaturally, been expressed in the neighbourhood of South Kensington at the announcement recently made in the papers to the effect that one of the principal features of attraction at the forthcoming "International Health Exhibition" would be a display of "all the deadliest disease-germs of Europe" carefully housed and catalogued according to their respective localities, the Council have not been slow in doing their best both to allay a needless panic and re-establish public confidence. Not only have they pointed out that the *bacillus of Malaria* and the other kindred monsters of devastation whose services they have had the happiness of securing for the Exhibition, "will be securely chained up, and not suffered to roam loose about the grounds," but they have issued a brief supplementary programme of the proceedings arranged for the opening day, calculated to show that though a purely hygienic aim has animated the promoters of the undertaking, yet that a due regard has been paid to the requirements of light and even jocular scientific recreation, coupled with an eye to the necessity of achieving a sound financial success. The document (subjoined) may probably be improved upon between this and the 8th of May, but its comprehensive drift is evident; and there can be no doubt about the spirit in which it will be received by the vast majority of the sight-seeing Public:—

### INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(Programme of Inaugural Proceedings.)

N. B.—The doors will open punctually at three A.M.

At a quarter-to-four precisely, the Principal Members of the Council will assemble in the Central Hall (the flowers being still in their beds), and emphasise the benefit of early rising by singing an opening Madrigal, commencing with the words—

"How doth the little early worm  
Get up at any hour!"

—the music of which will be specially composed for the occasion in the Early English School by a rising student of the Royal College of Music.

To further practically illustrate the hygienic aspect of the subject, a rise will now be got out of the season-ticket holders (who, it is presumed, will arrive at about five), by the closing of all the doors of the building till eleven A.M.

The following programme will then be strictly adhered to:—

11 A.M.—Commencement of Grand Invalid Cricket Match. Eleven of the Camberwell Fever Hospital v. The Marylebone Rheumatics.

NOON.—Grand Selection of Sanitary Music by the Band of the First Long Life Guards.

POTPOURI—"The Mock Doctor."

ARIA—"In this Bath Chair my Fathers Sat."

BACCHANAL SONG WITH CHORUS—"Fill me a Bumper of Cod-Liver Oil."

ZYMOTIC FANTASIA—"Ye Spotted Snakes."

OVERTURE—"Very Catching."

HYGIENIC SCHERZO WITH VARIATIONS—"Drain, drain the Bowl."

PERUVIAN BARGAROLE—"Tis Bitter thus!"

CONVALESCENT ADAGIO—Beethoven's "Nightlight Sonata."

2 P.M.—Comic Lecture on Surgical Instruments, with Song and Piano Illustration, by a distinguished Buffo Cambridge Musical Doctor.

3 P.M.—Grand International Display of Confirmed Invalids of all Nations afflicted with their various most characteristic contagious and infectious diseases, and supplied with the medicines, poultices, and other appliances peculiar to their respective countries.

N.B.—Disinfected reserved seats at the back of the Hall five shillings extra.

4 P.M.—Scientific Lecture. Subject—"The Uninhabitable House," in which the Council will sing a new Sneezing "Catch," also specially written for the occasion, to the words of the old little domestic poem, "Our Lodging is on the Cold Ground," exemplifying the danger of damp, by lying down on the stone-floor until they contract a severe chill in sight of the audience, and are removed shivering.

5 P.M.—Grand Sanitary Non-Alcoholic Ballet, entitled:—

RIGHT IN THE MAIN;

Or, The Battle of the Water Nymph Companies and the Triumph of the Love Filter.

Supported by a powerful company of earnest and learned Professors, the whole being specially patented by and produced under the direction of the Celebrated Patentee of a New Non-Alcoholic but innocently intoxicating effervescent stimulant.

6 P.M.—The Food that Others Eat.

Three penny *Table d'Hôte*, consisting of two tinned soups, two tinned oysters, two tinned *entrées*, cut off a frozen joint, with Patagonian cheese, pickles, celery, and bread, served all over the grounds in the proportion of one dinner to fifteen applicants, the whole necessitating the intervention of the Police, and terminating in a Moving-on Panorama.

7 P.M.—Light and Heat.

Scientific Lecture, illustrated by lighting 100,000 coloured lamps, and first grand display of Sanitary Fireworks.

8 P.M.—The Hearth and the Home.

Domestic hints to recreation and comfort, thrown out by a distinguished Pyrotechnist (with experiments):—

1. The Red and Blue Fireside,—how to enjoy it.
2. Bengal Lighting, and its sensational Advantages.
3. The Roman Candle or fun and comfort in the Bedroom.

9 P.M.—Second Grand Display of Sanitary Fireworks.

International cripples' dancing commences on great platform. Admission (by voucher) Sixpence.

10 P.M.—Third Grand Display of Sanitary Fireworks.

The atmosphere, and its influence on the spirits, tested by the ascent of the Council in a gigantic coloured fire-balloon, singing "Gin a body" in chorus.

11 P.M.—Fourth Grand Display of Sanitary Fireworks.

Valetudinarian gallop, culminating in a grand Hygienic revel. Attempted lecture on the sudden diffusion of disease, illustrated by upsetting of a 1900-gallon tank, and escape in all directions of vivified *Bacteria*, the whole concluding at

MIDNIGHT

With Last Final Grand Display of Sanitary Fireworks and letting off of set-piece scientifically illustrating the Apotheosis of the weary South Kensington traveller reaching the glittering City of Hygeia (after taking it in the distance, by mistake, for Cremorne restored), and finding that over its golden portals is written the beautiful and healthful legend,

"ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING."

## WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

"The Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. RAIKES) had said that Property and Intelligence would excite the hatred and contempt of the new class of electors. But at Aylesbury the Agricultural Labourers showed their hatred of Property by using their votes to return a member of the house of Rothschild, and their hatred of Intelligence by returning the humble individual who was now addressing them. (Laughter and cheers)."—Mr. G. RUSSELL, on the new Reform Bill.

What will your answer be, Sphinx of the Fallow-land?

Under what flag will you march to the poll?

RANDOLPH assures us you're dreadfully shallow, and

RAIKES would deny you a mind and a soul.

Will you plump for the nostrums of feather-brained Socialists, Lending to quacks a bucolical ear?

Will you league with Teetotallers?—join the Cremationists, Harpies who'd rob a poor man of his *bier*?

Will you vote for a WARTON, to show your "intelligence"?

Return Mr. GEORGE, as a hit at your Squire!

To spite your poor Rector, perhaps you'll use diligence

To give Mr. BRADLAUGH a seat for a shire?

Will you turn out a Jingo, and deem it quite requisite

To harry your dreamland with dangers that fly?

Is FOWLER your choice, or the Militant Exquisite

Who on fifteen large Continents keepeth an *Eye*?

Great hobnailed Conundrum! your vote is a lottery.

Will you, out of revenge for a beggarly fate,

Run your plough through the Church, and your harrow through Property?

Oh, grant us a glimpse of your cerebral state!

Are you Whig, Rad, or Tory? In partisan history

Do you favour a constant "rotation of crops"?

Let us trust that in time, super-Asian Mystery,

You'll be one of our grand Constitutional props!

'OORAH FOR 'APPY 'OLBORN!—The new Gray's Inn Road is a vast improvement. It is a noble thoroughfare. But when is that ugly old wall of Gray's Inn coming down?—of course without hurting anybody. Let us have light elegant railings, and a good view of the beautiful garden and trees, once part of the "grazin' fields," "which," Our Own Antiquary states, "gave the name to this locality." He adds that "he speaks under correction." [Does he? He'll yell under correction, if we catch him trying to take us in.—ED.]





### MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S IS MOVED TO SPEAK HER MIND.

*Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere).* "GOOD NIGHT, MRS. TOMKYN'S, AND THANK YOU FOR ASKING SIR PETER AND ME TO MEET SUCH DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE!—ALL SO CLEVER, AND ORIGINAL, AND CELEBRATED! I GET SO TIRED OF MY OWN DULL, STUPID SET, WHO CAN THINK AND TALK OF NOTHING BUT POLITICS AND SPORT!"

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyn's (whose Duchesses have been falling off lately, in spite of an entirely new set of Lions).* "MY DEAR LADY CLARA, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW TIRED I GET OF GENIUS, AND FAME, AND ORIGINALITY, AND HOW MUCH I PINE FOR THE—ER—THE REPOSE THAT STAMPS THE CASTE OF VERE DE VERE! COULDN'T WE MANAGE AN EXCHANGE?"

[*Lady Clara conceives the happy thought of combining the two.*]

### "MIRAGE."

THE Spring is round us with its budding green  
And brightening sun-shafts under English skies;  
But 'tis not April shifts of shade and sheen  
That draw all English eyes.  
Our thoughts are in the Desert, where there stands  
Alone, o'erlooking the unpeopled waste,  
The scattered sun-bleached rocks and barren sands,  
One at whose cry a people's feet would haste.  
That cry comes not,—so calm official lips  
With comfortable certainty protest;  
Yet fail to still the tumult of unrest  
In many hearts; word-clouds will not eclipse  
The vision of that lonely watcher, lone  
'Midst alien hordes, on England's business gone;  
Followed by England's eyes, and followed not  
By England's arms! A wolfhound on the slot  
Held tight in leash, less eagerly looks out  
After the unseen quarry, than we gaze,  
Phrase-checked, through Policy's confusing haze  
Toward that watcher stout!  
What are his thoughts? His glance,  
Clear as the glitter of an Arab lance,  
Cleaves the dim desert-haze. What does he see?  
The vanguard of his country's chivalry?  
She was not wont to leave her bravest sons  
With cool deliberate forecast to their doom;  
Her rescuing onset not the dread simoom,  
Spear jungles, huge array of hostile guns,  
Or mountain gorge, or black miasma-breath,  
Would check; nay, nor the bodily menace of Pale Death  
With all his horsemen!

True, no hot appeal  
Flashed through the wires for her avenging steel.  
But since she knows him—and her honour, well,  
What need of that? *He* has no wish to point  
All-marring Faction's calculated yell  
Of simulated horror, or unjoint  
State-armour for his safety. Make *his* name  
A stalking-horse for the sham patriot troop  
Of mean place-hunters, who with howl and whoop  
Pursue their quarry? 'Twere too great a shame!  
His life is but a light-held gift, to yield  
With cheery ease upon the stricken field,  
Or at the gate of danger, where to stand  
Like that Pompeian sentinel, and die,  
Not called upon to strike, scorning to fly,  
Is duty simple, unexciting, grand  
With a calm grandeur that's beyond the reach  
Of furious strugglers in the perilous breach.  
Yet—yet—one man, much hampered, here as there,  
By Party shifts, by philanthropic prayer  
Purblind in narrow zeal, 'midst ceaseless change  
Of circumstance and policy whose range  
None can forecast, one man, and he not free,  
May need,—

"What is it that I seem to see  
Across the sand waste? Is it the quick gleam  
Of English steel, or but a desert-dream?  
Help—or, that last illusion of distress,  
The mocking *Mirage* of the Wilderness?"

FADDIST'S HOPE OF A HISTORY.—*The Decline and Fall of the British Empire.*





“MIRAGE.”

GENERAL GORDON. . . . . “WHAT IS IT THAT I SEEM TO SEE  
ACROSS THE SAND WASTE? IS IT THE QUICK GLEAM  
OF ENGLISH STEEL, OR BUT A DESERT-DREAM?  
HELP—OR, THAT LAST ILLUSION OF DISTRESS,  
THE MOCKING *MIRAGE* OF THE WILDERNESS?”



## PETER POOHBOSH—A MYSTERY.

(It is right to say that, in spite of appearances, the following Romance is not from the pen of the Author of "Paul Vargas," a tale published in the current number of the "English Magazine.")

PETER POOHBOSH was not exactly a friend of mine. He was uncouth and unpopular, and had a wonderful pair of eyes. They were strange and weird eyes, and reminded me strongly of the eyes of a character in a now half-forgotten Burlesque-comedy called *Engaged*. In *Engaged*, a strange influence over the hero of the piece was exercised by the owner of the eyes. In like manner, PETER POOHBOSH exercised a strange influence over me. When he looked at me with his terrible eyes, I felt that I must do what he asked me, no matter what. Before now I have lent him sixpence!

The first time I saw PETER POOHBOSH, it was just before his inquest. He had been run over by an express train, and was scarcely recognisable. However, he was identified by his eyes. I attended his funeral.

A fortnight later I was in Venice. My gondola was hugging the side of the Grand Canal, so as to afford room for a magnificent procession of boats containing bands of music, lackeys giving away largesse, professed cooks distributing food gratuitously to the poor, and other evidences of the bounty of Someone. The Someone was the hero of the hour. He was seated in a magnificent steam-launch covered with flags, and decorated with the most expensive Crystal Palace fireworks, which, in spite of the daylight, exploded with much brilliancy. Beside him sat, or rather reclined in his arms, a deliciously beautiful girl, who seemed pleased with the gay scene. The Someone himself was dressed in a suit turned out by POOLE, and a hat contributed by LINCOLN AND BENNETT.

It was PETER POOHBOSH!

"You are surprised to see me," he observed. "After being dead and buried, it is strange to be alive and prosperous. I know you are thinking thus." And then he looked at me with his wonderful eyes, and, in spite of all my efforts to banish the thought from my mind, I was forced to think this.

"Come home, as it is all over," he continued. "You consider me extravagant—well, perhaps I am. I have been living at the rate of £500,000 a year—for nearly half an hour!"

I did go home with him. He seemed to be on good terms with the deliciously beautiful girl, but told me he intended to leave her.

"Yes," he said, "I have now spent all my money, and propose to die." He kept his word by there and then jumping into the kitchen fire. He was entirely consumed, and the deliciously beautiful girl wept over his ashes.

After this I never expected to see him again. Under all the circumstances of the case, was I wrong? However, why discuss this? I was wrong.

\* As a medical man, my profession had taken me to a small mining town in the interior of the South Pole, called New-Brompton-and-Islington. New-Brompton-and-Islington was a rough-and-ready place. The miners had a rude sort of etiquette amongst themselves, which they maintained with the aid of revolvers and bowie-knives. I had some practice consequently in gunshot-wounds and lock-jaw.

I had, however, a few leisure moments on my hands, and these few leisure moments I very naturally devoted to the management of a little speculation of my own—a huge steam sausage manufactory.

I was standing one day beside a gigantic meat-mincing machine, driven by eight enormous engines, when Someone touched me on the shoulder. It was PETER POOHBOSH! He was dressed in rags and tatters, and evidently had been starving.

"I am not so rich as I was when we met at Venice," he said, with a bitter laugh. He looked at me with his horrible eyes, and, in spite of my strong disinclination to do anything of the sort, I was forced to believe him!

"What has become of—"

"The deliciously beautiful girl? Yes, I have deserted her." And he plunged into the gigantic meat-mincing machine! We could not stop the engines in time to save him. He went with the rest, and I never, never expected to see him again.

I was mistaken. A week later I was accosted by the deliciously beautiful girl. She rushed at me, knocked me down, stamped on me, and then asked, with strongly-suppressed emotion, "where she would find her love." I gave her a local paper. She eagerly read the account of the "accident," and, with a despairing scream, flung herself into the gigantic meat-mincing machine.

This thoughtless act caused me much annoyance, as, shortly after the disappearance of PETER POOHBOSH, there had been some slight complaints amongst our customers. One of them indeed had returned (certainly accompanied by an apology) a sausage seemingly composed entirely of chopped-up blucher boots. In fact we had somewhat suffered in credit.

I had taken up a pen to try to set things right, when I heard a laugh behind me—a weird, unearthly laugh. I turned round and met PETER POOHBOSH face to face!

"Not dead!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Certainly not!" was the wild reply, as, with a glare of one of his dreadful eyes, he disappeared into a precipice at the summit of some snow-capped mountains.

The next time I saw him—But stay, I find that I have filled my allotted space. So I must conclude. I do conclude. I repeat I have seen PETER POOHBOSH again. But where? \*

\* Private Note from Contributor to Editor.—I can do any amount of this, if you like. Can send in reams of it.

Editor to Contributor.—Capital! excellent!! But no more—it's too terrible.

## TWO WOMEN!

[When the news of the Duke of ALBANY's death arrived, the Empress of the FRENCH at once repaired to Windsor Castle: the QUEEN received her, silent and speechless, in a long and affectionate embrace.—*Morning Paper*.]

WHEN the dismal bells are tolling, and the City's draped in woe;  
When with sympathetic sorrow pass the people to and fro;  
When across the ancient harbour booms the dreadful minute-gun,  
Saying Princes are but mortal and another race is run;  
When the muffled drums are beating, and a Nation holds its breath  
At the door where silent mourners own the Majesty of Death,  
Let us gently lift the curtain, that hangs heavy on the scene,  
Where a sad and gentle Empress met a weeping widow'd Queen.

Time has scarcely softened sorrow, scarce the broken heart has healed,  
Since they brought the news of terror from a savage battle-field.  
Who that lives forgets the story of the youth beloved by all,  
Left alone by friends and kinsmen, just to struggle and to fall?  
From the mighty heart of England came a wild indignant cry,  
When they saw the boy deserted, bravely fight, and nobly die.  
Home they brought him to the country that he loved, life's labour done,

Brought the pride of dead ambition, brought the widow's only son.  
Then the people who were watching felt the tears unbidden start,  
When the Queen of many mothers took an Empress to her heart!

Once again the battle rages, once again men fall and die;  
Once again sad wives are widowed and the little children cry;  
Once again—oh! grim example—ere the sacrifice is done,  
Pallid Death demands his victim in a widow's youngest son.  
Far away from home and kindred snapt the slender thread of life,  
Far from help of those who loved him, gentle Mother, tender Wife.  
Home across dividing ocean, home to rest in pomp and pride,  
See the kindly brother bringing all that's left of him who died.  
But the people ever watching lingered sadly on the scene,  
When the gentle Empress folded in her arms a weeping Queen!

From a thousand churches' steeples let the City hear the toll,  
In the aisles of great cathedrals let the mighty organ roll;  
Let the sailors line the jetty, and the soldiers arms reverse,  
As they wait the sad procession and the coming of the hearse!  
Let us bring him home with pity, let the choristers prolong  
Till they touch the gates of Heaven with their agony of song;  
But above the mighty pageant, when the saddened crowds depart,  
Will be heard the silent sobbing of a woman's lonely heart;  
When the solemn anthem's over, in the distance will be seen,  
Clasped together in their sorrow, woman Empress, widowed Queen.  
On the tomb the flowers wither, warm with sweet affection's breath,  
But the sorrow that is human is more merciful than Death!

## Further Contradictions.

His Lordship has not offered to play the piano for Mr. CORNEY GRAIN at the St. George's Hall, to assist that gentleman in his entertainment.

His Lordship is not engaged either to Miss EASTLAKE, Miss MARIE LINDEN, Miss VICTOR, or Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE. Indeed, until very recently he had not even heard of these fair and accomplished Actresses.

And finally there is not the remotest truth in the rumour that his Lordship is engaged on an "Anecdotal Biography" of his late highly respected predecessor Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN.

## An Aspiration.

To take the Common from the Goose, the rhyme  
Tells us is an unpardonable crime.  
But oh! he'd bring the Country joy and peace,  
Who from our Commons would take all the Geese!

SIMPLE ILLUSTRATION OF ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION. — An Adder gliding.



## THE RULING PASSION.

Doctor. "No, MY DEAR SIR, WE MUST KEEP OURSELVES QUIET FOR THE PRESENT. NO STIMULANTS—NOTHING MORE EXCITING THAN GRUEL. GRUEL FOR BREAKFAST, GRUEL FOR LUNCHEON, GRUEL FOR DINNER, GRUEL FOR—"

Peter Pundoleful (a noted Burlesque Writer—though you wouldn't have thought it to look at him—rousing himself suddenly). "AH! MY DEAR DOCTOR, WHY IS THERE NOT A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF GRUELTY TO ANIMALS?"

## "STORIES FROM THE STUDIOS."

(Corrections and Additions sent by Our Extra-Special.)

MR. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., writes to me to say, "You're all wrong; that picture is for next year. What I'm doing this year is called '*Falling Out*,' from which it doesn't require a conjuror to guess that the subject must be either a baby falling out of window or a Military one (this is the most likely), representing the troops falling out on the march. Mr. STONE adds that there is 'a pendant to this, and, naturally enough, the subject must be Military again, and called '*Falling In*.' How simple! But simplicity is the mark of true genius.

MR. WYLLIE, not an Academician, is giving a representation of Essex Flats. Either Country Bumpkins, or some new Model Lodging Houses recently erected in Essex. We congratulate Mr. WYLLIE.

MR. MARKS begs to inform me that the picture I mentioned last week, is one that he has had by him in an unfinished state for some considerable time. What he is doing this year is "*The Angler's Rest*"—a scientific billiard-player using the jigger. "*The Pet Plant*"—or the old trick over again; exhibiting how *Masters Tommy and Harry* caught Mr. Barlow (the original Mr. Barlow, not Mr. BARLOW, R.A.), in a booby-trap. And others.

MR. POYNTER, R.A., says that his picture will "*point a moral and adorn a tale*," and that's all he'll tell me.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., wires to tell me that he has got another besides the one I mentioned (which he shan't exhibit now), and that it is called "*The Eve of St. Bartholomew*." I may add that I hear it is very like her.

MR. J. TOWNSHEND wants to know why I have omitted him? He has selected two subjects, which will endear him to every schoolboy: one is "*Silver Birches*," and the other "*A Beech (sic) and Birches in Autumn*." A beach is rather an open place; but if it is a public school, and the punishment has to be as public as the school, why—However, these are Mr. TOWNSHEND's two pictures. I haven't time to wire to him and get his answer, but it suddenly occurs to me that these may be pictures for some City Corporation; i.e., "*Silver*—

*Birch's*"—the Pastrycook giving an Alderman change for a sovereign; and the other would be a man from BIRCH's, watching on the beach for the arrival of Turtles in the Ship. *Nous verrons*.

MR. GOODALL, R.A., writes to tell me that I wasn't far out in my information as to his picture, but that he has got one which I didn't mention. He calls it "*A New Light of the Harem*," and it is, of course, the introduction for the first time of the Electric Light into the SULTAN's Seraglio.

I can't exactly make out Mr. FRANK DICKSEE's letter to me about his picture. As far as I can decipher his handwriting, I understand that the subject of his picture is two lovers settling the bill of their supper in a Parisian restaurant, where they have remained uncommonly late. I suppose that really it is the gentleman lover who is "*parting*," but, as Mr. DICKSEE describes it as "*Lovers parting at Daybreak*," it does sound as if the pair were settling for their entertainment out of a joint-stoek purse. Of course, the motto will be "*Parting is such pain*," or something to that effect.

## Spring's Delights.

(By a Fagged-Out M.P.)

TWO-TWENTY! Oh! hang it all! Call me a hansom!

Dead sick, Sir! My glim I am yearning to douse.

A peck of March dust may be worth a king's ransom,

But, oh! not the "dust" they kick up in this House!

"AN UPRIGHT JUDGE!"—The Lord Chief Justice is quite right. Instead of Madame Justice putting up her shutters and closing her shop for an entire day as a mark of respect for the late Duke of ALBANY, the true way she could show respect to Her MAJESTY was by letting her shopmen carry on "business as usual" for the benefit of Her Majesty's subjects. A learned Judge! An upright Judge! How Mr. Punch doth honour him for his most sensible and dignified utterance on the day before the Funeral!



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 8. OUR LEGISLATORS IN - THE TEA ROOM.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 31.*—Nice state of affairs. SPEAKER sick in bed, Chairman of Committees ill in Chair, Sir THOMAS MAY carried in and out by elderly Messengers secretly glad of opportunities of keeping up their training for BRADLAUGH; whilst PREMIER, running away from Doctor, got down to House, and sits on Treasury Bench pale, haggard, and ever so old. Pretty clear we'll have to shut up shop soon. Regret the less, since we do nothing particular with it open.

More fooling round Franchise Bill to-night. Gentlemen who might be supposed to have something better to do, deliver prodigious speeches, in which they say nothing in the hearing of nobody. FORSTER, having shouldered BROADHURST out of his place, resumes Debate in ponderous speech. Members wait to hear if he's "going for" his old colleagues. Finding he's not, they walk out.

"Clear to me," says FORSTER, "this sort of thing doesn't pay. When I kick out at the Government, and show Liberal Party in the wrong, House crowded, Conservative cheers continuous. When I go on other tack, and deliver ordinary Liberal speech, nobody listens. Must put this all right in Committee. Introduce an Amendment on a critical point."

Sir PEELE followed. House filled up, just as used to when FORSTER attacked the Government *re* Egypt or Ireland. Sir PEELE brought with him thick sheaf of notes full of impromptu jokes and flashes of humour to be struck off on spur of moment. House laughs, because it had assembled so to do. New Members always heard of Sir PEELE as great Parliamentary humorist; accordingly laughed when he opened his mouth, and roared when he shook his hand over his head, his fingers loosely held, as if they were a bundle of sausages. Can't see Sir PEELE's humour myself. Strikes me it is founded on study of WARTON's manner, and inspired by ambitious effort to emulate LAWSON's humour. Succeeds better with WARTON than with WILFRID. Still House laughed, at least for first half-hour. Then Members began to slink quietly out to catch the post (which had been gone half-an-hour), and that sort of thing, you know. Wouldn't do to say Sir PEELE was noisily dull. Parliamentary institution; mustn't be torn down.

Towards midnight Grand Cross appeared on scene. Great anxiety to see him, and hear opening words, after which House fell off again with disappointed look.

"Cross a well-meaning man," said RANDOLPH, "a master of clear exposition, a great coiner of lucid sentences; but, on the whole, prefer to hear him on the Bishops."

*Business done.*—Vote of Condolence on death of Duke of ALBANY. More talk on Franchise Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Wish RANDOLPH would be more respectful to his pastors and masters. Quite unexpectedly jumped on Sir S. NORTH-COTE's back to-night, pulled his hair and abused him for not doing something about Farmer PELL's Motion on Local Taxation. Sir STAFFORD, stung out of his customary mildness of manner, retorted by calling RANDOLPH a "Bonnet." RANDOLPH seeing how far things had gone, happily reserved his temper; half rose but resumed his seat.

"I got up," he told me afterwards, "to hurl the foul aspersion in his teeth and call him a Top Hat, but remembered what was due to dignity of Parliament, and resisted temptation. These mild men when once roused are fearfully reckless. He would doubtless have flung a Pair of Boots at me, and I should have been bound to stigmatise him either as a Dress Coat or a Pair of Trousers. So we would have gone through the whole wardrobe, and the tone of Parliamentary debate would have been distinctly lowered. To that I will never be a party."

More speech-making round Franchise Bill. MICHAEL HICKS BEACH on for forty forlorn minutes, with STANSFELD to follow later. Thought something was in store for us when I saw STANSFELD sitting in corner seat with lank hair closely plastered down either side of massive forehead, heavily oiled and carefully parted in the middle. Pretty to see CAVENDISH BENTINCK giving his hair an extra rumple at sight of Right Hon. Gentleman.

"Can't abear these Radicals," he growled. "Always protest against them by every means in my power."

"Nice speech, STANSFELD's," I said to GIBSON, whom I found tearing up the oration he had meant to deliver but daren't after row about monopoly by Front Bench men. "Ye-es," he said, "but his style a little hair-oily, don't you think?"

MARRIOTT made first appearance since he turned his coat. Tories determined to give him good reception, but speech disappointing. Very little to do with Reform Bill, a great deal to do with CHAMBERLAIN, whose name turned up in speech as often as the head of CHARLES THE FIRST in *Mr. Dicks'* memorial. Rather a scold than a speech.

"Who's your friend the Admiral?" I asked him.

"Admiral CRICHTON do you mean? Why he's some fellow who's got a fat appointment on the Board of Trade. CHAMBERLAIN sucked his brains on Shipping Bill question. At least so RANDOLPH told me. But why did House laugh when I mentioned him. Hope RANDOLPH's not playing his jokes on Me. Won't be safe. I have been on Liberal side before, and know my way back. Conservative party better be careful how they treat me." *Business done.*—None.



*Wednesday.*—Debate on Sunday Closing Bill. Quite an anecdotal afternoon. Members relating personal experiences and those of friends. THEODORE FRY said he'd "mixed among working men all his life," but didn't mention the liquor. DENZIL ONSLOW gave interesting imitations of "a converted clown" and "a saved miner." Offered to sing "*We've left the Barrel*," or "*Hurrah for the Pump*." House hastily declined. Then he said he "knew a member of the Ministry who played lawn-tennis on a Sunday." All eyes severely turned on DODSON.

C. S. READ brought tears to the eyes of LORD MAYOR when he described how, being in Texas with another Member, found Sunday Closing in force, and couldn't find back-door into bar. After sustained effort, came upon it and seem to have had high old time. MARRIOTT didn't deny prevalence of drunkenness, but hinted that CHAMBERLAIN responsible for it. W. H. SMITH gave the tip to his constituents. "If pubs closed in London on Sundays, only have to go to Greenwich or Turnham Green," says he, "and you order what you like." Most remarkable statement by CAVENDISH BENTINCK. "Almost impossible to get drunk on a Sunday," he said, with pathetic tone of regret in his voice. GRAND CROSS took no part in Debate, but pricked up his ears at this statement of curious fact by eminent authority. WARTON so interested in discussion didn't observe quarter to six approach. Talked up to the hour and so talked Bill out.

*Business done.*—None.

*Thursday.*—"Anything been seen of GLADSTONE?" whispered Sir S. NORTHGOTE to W. H. SMITH, as he took his seat to-night.

"No. He's all right. Safe at Coombe Warren."

"Then I Warren't he won't Coombe here to-day," says Sir STAFFORD, beguiled into making little joke.

At half-past five PREMIER suddenly entered.

"Betrayed!" cried Sir STAFFORD, ashy pale to the lips. "RANDOLPH's at the bottom of this."

"It's all right," said W. H. SMITH, vainly trying to hide his own nervousness. "He's only looked in for Questions. Go off after."

Spirits on Front Bench raised when W. E. G. passed over to HARTINGTON duty of answering STAFFORD's shorter catechism.

"Told you so," SMITH chuckled. "He can't speak. Poor old man! Wish he'd take more care of himself. Not at all a bad fellow, when he's quiet."

NORTHGOTE moved the Adjournment. Conservative Party, united for once, supported him. Opening made, proceeded to trot round and round old well-worn track, barrel-organ grinding out the tune "What's your Policy in Egypt?"

"What's he stopping for?" SMITH murmured, glancing uneasily across the table. "Why doesn't he go home before evening dews fall? Begad, he's taking notes! Don't like look of things."

NORTHGOTE down; GLADSTONE up, evidently in white heat of passion.

"Dear me, dear me!" said NORTHGOTE, thrusting his hands up his coat-sleeves to get them, at least, out of harm's way. "Wish I'd never gone in for this. Didn't want to; knew it was a mistake; but warned if I didn't RANDOLPH would."

GLADSTONE stamped around in right royal wrath. "Like Bengal tiger whose dinner's been stolen," says MACFARLANE, who's been in India. Spoke for only thirty minutes. When he sat down nothing left of Conservative pretensions to patriotism. Only the torn shreds of general obstruction with special reference to the Franchise Bill. Worst of it was, NORTHGOTE having been shoved unwillingly to the fore, was left there by party, who tailed off till, at half-past eight, not a dozen Members present to hear him meekly ask permission to withdraw Motion for Adjournment.

"Next time this is to be done," he said, feeling himself all over to see if any bones were broken, "you must get someone else to do it. I have had enough."

*Business done.*—Lords sent down a Measure called "Bolton-le-Sands and WARTON Reclamation Bill." Read a Second Time. General impression is, case hopeless.

*Friday.*—Quite a quiet evening, considering Ireland and Irish Magistracy were subject of discussion. JUSTIN MCCARTHY moved a Resolution on subject in speech of conspicuous moderation. Fixed attention of House, which concluded there really was something wanted looking into. Looked into it all night quietly and reasonably till windbag SEXTON appeared on scene, followed by TIM HEALY, who abused FREVEYAN as if he had not frankly admitted the grievance, and undertaken to see it righted. These two speeches necessary for Irish report. Wouldn't do to let it be seen that moderation of manner and reasonable argument have any effect in Saxon House of Commons. *Business done.*—Annual Army Bill passed.

Our excellent old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, is deeply interested in political and social subjects. She says, *à propos* of one of the boring questions of the day, that she can quite understand Sir FREDERICK HARGREAVES's statement of the popular objection to what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN calls "Unearned Increment."

## "ROBERT" AT GUILDHALL.

I sorntered the other day into Gildall and erd my old frends the Common Counsellmen a trying to himitate the Ouse of Commons, by having a werry long tork about a matter with witch they hadn't nothink to do, and thereby neglecting there own affairs. It did emuse me, it did, to hear my old paytrons almost a cussing and a swairing about Eddicatin the Peeple. Now, though they're as good and as jolly a set of fellers as I ever waits on, and knows as much about the hart and sience of reel dining as ewen a Royal Prince, they haynt what we shoold call quite the reel Turtel as regards eddicashun. Their conwersayshun at dinner is all rite enuff. Many on 'em are just as partickler as us, and chewsses their words more carefooler even than we does, but it's generally always about the same top picks, and them's not littery nor skientiffick.

The Gent as throwd off fust was ewidently a Common Counsellor of Scotch extracashun, for he said, as pussonally he rayther liked eddicashun if it didn't cost nuffin, but the fust thort in all matters, big or little, was the Siller, and 8½d. was the last straw as broke the Rate Payers back, and you shoold never teech a child more than his Farther knowed, or he'd despige him, and this was wot he called trew advansing eddicashun, and I for one quite agrees with him there. He was follered by a fine looking Gent, who said as the Skool Board was a teeching all the little children chimistery and druggistery and Lattin, and yet they found time enuff to be a running about in the gutter all day long, as they did afore, which was rayther a staggerer for me.

Another Gent said, if they was a going for to eddicate all the people hup to their hown level, where was they to git their servants from? Ah, where indeed? And then he told 'em a fact as is a reel and werry sad fact, namely that hundreds and hundreds of poor germans comes over to London ewery year to learn our butifal langwidge, and ware do they go for to lern it in all its helegance? *Why they turns waiters, and cums to hus!* That of course don't supprize me, cos with our constant assosiation with Aldermen and Common Counsellmen, we nat'rally forms about the werry best skool for the purpose; but see wot follers, langwidge being their prinsepel hobject, they don't care nuffin about their own wages, and so nat'rally rejewses ours, and after a year or too of our society they leaves our onerabel calling perfect in langwidge and refined in manners, and becomes Merchants and Bankers. Wot more nat'rall then, than I shoold jine the Copperashun in denousing Eddicashun, them for the crushing weight of 8½d. me for the reducktion of my lawfool wages.

Sir JOHN BENNET sed as how as if we hadn't more eddicashun for our Watch makers, we couldn't expect to have good english watches, and pulling out a grate big gold watch about as big as a turnip, sed as how as if you wanted a watch like that you must go to Swizzle-land, for there wasn't a Watchman in all Clarkandwell as he cou'd trust ewen to clean it. What a complement to Clarkandwell! He had the owdisaty, too, to speak of his oponents as old fogies, and to look forard with satisfakshun to the time when they woud be gone to a higher spear, and leave the world to go on without 'em! and even spoke of a reel Deputy without calling him by his onered title, and wen cauled to order by the indigent LORD MARE, aschally said as he always spoke of His Lordship, out of doors, as FOWLER!

One Member, who I was told has a grate deal to do with Littery-ture, made a speech after my own art, when he said, that "he for one hadn't not no objecshun to giving to Poor Children the dry bread and dutch cheese of Eddicashun, but he most strongly objected to giving 'em its Port Wine!" if he had only hadded speshally '74, I shoold, I bleeve, have shouted out "Here! Here!" though the Field Marshall was close by me with his undrawn sword.

'Stonishing wot information one gits at Gildhall. Who woud have ever found out, except a Common Counsellman, that the poor children in Bored Skools is so overworked that it has shortened all the Sojers in the Army by about half a hinch in length, and a hole un in circumfrence round the Chestes! And woud any other common man ha' had the pluck to say as he offen and offen seed children a-playing in the gutters who was as tall as he was, and that must have been about 5 foot 8!

One or too of the young members tried to git in a word or too for the Poor Skool Bored, who they sed never has no dinners, but it warn't not of the least use. Whenever they thought as they'd made a pint, the awful words 8½d. sounded like a Nell in their years. Wot was the use of torking about eddicated forren workmen taylors a-cutting out our own hignerent snips as well as their coats, or of the hartistic forringer supplying all our French Clocks and our Ginhevir Welwets, the fatal signal 8½d., tho it sounded like the prise of a quorten lofe or a pound of sugger of long ears gone by, sent a shudder all through the Cownsel Chamber as nuffin cou'd resist, and I came away with a strong conviction against me that if our pore uneddicated workmen wants to be let alone, and have their littel children let run about the streets and enjoy theirselves as Natur tort 'em to, they'd better apply for assistance to the Court of Common Counsellmen.

ROBERT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



[Volunteers are to thoroughly search all Farm-Buildings, &c., on the line of march.—General Orders.]

*Energetic Volunteer Officer.* "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! WHY DON'T YOU SEARCH THESE FARM BUILDINGS?"

## Charles Reade.

RUPERT of Letters! Stilled that fiery tongue,  
As trenchant as the trooper's steel! And yet  
No passion-dainty Poet ever sung  
Whose heart was tenderer. Round the world regret  
Will rise on hearing that distinctive voice  
Is mute which gave to Fiction and the Stage  
Virile creations, made the oppressed rejoice,  
And vindicated with a noble rage  
The master-virtue, Justice, stabbed too oft,  
Like CÆSAR, by its trusted seeming friends.  
The world, o'er full of twaddlers tame and soft,  
Will miss his leonine style, who roars and rends  
With Samson zest, yet yields from strenuous might  
"Sweetness" of Pity and victorious Right.

### A CERTAIN CURE.

*Patient (to Medical Attendant).* What can you recommend to restore my appetite?  
*Practitioner.* Some medicine which I will send you. Go on taking it until you feel hungry, and in the meanwhile don't eat anything whatever.

INTELLECTUAL TREAT.—Penny Reading: a reading of the barometer.

## OUT-OF-PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,

THE question of Cumulative Voting is of so much importance that I feel sure you will permit me to ventilate it in the columns of your paper—a paper particularly suitable for such a discussion. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has recently written to one of your contemporaries, suggesting that when there are five seats and twelve candidates, the extra votes should be given to the five, and not the twelve. At least that is the impression he has left upon my mind. I subjoin an alternative scheme.

Say, there are ten Candidates and eight Seats. Let everyone have as many votes as he pleases (there is nothing like liberality in such a matter as this), and, allowing a large margin for various idiosyncrasies, we can fancy the following result:—

Mr. GLADSTONE	2,400
Mr. J. L. TOOLE (representing Mr. WILSON BARRETT)	18,016
Mr. SPURGEON	7
Cardinal MANNING	452
Mr. GRIFFITHS (the Safe Man)	29,645
Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (representing himself)	1
Mr. BRADSHAW (representing the Railway Interests)	86
Secretary, General Omnibus Company	4,000,000
Mr. WILSON BARRETT (representing Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT)	6
Miss MARY ANDERSON (representing Lord COLERIDGE)	1

Having obtained this result, our course is quite clear. Miss MARY ANDERSON (as a foreigner and a Lady), the Secretary of the General Omnibus Company (as an injudicious selection), and Mr. GRIFFITHS (because he is a safe man), may be struck out at once. We then have remaining, Messrs. GLADSTONE, J. L. TOOLE, SPURGEON, WILSON BARRETT, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and last, but not least, Cardinal MANNING. This will give us seven Candidates for eight Seats. Clearly some addition will be required. For the sake of fairness, it would be advisable to add at least five; say, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Mr. COMYNS CARR, Sir EDWARD WATKIN, Sir ANDREW CLARK, and Mr. VAL PRINSEP. We now submit the amended list to the next voter, when we need not be surprised if he sends in the following returns:—

Emperor of CHINA } Dead heat.  
Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI }  
The Ghost of Hamlet's Uncle—Nowhere.

This result should be most satisfactory, as it would argue that it was furnished by a lunatic—a member of a highly esteemed class,

for which it is, however, most difficult to obtain adequate representation. The first and the last of these candidates would be rejected on account of their disabilities to sit in Parliament. There is no reason, however, why the votes given to them should not be added to Mr. SPURGEON's series. Now, say we give the amended list to a thousand persons taken hap-hazard, as of course the plan I am advocating is merely an experiment to see how it works, and not to test the political bias of our much-loved country—we should possibly have this result:—

Mr. GLADSTONE	4,792
Mr. J. L. TOOLE	29,000,000
Mr. SPURGEON	7
Cardinal MANNING	10
Mr. BRADSHAW	8,400,762
Mr. COMYNS CARR	97
Sir E. WATKIN	243
Messrs. HOLLINGSHEAD and PRINSEP (coupled)	763

It is obvious that the natural thing to do now would be to reject Mr. BRADSHAW, and take away his votes. Having done this, matters would be made more ship-shape by every voter thinking of a number, doubling it, adding seven to it, dividing it by five, and putting the total thus reached to the credit of his favourite candidate. This, of course, would be merely a question of figures.

You will notice that I have done my best in the above rough sketch to meet all possibilities. With the coming Reform Bill no doubt we shall have quite a new kind of electors, for whose peculiarities wide allowance must be made. They are given votes, and it is, consequently, of importance that those votes should be properly utilised. Unless those who possess the franchise are carefully instructed beforehand, it is not improbable that the tossing of a halfpenny may decide many a difficult question of choice. And as we cannot reasonably expect that every voter will have a profound knowledge of the higher branches of the Mathematical Science, the simpler the process of election advocated the better.

And now, Sir, having inaugurated the idea, and suggested a scheme which seems to me quite as comprehensible as that proposed by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, I leave it to others with more time at their disposal than I have to develop it.

With sincere respect, yours truly,

MATTHEW MUDDLE.

DOG-LATIN INDEED.—(By Johnson Junior.)—"Cave Canem!" Beware of the Cane!



### WELL UP IN HER MYTHOLOGY.

Tommy. "MADGE, WHAT'S 'NECESSITAS,' MASCULINE OR FEMININE?"

Madge. "WHY, FEMININE, OF COURSE!" Tommy. "WHY?"

Madge. "WHY, SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION?"

### A FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM one of that misunderstood and somewhat maligned race called Common Councilmen. We are generally considered to be neither a poetical nor even a literary class of mankind; but that is, I assure you, a great mistake. I have heard lofty flights of eloquence in our Court that have, I should think, been rarely equalled, seldom excelled. I have heard an impassioned Orator exclaim, when called to order, "My Lord Mayor, I stand upon my nucleus!" which so astonished his Lordship that he allowed him to proceed. I have heard a member, whom we all considered as our most accomplished French scholar, warn the Court that, if they were not very careful, "they would put their foot into a *faux pas*!" and, as we looked somewhat doubtfully, he declared his firm resolution not to be put *hors de combat* by a side-wind! He was afterwards proposed as Chairman of our Library or Literary Committee, and received the support of men of University fame, high in the service of their country, and who will probably shortly be high in the service of important constituencies. I give these as mere samples, to show that we are not the unlettered race that some imagine us to be, and I wish, Sir, with your permission, to show the world of Literature that we sometimes, upon the very slightest provocation, soar into the very highest regions of imaginative poetry.

In September last I visited Switzerland accompanied by my Wife and my Mother-in-law, and, one beautiful evening, my Wife being too fatigued to accompany us, her dear Mother and myself went out for a stroll. We ascended the Matterhorn, at least we ascended a portion of it, and, in reply to my companion, I boldly informed her that Matterhorn was Swiss for Mother-in-law, as Jungfrau was for a Bride, so that I might fairly claim the pair, at which pretty conceit

### LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

JILTED!

(An Intercepted Letter.)

'Tis the dullest of days, and my heart it is sad,  
So I make the logs blaze, for the weather is bad;  
I have half done the *Times*, and have quite done my toast,  
While I'm reading of crimes comes the Ten o'clock post.  
There's a merry rat-tat and a packet from You.  
'Tis so tempting and fat that I quickly undo  
All the seals in a trice, and the blossoms release—  
It is awfully nice to have flowers from Nice!

What a dainty perfume do your messengers bring,  
And they scare away gloom with their savour of Spring;  
Here's the violet blue, the pale lily, the rose,  
But a letter from You they all fail to disclose!  
It puzzles me quite, and I fail to divine  
Why you did not just write just one brief little line?  
While we're thinking of ice and East winds that ne'er  
cease—

It is awfully nice to have flowers from Nice!

Ah! your cheek all a-flush, most undoubtedly shows  
Both the pallor and blush of the lily and rose;  
And your eyes are as blue as the sweet violet,  
They are trustful and true, and you never forget!  
Ah! I now understand, here's your portrait complete,  
In a floral shorthand is your *carte de visite*!  
A most charming device is this dainty caprice—  
It is awfully nice to have flowers from Nice!

Stop a moment, for I—the most luckless of bards—  
'Neath *fleur d'orange* spy two absurd little cards!  
Had I only been wise and had finished my *Times*,  
'Twould have opened my eyes, and have spared you my  
rhymes:

One can't always depend on the word of a ROSE:  
My poem's at an end and my life's full of prose!  
Here's a handful of rice for a couple of geese—  
Is it awfully nice to have flowers from Nice?

PROTECTION FOR PRETTY CREATURES. — It has been announced that Mr. MACFARLANE (Carlow) intends in Committee on the Cruelty to Animals Act Amendment Bill to move a clause that will include Women. It is no doubt a shame that Women do not enjoy as much protection against cruelty as that which the law affords inarticulate animals. Still, Mr. MACFARLANE, it does not look polite on the face of it.

she was pleased to say that I was a born Poet. At this particular moment a pair of evidently youthful lovers passed along in the valley below, and, the divine afflatus being upon me, I improvised the following lines, which, my astonished Mother-in-law assured me breathed all the mystic passion of SHELLEY:—

The thundering avalanche lingered on its way,  
The friendly moon obliged them with a ray.  
At length, a well-known cloud appeared in sight,  
And, to their horror, bathed them in the night!

On another occasion I commenced a description of the Jungfrau, which ran thus:

The Jungfrau's snow shines like condensed milk  
O'er limbs whose symmetry would set off silk.

but my kindly Mother-in-law thought the lines slightly improper, so I did not continue them. I perhaps may as well add, that I was so pleased with her candid and truthful criticism on my Matterhorn poem, that I gave her that little cheque for her dear ALFRED, that I had refused in the morning with some unnecessary asperity.

J. LITGUÉ.

### Same Thing!

"SATAN rebuking sin" 's a useful phrase,  
But since some fear on rudeness it may border,  
A substitute is found in these last days  
In "HEALY rising to a point of order"!

THERE is no truth in the report that Primrose Hill is in future to be called Mount Beaconsfield.



## A FOOLISH BIRD.

"The Ostrich (*Species Gladstonensis*) after depositing its eggs in the burning sand of the desert, leaves them to the chances of incubation, addleation, or destruction. This naturally shy but nervously daring Bird, then hides its head in any hole, hollow, or covert in the sand or rock, in the vain hope to avoid peril by deliberately blinding itself to danger."—BUFFOON'S *Natural History*.

## Digest of Laws of Digestion.

THE following advertisement sounds well, if read straight off :—  
 "Food and Feeding by Sir HENRY THOMPSON F.R.C.S. considerably enlarged." If anyone goes in heavily for Food and Feeding, the chances are that like Sir HENRY he will be "considerably enlarged." But this treatise tells us how to go in *carefully* for it, and it is one of the best books on the subject with which we are acquainted. The hints on dinner-giving are, as they should be on such a subject, most entertaining. Would that all hosts resembled these hints; but it does happen that those who most entertain are themselves least entertaining.

SOCIALIST ECONOMY.—Taxation of the higher classes, and Government by the lower orders.

## The Drama at a Distance.

THERE are some things which no fellow can make head or tail of. The subjoined advertisement, for instance, which appeared on the University Boat-Race Day, in the *Times*, is a startler :—

MR. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, and the Lyceum Company.—STAR THEATRE, New York. TO-NIGHT.—Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Louis XI., Charles I., The Lyons Mail, Eugene Aram, The Belle's Stratagem, and The Bells."

Plenty for the money! Nine plays to be performed on one night at New York? "On such a night"—we're glad we weren't there. How the audience must have sung out, "Oh, what a night we're having!"

SPECULATIVE BUILDERS' SOCIETY.—The London School Board.





FINDING OF A FOSSIL, OR PRE-VERNON-HARCOURTIAN ALDERMAN BELONGING TO THE GLADSTONIAN EPOCH.

## LOCAL COLOUR.

THE announcement made by a contemporary to the effect that, with a view to thoroughly fitting herself for her forthcoming impersonation of the rôle of *Juliet*, Miss MARY ANDERSON contemplates, during her well-earned vacation, paying a flying visit to Verona, has, as might have been expected, led to a general holiday rush in the ranks of the dramatic profession.

The following distinguished Artists, if they have not already taken their departure for the subjoined localities, will shortly do so, for the purpose of respectively stimulating their various managerial efforts:—

Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT—to Bath, to drink the waters; as a preparation to their promised production of *The Rivals*.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT—to Denmark Hill, to gather new and valuable information for his projected revival of *Hamlet*.

Mr. HENRY IRVING—to the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, to make a study of the latest managerial movements of Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Messrs. HARE and KENDAL—to Cornwall, to pass a few days at the bottom of a tin mine, prior to their final dress-rehearsal of *Le Maître de Forges*.

The VOKES Family—to Wimbledon, to pick up a new hint or two for the improvement of *In Camp*.

Signor SALVINI—to Margate, to inspire himself with a truer and more thoroughly English conception of the character of *Macbeth*.

Mr. EDGAR BRUCE—to Penmaenmawr, to see if he can pick up a writer that will enable him to dispense with the services of his present Private Secretary.

Miss KATE VAUGHAN—to the Provinces, to learn various dialects, in order to perfect her representation of *The Country Girl* at the Novelty.

Mr. TOOLE—to Paris, to pick up the correct pronunciation of *Ici on parle Français*.

And Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM (on his return)—to Brighton, to try a little change.

"My friend Mrs. SNOWBLEACH," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "certainly deserves all her wealth, for she dispenses hospitality with no nigger's hand."

## IN FOR HONOURS.

THE frequent announcement appearing under the Law Intelligence in the daily papers, to the effect that the "Bankrupt has passed his examination" (*sic*), having often excited the curiosity of intending Candidates for a Class in Insolvency as to the precise nature of the ordeal they may have to encounter, the following specimen test-paper of questions, prepared by a celebrated Cursitor Street Crammer may be read with interest:—

1. Define an "Act of Bankruptcy." Does a Theatrical Manager who obstinately insists on continuing the performance of a bad and lengthy modern Tragedy to empty benches necessarily commit himself to "five Acts of Bankruptcy"? Examine this, and explain in what manner orders of Court admitted after seven bear on the subject.

2. Give the various approved methods of exhausting an Official Receiver.

3. "*Ne exeat regno*." Illustrate this by quoting such main lines as occur to you from *Bradshaw*.

4. A. calls on B., requesting his immediate settlement of a small account that has been standing some time, upon which B. artfully lures A. into a cellar on the basement floor, and turns the key upon him. Can A. now fairly be regarded as a "Secured Creditor" within the meaning of the Act?

5. A younger son, who has first-floor Chambers in St. James's Street, considers it necessary to himself and to his position to keep a cab, belong to five Clubs, sport an Opera Stall, have a running account with all the leading Bond-Street tradesmen, give away occasional presents of jewellery, and never let his most moderate dinner cost him less than fifteen-and-sixpence. How long can he keep up this style of thing comfortably on an income of £120 per annum?

6. A Creditor determines to recoup himself by seizing the goods of a Debtor; but, on arriving for the purpose, finds that he has already been anticipated by some half-dozen bills of sale. As no execution is now possible, can he be regarded as the victim of a "hopeless attachment," and will he, failing to recover on the property, be likely to rally from the shock?

7. State all you know about "Fraudulent Conveyance." Would the riding of the Bankrupt's Solicitor with his bag behind a four-wheeled cab, without the knowledge or consent of the driver, be a "fraudulent conveyance of property" within the meaning of the Act?

8. What is an "Undischarged Bankrupt"? Fully examine and explain the meaning of the phrase, with reference to the probability of his going off altogether if too heavily loaded.

## EASTER MANŒUVRES.

THE PREMIER to secure his latest batch of papers the moment they arrive from Downing Street.

Sir ANDREW CLARK to put them in the fire when he is not looking.

Prince BISMARCK to assume an air of final resignation.

Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD to politely remove Sir BENSON MAXWELL.

Sir BENSON MAXWELL to amiably bring about the recall of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD.

NUBAR PASHA to effusively get rid of both of them.

The LORD MAYOR to mix a parting "loving cup" for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to slip in an antidote before he drinks his Lordship's very good health.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to persuade his Party that, "spite the 130 Majority, he has got hold of such a good Easter Egg."

And Mr. HEALY to pelt anything or anybody with a few bad ones.

## Cut and Coombe Again!

(By a Hot Tory.)

HUMPH! Very right that haunt should fit with habit!

GLADSTONE, especially in matters foreign,

Has the tame plucklessness of a wild rabbit;

And now you see takes refuge in a *Warren*!

EUPHEMISM FOR A BLACKBALL.—*Il Ballo in Maschera*.



# "LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS."

SHAKESPEARE (abridged).

(A Sunday Institution under two Aspects.)

**FIRST ASPECT—INSIDE THE STUDIO.**—*Apartment equally suggestive of a church, a ball-room, and a costumier's shop, filled with a crowd of Visitors. Pictures intended for the Royal Academy displayed to advantage. Buzz of polite conversation.*

*Genial Visitor (to Group of Acquaintances).* Why, here we are again! We seem to have been playing a sort of game of hide-and-seek all the morning and afternoon! Great fun!

*Group of Acquaintances.* Oh, yes, great fun!

*Genial Visitor.* Isn't it? But I do think they might give lunch. You see it is rather an undertaking from Kensington to St. John's Wood, and then *viâ* Hampstead to South Belgravia.

*Group of Acquaintances.* Awfully trying!

*Genial Visitor.* Rather jolly idea the arrangements here, eh? Prepares your mind for the Pictures, and all that sort of thing, eh? Do you think it is worth trying to push through the crowd to have a look at them?



Academical Study.

*Group of Acquaintances.* Scarcely.

*Genial Visitor.* So I think. Sure to be the usual sort of thing, I suppose.

*Group of Acquaintances.* Quite so.

*Genial Visitor.* By the way, which is our host?

*Group of Acquaintances.* Haven't the faintest idea.

*Genial Visitor.* Let's be off, then.

*Group of Acquaintances.* Let's!

[*Exeunt Genial Visitor and his Friends.*]

*Influential Art-Critic (who has fought his way to the pictures).* Ah, here they are!

*Charles (his Friend).* Hush! Somebody's coming!

*Talented Artist (with, of course, real heartiness).* Glad to see you! Very glad to see you, indeed! (*Looking admiringly at the result of his labours.*) Fancy I have successfully surmounted my difficulties. I don't mind telling you now, that I had a world of worry with that rainbow. A world of worry! You like it?

*Influential Art-Critic.* Ah! (*Puts his head on one side.*) Quite in your old style, too. Quite!

*Charles (his Friend).* Oh, beautiful! Really too, too lovely!

*Talented Artist (ignoring CHARLES, and addressing his friend confidentially).* Now, candidly, can you suggest any improvement?

*Influential Art-Critic.* Improvement! Impossible! Quite beyond improvement! Oh, yes; quite!

*Charles (his Friend).* Oh, yes; they really are too, too magnificent! Splendid! Grand! But don't you think that perhaps the frames might—

*Distinguished Artist (ignoring CHARLES as before).* I do so appreciate your judgment. Now, candidly, as between friends, what do you think of them?

*Influential Art-Critic (with hearty enthusiasm).* That they are pictures! Yes, really and truly, they are pictures!

*Distinguished Artist.* I am so very glad to hear you say so. Have you seen anything else anywhere?

*Influential Art-Critic.* Oh, sad rubbish! sad rubbish! A very bad year.

*Distinguished Artist.* So they tell me. I hear it on all sides.

*Influential Art-Critic.* Yes, yes. But I have been amply compensated by my visit here. (*Heartily.*) And now, good-bye!

[*Cordial farewell, and Exeunt Influential Art-Critic and CHARLES (his Friend).*]

**SECOND ASPECT—OUTSIDE THE STUDIO.**—*In the Street. Enter from the house of the Distinguished Artist, Eminent Art-Critic and Companion.*

*Eminent Art-Critic.* Thank goodness, that's the last of them!

*Charles (his Friend).* But you liked his pictures?

*Eminent Art-Critic.* Liked 'em! Why, what made you think that?

*Charles (his Friend).* But you said—

*Eminent Art-Critic.* Nothing! What I do think is, that they are the wretchedest daubs I have ever seen! Weak, bad colour, no drawing, utter want of composition! Sir, they are simply beastly!

*Charles (his Friend).* Oh!

[*As they retire, Genial Visitor and Group of Acquaintances enter.*]

*Genial Visitor.* Well, come, at last we have got through them all! Not such a bad way of killing a Sunday, after all. Eh? Especially as we have objections to the Sabbath opening of Art-Galleries. Eh?

*Group of Acquaintances.* Quite so.

*Genial Visitor.* You see, going the rounds of the Studios you meet your friends, the Ladies look at one another's dresses, and the men exchange Club-land rumours. Moreover, it's quite the thing to do. Then there are the pictures—

*Group of Acquaintances.* Oh, hang the pictures!

*Genial Visitor.* Certainly. By all means, hang the pictures!

[*And a month later the pictures ARE hung at the Royal Academy.*]

*\*\* Advice gratis.*—Abolish Show Sunday and Private Views. Why shouldn't London wait till the pictures are in the Academy?

## ROBERT ON THE BILL!

So the fatal Nell is struck at last! and Sir WILLIAM WERDANT ARCOURET, after giving two long ears to its considerashun, has struck his fatal blow!

And in wot a artful way! Does he say as how as the sacred Copperashun has bin and gone and got worn hout with age, and ard work, and igh living? No, not he; but, on the contrary, he acshally says as it's sitch a nobel and extrawnery hinstitushun that it's too good for the little City, but just good enuff for all London. Well, that seems to a pore Waiter, who orfen and orfen sees Common Counselmen and Washupfool Haldermen at their very best, about the rummest reason for sending 'em all about their bizziness as ever I heard on. But then think how hartfully as it's all dun. He says as they are sitch a nobel lot of chaps as it's quite himpossible to do without sum on 'em, jest to set the new set of hignoramuses a-going, and to sho 'em how to do heverything of himportence, sitch as hordering dinners, and making free with Kings and Neros and hillustrated swells of all sorts, and so about 40 of the werry best Common Counselmen is to be sleekted for that pupuss, and as nat'rally every man Jack on 'em thinks as he's sure to be one of the helect, Sir WERDANT at wunce disharms the lot and sends 'em away smilin.

But there's jest one serious pint as amost brort tears to my eyes when I erd it. He acshally has the hawdacity to habolish, at wunce and for hever, all the nobel Harny of Haldermen, 26 in number, who has bin for about seven hundred ears, the pride, and glory, and hadmurashun, and henvy of mankind in general, and Ladies in partikleher. Wat has lent its grandest charm to our City per-seusions? wat has lited up with the brilyans of a Rain Bow our nobel City Bankwets? Wot has reminded all hobserwers of SOLYMAN in hall his glory? Why, the jawgeous Scarlet Robes of our rewered Aldermun. And now, all alike, weather they bes the somewhat faded glories of half a Sentry's wear, or the brite dazzling things of joy and buty that has been bort and paid for at enormus corst within the last few munce, all alike is to be carst aside, like the now useless Armer of the Nights of old!

That's bad enuff, but, as the Poet says, "wuss remanes behind." Not only is they deprived of their gownds, and their power, but they are acshally to loose their werry names, and the Court of Haldermen will set no more? Who's to take charge of the City Lunetics, poor fellers, afterwards, is of coarse too small a matter for a Lordly Ome Secretary, but as the number will probberly largely increase if this terrybel Bill is past, it will have to be attended to.

The awful ideer cums across my mind, that wen the New Zealand hartist cums here sum five sentrys hence to sketch all the departed wunders of the ruined City, he mite praps dig up the corpse of a fozzil Halderman buried in his skarlet robe! and drop a new zeeland tear over this rellick of long departed grateness, wen comparing it to the mizzerabel cullerless substitoots of his native land.

I hopes as I ain't quite sitch a fool as not to know that as other things change so ewen Sacred Copperashuns must change, but surely, surely, Sir WERDANT, you mite have given us all, waiters included, some sort of compensashun.

My nobel paytrons will nat'rally miss their ard work, and their soshal injoyments, and wot in the name of all that's dredful is to become of hus!

My feelinx has reseived that shok by what I herd in the Ouse and by what I have red out of it, that I cannot suffisiently collect my thorts to exhamin into the warios parts of the Bill, and so shall resurve that for next week, but I cannot conclud without jest one sollum word of pity for pore Sir JAMES MAC GARRALOUS HOGG, Cheerman of the Metropolis Bored of Works. He is at one swell swoop not only deprived of his Chair and his Bored and his ansonm Sallery of £2,000 a year, but all the compensashun he gits for this unansum conduk is, that he is made a Common Conselman for three ears, and no more!

ROBERT.

IRISH MELODY WITH VARIATIONS.—"The Harp that once through Tara(diddle's) Halls."



### "DON'T!"

ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T, WHEN BROWN IS TELLING YOU THAT CAPITAL STORY OF HIS ADVENTURE WITH HIS WASHERWOMAN, STARE AT HIM IN A BLANK AND VACANT MANNER, AS IF YOU DIDN'T SEE THE POINT, OR WERE NOT LISTENING—

AND THEN, THE VERY NEXT TIME YOU HAPPEN TO MEET HIM, TELL THE VERY STORY TO HIM AS IF IT HAD HAPPENED TO YOURSELF, WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER AT YOUR OWN WIT AND INIMITABLE POWERS OF NARRATION!

### ANOTHER "BITTER CRY."

BUMBLE, to his friend and fellow-martyr, Mr. Alderman GUBBINGS, *loquitur*—

At last! The blow's fell after all,—as I 'oped agin 'ope it might not,—

And, by Jove, it's a regular stunner! It simply means Going to Pot! No use Mister Alderman GUBBINGS in tryin' to wrop it up nice, It's just lkybod, that's wot it is, as must cert'ny be plain to blind mice.

Blind mice! They're blind rats them there Rads, jest as dirty, destructive, and fierce;

If they 'd got any buzzums, *our* fate, Mister GUBBINGS, them buzzums 'ud pierce.

But they ain't no more 'eart than a lettuce plant, no, not among the 'ole pack,

And a tenpenny-nail stuck point upwards 'as just as much feelin' and tack.

Abolish the Westries! Blue Moses! It makes a chap's whiskers untwist

To think of sich hoffer hopeness, with never no pow'r to resist.

The 'ole 'warsal world goes a-wobbling, earth's solid foundations seems shook

Wen Aldermen ain't no more wanted, and BUMBLE may jest sling his 'ook.

District Councils? That's all Tommy Rot, Sir! Wot powers, I arak, will *they* 'ave?

No! a Alderman's somethink himposing, a Westryman's not a mere slave.

Lor! the weakits and whiskers I've gazed on, the speeches I've follered with hor!

And to think them white weakits will glitter, them rosy gills gobble no more!

It's 'art-breaking, *that's* wot it is! Wich a Beadle ain't easy unmanned;

But that 'ARCCOURT, yes, him and no other, this 'orrible plot should 'ave planned,

Is 'arrowing! *Him* with that waistband, that chin like a tripple-rowed shelf,

Who with jest a cocked 'at and red breeches would make sech a Beadle hisself!!!

He might 'ave 'ad more feller-feelink! From smug cock-nosed FIRTH, blustrous BEAL,

Who would bolt Westried Interests like bulls' eyes, and "gulp the LORD MARE at a meal,

We didn't o' course expect nothink; but 'ARCCOURT—well, there, it's a blow!

But since You and Me, Sir, is chucked, wy the 'ole blessed biling may go.

Never more shall the Westry 'All ekker with regular good give-and-take,

Never more shall fat fore-finger wag, or big bunches o' fives thump and shake!

Never more shall the nice little feeds crown the finish of nice little jobs,

Never more shall elections be pleasures, perductive of tanners and bobs!

"I shall not attack Westries," says 'ARCCOURT. He *might* 'a left that to false FIRTH.

Ain't we squelched, Mr. Alderman GUBBINGS, himproved hoffer the face of the hearth?

Absorbed? Yah! That's all 'ARCCOURT's gammon designed for bamboozle and fog;

He won't diddle hus in that way, though he may poor Sir MACKAREL 'Ogg!

Howsomever he ain't done us yet. He 'as brought in his Bill, yes, wus luck!

And things *do* look ominous, very. But, bless yer, we've plenty of pluck.



## ANOTHER "BITTER CRY."

ALDERMAN. "OH, BUMBLE! JUST TO THINK OF IT!—NO MORE HALDERMEN!!"

BUMBLE. "AR SIR! IT'S WUSS THAN THAT!—NO WESTRIES! NO BEADLES! NO NOTHINK!!"

BOTH (*despairingly*). "OH, WERDANT 'ARCOURT! WERDANT 'ARCOURT!"— [They bust into tears.]



He won't catch *you* quite on the 'op, Mister GUBBINGS, for all his bow-wow,  
And BUMBLE's bin chivvied and threatened a good many times afore now.

There's FOWLER, there's *you*, Mister GUBBINGS, and 'undreds 'o Westrymen bold,  
And—ah! 'tain't no use, Mister GUBBINGS, to cock my old 'at and to scold.

I feels like *Otheller* or *Wolsy*. No Westries! no Beadles!! in fact

No nothink!!! There, BUMBLE's a-blubbing! But 'ang it, I *can't* keep 'em back! [Left *weeping together*.]

### NOTES FROM "NIBBS."

To Our Only Mr. A. Harris, of Drury Lane, on a Report about a distinguished Actor.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS HARRIS,  
AREN'T you pleased—but I know your noble nature—I know you *are* pleased at hearing that the youngest-but-one London



ADVT.—New Four (Sheet) Poster for "Claudian."

Manager has been invited to return thanks for the Drama at the forthcoming Banquet of the Royal Academy! All among the Swells, AUGUSTUS, all among the Swells! with the Olympian Deities! in the Wal-hallabaloo of the Arts! Oh, he *has* got a chance of distinguishing himself this time, has our own dear WILSON BARRETT, to whom henceforth we will sing in chorus (a BARRETT—tone, of course, whenever you have the time to spare, and feel inclined to join me), "Oh, what a lucky young man you are!"

And our dear S. BANCROFT, Esq., who glories in being "the Oldest Manager in London," won't he be pleased to think that our WILSON BARRETT is to be the first Professional Gentleman invited in a representative professional capacity to take his place in that Eminent Assembly among the Bishops and Deans and Lords! The assemblage will, I regret to say, not be quite so brilliant as in former years, for Royalty, alas! must necessarily be absent, but still our excellent WILSON BARRETT will be the "thin end of the wedge," if he will allow me to call him so, as I believe I am correct in saying that since the days of Sir JOSHUA's friend, GARRICK, no representative of the Drama as such, and while still performing, has ever appeared on the Academy boards and addressed the audience.

Retired Actors, and Actors temporarily out of an engagement, have frequently, no doubt, enjoyed the Academical hospitality as private persons and guests of the Academicians, but not I think to be called upon to return thanks as representatives of the Theatrical Profession, as distinct from the Drama, for, as you well know, my dear AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the Actor is made for the Drama and not the Drama for the Actor. As you have often justly observed, being Author, Actor, and Manager yourself, "A Dramatic Author should return thanks for the Drama, and an Actor for the Theatrical Profession." And you are right. Not but what you are always right, but in this instance righter than ever.

*Henrico absente*, WILSON BARRETT appears as "the Vice"—a very ancient theatrical character,—with a wand, I believe. And to think that HENRY IRVING can't come back in time! How pleased, though, he will be, how genuinely delighted, when he hears that WILSON BARRETT, our *Claudian*, and our coming *Hamlet*, has been invited to represent *him* at the Banquet of the Gods! No doubt he'll cable a congratulation. And won't the St. James's Managers be in ecstasies! and the Court Theatre partners too! And won't they all publicly express themselves "really pleased that the Theatrical" ("Dramatic" they'll call it) "Profession has been recognised by the Royal Academy." Well, it is nice to think of, and you, my dear AUGUSTUS, as Manager of the National Theatre, entitled to a guard of honour before your door to keep watch over "Her Majesty's Servants," will rejoice,—though at the same time the idea may occur to you, why don't they confer a Knighthood on the Manager of the Royal and National Theatre, give him a court suit and a decoration (lots of 'em in the Theatre's wardrobe), and let him have a place *by right* at the

Academy Banquet? But, as the leading melodramatic villain says, "A time will come!"—and you may yet live to be the first President of the Royal Dramatic Academy, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS! Then will come Sir HENRY IRVING, then Sir WILSON BARRETT, and, of course, as President of the Royal Comedy Corporation, Sir JOHN LAURENCE TOOLE, *Bart.* O paste and rouge! O MAY and CLARKSON! O NATHAN and HARRISON! O AUGUSTE and ALIAS! Here's a glorious future. But suppose it isn't true, and suppose our WILSON BARRETT *hasn't* been asked to return thanks for the Drama (he'll have to return his audience the money for that night if he doesn't play—and it's a Saturday night too) at the Academy Banquet? Well, then—if not—I know what you'll say—"If not, he ought to be."

*Au revoir!* Hope you found that thousand-pound cheque which the papers said you lost at your hotel in Paris. Give my respects to CARL ROSA, who is at your theatre by this time, and tell him how delighted everybody is at his returning to town. Ask him what has become of one of the most promising *Carmens* I ever heard—Miss DE LA RUE? I see he is bringing out a new Opera, music by Mr. STANFORD, and libretto by my accomplished young *confrère*, GILBERT A BECKETT. It is to be called *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. Good. The name A BECKETT is associated with Canterbury and Pilgrims. For myself, when CARL ROSA is not in London to give me music, I am mostly a Canterbury Hall Pilgrim. I anticipate a success; and, at all events, it is not likely that either Mr. STANFORD or Mr. G. A BECKETT will meet with the fate of the latter's distinguished ancestor, though if the librettist does so, he will not be the first Dramatic Author who has done good work and then been murdered. But *absit omen!* my dear AUGUSTUS HARRIS; and, if you will permit me to add, "*Vivent HARRIS et CARL son ami!*"

Yours devotedly,

NIBBS.

P.S.—I see that Triumphant Failure, the Dramatic College,—which was too near the Woking Cemetery to be pleasant for retired Actors who didn't want to be perpetually reminded of re-hearsals,—has been purchased for an Oriental University for visitors and students from the Punjab. It might have been turned into a sort of Theatrical Broadmoor Prison for confirmed "gaggers." However, the chance was lost; the "gaggers" are still at large, and the Punjabbers possess the Dramatic College. *Sic transit!*

### "VAT A LARKS!"

THERE is a great Bird Exhibition going on at Vienna, including "all known birds and their manner of living," and a "Mountain of Birds," made out of innumerable stuffed victims—who would seem to exemplify the "manner of dying," not of living. Here is a hint for South Kensington. Why not a "Grand International Ornithological Show" next year, with a *Sixpenny Grouse and Partridge Dinner*—three courses, not at all high—or any other fowl of the air in season, and in reason? The Game *might* be worth the candle.

Of course, everything remotely connected with birds would come in useful. For instance, there might be a picture of the Gentleman who once shot an arrow into the air, and didn't hit a bird, but hit a tree instead. Why not engage stuffed specimens of the Early-Bird tribe, with an "*Annexe*" for the Early Bird's Early Worms? A "*Chamber of Volucrine Horrors*" would be sure to pay—let it include—

1. Models from Life of Pigeon-Torturers.
2. Ditto, ditto of Pigeon-Shooters.
3. Some East-End Bird-catchers, with apparatus for blinding larks to make them sing.

Then there should be a Section for *Extinct Birds*, the "Dodo," with his cousin the "Don't-on-any-Account," the Cock of the Walk, the Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie, the Nightingale of Shoreditch, the Thrush of Wood Street (WORDSWORTH'S Thrush), the Phoenix, and (in the American Section) the Spread Eagle, &c., &c.

Then let there be—

1. Singing-matches between rival Canaries.
2. Screeching ditto between Cockatoos. (Entrance free on this day.)
3. Specimens of Poetry about Birds.
4. Busts of the Poets who wrote the Poetry.
5. Names and Addresses of the Tradesmen who supplied hats and boots to the Poets.

Specimens of Hats and Boots which the same Tradesmen are ready to supply to anybody, even if they don't write Poetry about Birds, or about anything else.

Pheasants would have a Section to themselves (in the dining-room) where diners could have a Section of the pheasants to themselves;— "not where they eat, but where they are eaten." If supplied *gratis*, or in the sixpenny *menu*, this would be a trump-card for the Committee to play. However, the Committee, or Managers, or Organisers, or whatever they are called, must remember that in this sort of game the "honours" are always "easy"—exceedingly easy.

RAISING THE BANK-RATE.—Expostulation with Riparian Proprietors.





"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS," &c.

*Husband (airily, they had just returned from their Wedding Trip). "IF I'M NOT HOME FROM THE CLUB BY—AH—TEN, LOVE, YOU WON'T WAIT—"*

*Wife (quietly). "No, DEAR"—(but with appalling firmness)—"I'LL COME FOR YOU!!"*  
[He was back at 9'45 sharp!]

### MAD OR NOT MAD?

*Brown (closing his newspaper). Mad as a March hare, evidently!*

*Jones (smiling). Oh, is that your verdict? Based on what evidence?*

*Brown (positively). Why, nobody would do and say such preposterous things who was sane!*

*Jones (coolly). Oh! is that all? Very inconclusive, I'm afraid. Doing and saying preposterous things is no evidence of insanity.*

*Brown. How do you make that out?*

*Jones. Why, look at my friend SMITH! You don't know him? Well, listen and judge. Like Mr. Dick, he cannot get on for five minutes without bringing in by the head and shoulders one particular subject, which is to him as King CHARLES's head was to Betsy Trotwood's demented friend. He'll bring it in *à propos* of a new book, or the MAHDI, or the Ammonia-phone, or the price of meat, or prehistoric man, or the Boat Race, or Belt v. Lawes,*

or anything else from the Egyptian Question to the price of oysters. He could no more keep it out of a paragraph than out of a page or a volume. He has absolutely no sense of proportion in language, nor any feeling for fairness of spirit. He twists everything into sinister relation to his subject with a persistent senselessness worthy of a monomaniac. However innocently he may start, he is bound to end with some incongruous snap, or sneer, or flout or chuckle directed at his ubiquitous *bête noir*. He sees mischief, and meanness, and malice aforethought in everything relating thereto. No poor soul who fancies himself a flying teapot pursued with murderous intent by the Emperor of CHINA, is less capable of taking a fair view of facts or an undistorted estimate of motives. Now, what would you think of my poor friend SMITH?

*Brown (with conviction). That he is a monomaniacal madman.*

*Jones. Quite so. Yet he is not!*

*Brown. What on earth is he then?*

*Jones. A smart Party Journalist!*

### SONG BY A SILENT MEMBER.

AIR—"Love was once a little Boy."

TIME had once not far to fly—

Hear, hear, hear, hear!

Ere we got into Supply—

Hear, &c.

Now that's in a backward state,

Thank abundance of debate,

Not to call it needless prate.

Hear, &c.

When at length Supply we reach—

Hear, &c.

Then there's further waste of speech—

Hear, &c.

So that measures get delayed;

Promised Bills, some left unpaid,

Wanted for the good of Trade.

Hear, &c.

Innocents like those we mourn.

Hear, &c.

Some of them are babes unborn;

Hear, &c.

Those of a vexatious sort;

Others happily cut short;

Bless long-breathed palaver for 't!

Hear, &c.

"Do me no good," cries the Mass,

Hear, &c.

Each, "whatever Bills they pass."

Hear, &c.

"Never mind, so long as we

Are happy, and they leave us free,

What's the odds to you and me?"

Hear, hear, hear, hear!

### SANDWICHCRAFT.

We read in the papers that a series of entertainments to Sandwich Men have recently been given, and that they were greatly delighted with the mental treat afforded by the music of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, and SCHUBERT, and the literature of SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, and DICKENS. If at these gatherings there was a combination of BEETHOVEN and Beefsteaks, MOZART and Mutton-chops, SCHUBERT and Sandwiches, DICKENS and Dutch cheese, TENNYSON and Tea, and SHAKESPEARE and Shrimps, we can imagine the entertainment to be very satisfactory. But we fail to see that SHAKESPEARE would satisfy the cravings of hunger, that TENNYSON would quench thirst, or that MOZART and SCHUBERT would be equivalent to a warm coat and a sound pair of shoes.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: NO. 9: THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE HOUSE.

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday, April 8, 2 A.M.—Division on the Franchise Bill at last. Comes after six days' debate, and everyone agrees that there has been nothing to say. GLADSTONE made another speech. Commenced by complaining no arguments to meet, and went on through hour looking for them. GOSCHEN, who really had something strange to say, took another hour. Conservatives delighted. Their own men been rather praising up the Bill, though judiciously hedged by promising to vote against it. Here was GOSCHEN boldly opposing it, and declaring he would vote against it!

"Capital speech," said GIBSON. "Closely argued, full of sound principle. Only drawback, GOSCHEN's uncertainty as to whether he's accidentally come out without his coat. Nothing can long convince him that it is not only on, but buttoned. Hasn't got through twenty sentences before begins feeling all up the front seams. Contact with buttons convinces him. Then, suddenly, dark suspicion enters his mind. Perhaps his coat ripped up the back! Feels round there. All right. Then begins earnestly washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, as SHAKESPEARE says. That sets him off again. Theory of association of ideas; always got his coat off when he washes his hands; washing his hands now: *Argal*, coat must be off. Without waiting to dry his fingers, he makes a dash up and down the front of his coat. No. All is well. Still on, and yet buttoned. Once more comes horrible thought. Must, after all, be split up the back. Feels himself all over. Reassured. Goes on describing Democracy. Here again association of ideas comes in. Democracy grimy handed; grimy hands must be washed; so has another thorough laundry performance. Doubts about coat, and so on, *da capo*. Still, first-rate speech."

Second Reading of Franchise Bill carried by tremendous majority, 340 for, 210 against. Lord COLERIDGE down to see fun.

"Got any more of those little stories you brought from the States?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Fact is (besides having told 'em all) given up practice. Complaints from friends in America that it's not quite the thing to go into their society and bring away stories of themselves and their doings, their lives and their movements, their dress recorded, their company catalogued, and their most private relations dragged into the light of day. So no more stories from me."

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—Last Sitting before the Easter Recess. Spun out till now. Might just as well have adjourned after Morning Sitting. But Parnellites implacable.

"Haven't had a row for three days," sighs JOSEPH GILLIS, "House of Commons going from bad to worse."

JOEY B. radiant now. Long sitting morning and evening been pretty well a continuous row. First of all there was the Detection of Dodds. That stern inflexible old Gentleman been getting out a circular asking Members to vote for a Railway Bill on double ground that his son is Solicitor for the Bill, and that Dodds *père* is "anxious to defeat Mr. LOWTHER." Difficult to say which inducement the more attractive. House pleased to contemplate the implacable Dodds in position of fond parent; but Truthful JAMES inclined to take serious view of affair. RANDOLPH equally virtuous. WOLFF's spectacles dimmed with indignation. Dodds penitent, but RANDOLPH inflexible, and he only escapes by narrow majority on Division.

HARCOURT brought in Government of London Bill in speech two hours long. Thoroughly enjoyed himself, though pleasure of the afternoon rather palled upon the House. Daddy Dodds, worn out with excitement, domestic and otherwise, of earlier part of sitting, publicly went to sleep behind Treasury Bench.

At Evening Sitting Irish Members in force. HEALY had row with SPEAKER, in which he came off second best.

"You did that capitally, Sir," I said to SPEAKER, shaking hands as we left House. "If you have a fault, you're inclined to go too much into detail in giving your rulings. Never give a reason; never refer to your own feelings or anybody else's. You've got the Rules to go upon. Not your business to justify them. You've done uncommonly well, especially to-night, and you'll do better."

Business done.—House adjourns for Easter Recess. Best stroke of Session.

## POETS TO ORDER.

"*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" Nothing of the kind. We have changed all that in the present practical days. See the following advertisement from the *Daily News*:—

**AMATEUR POETS.**—All desirous of entering the ranks of Professional Writers may hear of an excellent opportunity.—For particulars send plainly-addressed envelope, &c.

There is something distressingly matter-of-fact and business-like in "for particulars send plainly-addressed envelope." Probably this gentleman has a selection of picked Poets and selected reach-me-down rhymesters for his clients to choose from. Possibly we shall hear of Lord TENNYSON taking apprentices, and Mr. BROWNING pupils after this. Sonnet-writing will become as commonplace as stock-jobbing, and we shall be able to engage Poets at a certain wage, just as we should a Cook or a Footman.

THE Evil Genius in a Pantomime going down through a trap-door may be described as "A Sink of Iniquity."

## VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

No. X.—ALDERMAN JUGGINS.

MR. ALDERMAN JUGGINS took his seat on the Bench at the Guildhall Police-Court for the first time. Addressing Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk, Alderman Juggins said:—I feel the responsibility of my responsible position, and no one can think too seriously or too highly of the important duties attending the position of a Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. But while striving to perform my onerous duties, I shall always endeavour to temper mercy with justice.



"Doing it on his Head."

There was an attempt at applause in Court, but it was immediately silenced by Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk.

JOHN CHIPPS, no occupation, was charged with snatching a watch and chain from ERIC SKIMMERS.

MR. SKIMMERS deposed that the Prisoner ran against him, and apologised for doing so. Witness accepted the apology, and immediately missed his watch.

Alderman Juggins (to Witness). Would you like to ask the Prisoner any questions?

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). I beg your pardon, Sir; you mean would the Prisoner like to ask the Witness any question.

Alderman Juggins. No, I don't. I know what I mean well enough. (To Witness.) If you would like to ask the Prisoner a question, now is your time. Only be careful what you ask, as it will be written down, and may be used against you.

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). Excuse me, Sir. This is not the usual course.

Alderman Juggins. Then, pray what is?

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk) privately informed the learned Alderman that when in doubt, if he would consult him (Mr. GUFFIN), he would be properly directed. This was the course adopted by all Aldermen, and even by the LORD MAYOR himself.

Alderman Juggins. If that is the proper course, I can only say it is quite time for a complete revolution in the City. What is the use of an Alderman sitting on the Bench, if the Chief Clerk is to prompt in the sentences? Where is the dignity of the Alderman under such circumstances? Why, the City might as well be represented by Stipendiary Magistrates, and adone with it. No. I am the Magistrate here, and shall perform my duty to the best of my honour and ability.

There was an attempt at applause in Court, which was immediately suppressed by Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk.

Alderman Juggins. As the Witness declines to question the Prisoner, I shall cross-examine him myself.

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). I submit most humbly, Sir, that course is irregular. A Magistrate cannot cross-examine the Prisoner.

Alderman Juggins. I tell you he can. It is done abroad. I was in Paris last Spring, and heard a Magistrate cross-examine a prisoner for four hours, and would have gone on longer only the Prisoner fainted in the dock from sheer exhaustion.

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). Then, Sir, I can only ask you to relieve me from any consequences that may transpire from such a course as you propose to adopt.

Alderman Juggins. Most certainly. (To the Prisoner.) Why did you steal this Gentleman's watch.

The Prisoner. I didn't, Sir.

Alderman Juggins. Yes, you did.

The Prisoner. No, I didn't—

Alderman Juggins. I say you did, Sir.

The Prisoner. And I say I didn't.

Alderman Juggins. The Witness says you did, too.

The Prisoner. Well, I say I didn't; leastways, not intentionally. He was dashing by me—my thumb caught in his watch-chain, then I found his watch in my hand, and the question simply resolved itself into this—should I return the watch at once, or borrow it for a short time. But I hadn't a chance of doing either, for I was given into custody.

Alderman Juggins (to the Witness SKIMMERS). What have you to say to that?

Witness. Simply, yer Honour, that it isn't true.

Alderman Juggins. But he swears it is.

Witness. Pardon me, your Honour, but the Prisoner does not swear it. He isn't on his oath.

Alderman Juggins. Then why isn't he?

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). Prisoners are never sworn, Sir.

Alderman Juggins. What a monstrous iniquity! All this needs reformation. (To Prisoner.) Well, I will give you the benefit of the doubt, and fine you forty shillings or a month.

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). Really, Sir, you can't fine a Prisoner for stealing a watch.

Alderman Juggins. Well, I'm not going to let him off.

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). You misunderstand me, Sir. You must either remand him, sentence him to imprisonment with hard labour, or send him for trial.

Alderman Juggins. Nonsense; it's a waste of time. I shall fine him. He's evidently very sorry.

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). There are more Witnesses, Sir.

Alderman Juggins. We don't want them. I've had quite enough of this case. Call on the next.

BLOUNT CUTLER, described as a Solicitor's Clerk, was charged with assaulting FRANK SELLYER.

MR. SELLYER, who appeared with a black eye, said: He regretted to say that he was the cause of the quarrel, and he wished to withdraw the charge. The Defendant was not the least to blame in the matter; in fact, he had acted with great forbearance.

Alderman Juggins. But he gave you that black eye?

Witness. I brought it on myself.

Alderman Juggins. Nonsense! The case must go on.

Witness. I decline to give evidence. It's not a felony.

Alderman Juggins. Perhaps you'll teach me my duty?

Witness. I would, only I haven't time.

Alderman Juggins. How dare you?

Defendant. I say, wake up! Don't keep me fooling about in this dock all day. You'll have to discharge me.

Alderman Juggins. How dare you indulge in this insolence? What do you know about the Law?

Defendant. A great deal more than you. I am a Solicitor's Clerk, while the whole of your life has been devoted to the manufacture of tin-pots and candlesticks.

Alderman Juggins. I shall commit you for contempt of Court.

Defendant here burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. When he recovered, he said:—You can't commit for contempt in a police-court. I thought every fool knew that.

Witness. You can take a summons out against him for abuse.

Alderman Juggins. Be quiet. You're both a couple of blackguards.

Witness. I shall take a summons out against you, if you're not civil.

Alderman Juggins. I shall consult my colleague, Alderman Sir RIBBON CORDON.

Defendant. He knows no more about the Law than you. Look here, you must discharge me, and, in return, I'll send you my little handbook, entitled *Every Man his Own Magistrate; or, Law in the Back Drawing-Room*.

Witness. Well, I've an appointment in the City, and can't wait any longer. [The Witness left the Court.]

Alderman Juggins (to Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk). How much can I give him?

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk). Nothing, Sir. You must discharge him.

Alderman Juggins (to Prisoner). You're a blackguard, Sir; and not fit to remain in this Court. Be off!

## REPLY FOR RAMSGATE.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—“What's this I hear,”—as *Truth* generally commences a paragraph when it's going to give a starter,—What's this I hear about the health of Ramsgate? Knowing something about it, indeed almost as much as the excellent Vicar, Mr. WHITING (most appropriate name, says MR. JOE MILLER Junior, for a sea-side Clergyman with the cure of soles—eh! just the place for him, &c., &c.) I can confidently indorse the Vicar's assertion, in his letter to the *Times*, April 10th, and declare that the statements as to the present insalubrity of Ramsgate have not the slightest fact to found themselves upon. Being unsupported they must drop.

On a fine morning—and when is it not fine at Ramsgate?—the sea is of a Mediterranean blue, the fishes sparkle in the sun, the dolphins play, the birds in their little nests agree, and the hearts of the landmen go out to the Mermaids on the rocks, and to the merry mariners in the calm and sunlit offing. Light-hearted are the Light-ship-mates, the temperature is better than on the Riviera, and days and nights less treacherous. Then at night—if night it can be called where there are such stars and such constellations, and a Royal Crescent Moon shedding its gentle rays on the gothic towers, gables, and garmoyles—no, gargoyles—of the Welby-Pugin West Cliff—Ramsgate is simply delicious, balmy, beautiful!

Whoever may be the envious or jealous *Other-Seaside-place* person who has dared to fabricate these damaging stories, his attempt to blacken the fair fame of Ramsgate has been whitewashed out by a most decided WHITING. In fact, so enticing is the Vicar's report, that I should not have been surprised had his initials not been T. B. WHITING, but I. N. WHITING, for as our friend “ROBERT” would say, “I never new a more in-witing spot.” However, the Vicar is right—and so am I. And remain, yours sincerely,

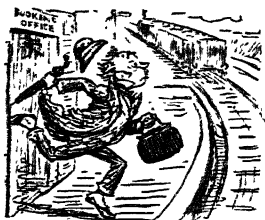
“T” IN THE HARBOUR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

## ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Arrayed by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



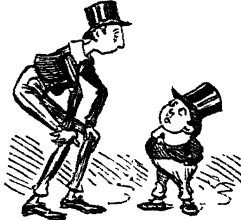
Late 'un.



Mill, eh?



Taddy, Ma!



Long and 'Ow less.



Hook.



Stocks.



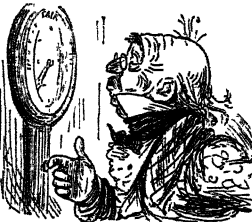
Coo-purr.



Fade.



Cauldron.



What's Pointer Marks? Bar.-low?



Vy Cat-Coal?



Hodge-son.

TO SCOTLAND YARD.—Duly appreciating Police Diligence in Dynamite Detection, the Public would be glad to hear of the discovery of the perpetrators of the Newington, Burton Crescent, and Arthur Street, City, Murders. What's doing?

## Henry James Byron.

BORN, 1834. DIED, APRIL 12, 1884.

WHIM without phrensy, wit without offence,  
On the world's stage are welcome, as on that  
Behind the footlights! Sharp and solid sense  
As ever in the Councillor's ermine sat,  
Combined with what the gayest motley covers,  
Bright mockery, quaint conceit, and word-play wild,  
Mingled in him, most loyal of Stage-lovers,  
Whose spirit, caustic yet unvenomed, mild,  
Bore tartness as the luscious damask rose  
Bears its subacid pungency. Men saw  
In him no parasite of rank; he'd pose  
As no allowed stiff-strutting social daw.  
Weaver of gay word-whimsies, wearer too  
Of the right comic mask but seldom donned,  
His coarse-husked tender cockney tradesman drew  
The Town for years. Not his the reach beyond  
To life's perennial laughter-spring, perchance,  
Tapped by so few; but *Middlewick* may stand  
Against a hundred puppets cribbed from France.  
The ancient comrades who have held his hand,  
And heard his swift-sprung, mad, spontaneous quips,  
Will sorrow to remember that no more  
Their like may roll from HARRY BYRON's lips  
This side the Solemn Shore.

## RETIRING FROM THE RESCUE;

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

No. 1.

(Précis of Correspondence dated March last.)

*British Government to British Hero.*—Danger imminent that the MAHDI overrunning the Soudan in great force will invade the Delta and involve us in serious complications. Hear that you are the man to get us out of the scrape. Will you take full powers and start at once?

*British Hero to British Government.*—Done! I'm off.

No. 2. (LATER.)

*British Government to British Hero.*—*Io Triumphe!* Your promptitude, energy, and really remarkable spirit have been beyond all praise. Managing the whole thing, too, with one camel! Doesn't even touch the Estimates! Capital! The effect, too, you have produced is electric. Almost saved us! Fact! we're nearly out of our hobble.

*British Hero to British Government.*—Glad to hear it.

No. 3. (A LITTLE LATER.)

*British Government to British Hero.*—Safe as anything. GRAHAM has managed it all to a T. Glorious! Everybody satisfied. How are you?

*British Hero to British Government.*—Comfortable—but surrounded!

No. 4. (STILL LATER.)

*British Government to British Hero.*—Glad to hear you are comfortable. We are, *very*. Everything quite swimming! Clear Majority of 130. Sorry, though, to hear you are surrounded, because people will ask such nasty questions about it. Fact is, you never should have gone out. All your own doing, you know. But do tell us if you really mind being left to get back how you can?

*British Hero to British Government.*—"Mind it"?—not in the least! Why should I?

No. 5. (LATEST.)

*British Government to British Hero.*—Just so! Why should you? We knew what you would say? But pray don't mind us. Come home, of course, whenever you like!

*British Hero to British Government.*—Thanks. You're too kind!

No. 6. (SUPPLEMENT—AS YET UNANSWERED.)

*British Government to British Hero.*—Not at all. Don't mention it! (N.B.—For still further particulars wait the march of events.)

SOUDAN THOUGHTS.—The Soudan was some little time ago declared to be "beyond the sphere of British intervention." Somehow it seems to be "within the range of practical politics." Our Own Jobber says that England's financial action in Egypt is simply JOHN "BULLING" and EVELYN "BARING."





### DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONALS.—THE PHYSICIANS.

*The Major (who takes an intelligent interest in Science).* "I SOMETIMES FEEL—A—ALMOST HALF INCLINED TO—ER—SUSPECT THAT POSSIBLY—THE DISEASE YOU MENTION MAY—ER—MAY, UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, NOT BE ABSOLUTELY NON-INFECTIOUS—AT LEAST, I—"

*Sir Rupert Pilkington (M.D., F.R.S., &c.).* "THE SELF-CONFIDENCE OF THESE AMATEURS! EH, SIR MALCOLM? WHY, I'VE GIVEN MY WHOLE LIFE TO THE QUESTION!—AND I PRONOUNCE THAT IT IS NOT INFECTIOUS!"

*Sir Malcolm M'Cure (ditto, ditto).* "WELL! IT'S A MATTER TO WHICH I HAVE DEVOTED MY ENTIRE EXISTENCE—AND I EMPHATICALLY DECLARE IT IS!"

*[The Major gets quite unsettled in his convictions on the subject.]*

### "ROBERT" ON THE BILL!

I RETURNS to my sad tarsk with feelinx more hesely discribed than emaginned, but Ingland expects us all to do our dooty, weather Waiters or Wetterans, and I for one won't disappoint her. Me and BROWN bort a copy of the Fatal Act, for witch Parlymint charged us a shilling and a penny. We both thort as the hextra penny was rayther shabby of Parlymint, but they is rayther a meen lot, sum on 'em is, as we Waiters werry well nose. Me and BROWN then stood a bottel of wine to a frend of ours who's a lawyer's clark, if a Lawyer can be a frend, to git him to egplain to us all about the Bill. We allus gits our wine at holesale prise, and rayther thinks as we nose wot's wot as regards wine. It fact it has crossed our minds more than wunce, that, if this owdaacious Bill passes, we mite turn Wine Merchants. ROBERT, BROWN, & Co. wooden't look so bad over our Seller, and the nat'ral arangement wood be as I shoold taste the Wines and BROWN shoold sell 'em. But this is buy the whey.

Our lawyer frend says as how it's the most egstrawnery Bill as he ever seed! Wot it says in wun place it unsays in another, wot it gives here it takes away there, and amost all the clawses pints to some other clawses that skratiches 'em all out, so to speak. Take for instans the most himportent pint of all, The horsepittalluty of the New Copperashun, witch of course was the fust thing as we looked for. It says as the New Copperashun may, like the Old One, spend their money in entertaining distingwished persons, but whose to deside who is a distingwished person enuff to be so entertained? In course they'll take jolly good care not to draw the line too sewerely, and, if they keeps a sharp look out, they'll never be long at a loss for a distingwished Jest or two.

I think praps I may clame sum credit for this, from a nint I gave Sir WERDANT won day, wen he was a chaffing me over his dinner about his cumming Bill, I ventured to remark as I thort as the aberlition of the Gildhall and Manshun House Bankwets wood raze sitch a feeling of hindignashun among the

New Common Counselmen, as that was the principalest thing as they was all a looking forrard to, that he aoshally sed, "Ah, there's reelly sumthink in wot you says, ROBERT. No one can no better than you," says he, with his nice quiet smile, "how cross and bad temperd a man is wen he loses his dinner. I must think it hover." And so he ewidently did do, and we sees the seekwell.

If there's one Gent as I pities more than another, it's the pore broken-arted Cheerman of the New Counsel Chamber as is to be hopened in Jewly. I allers prosefied as wot wood appen, wen they torked of building a new Counsel Chamber. Wunce you begins to change, sed I, who nose where it's right for to stop, or what will be left? It's like changing a sovereign, how it all seems to melt away, and, as the Poet says, leaves not a rap behind! According to what we learns from our lawyer frend, the 30th of April next year will be won of the sollemest and most affectingest days as the Sun ever shined on—and it don't shine werry often—in all the grand history of the grand old Copperashun! On that fatal day, the Court of Common Counsel will meat for the last time, as it has met for 700 years, and, at the hend of its proseedings, they will diwide thereselves into two onequal parts, the minorretty will stop behind to kindly coach hup the higerant rabble as will henter Gildhall for the first time to take possession of wot don't belong to 'em.

But how about the 200 others, or thereabouts? After about 700 years of public dooty, so well done that even the chaffing Minister can find nothink to say against 'em, they are told their ungrateful fellow Citizens wants 'em no longer, and they must go! Ah! my Lord TENNYSON, if you shoold appen to be present on that sad day, I thinks as I can fancy the thorts as wood flow from your fruteful pen:—

"Scoffers to right on 'em!  
Scoffers to left on 'em!  
Scoffers in front on 'em!  
Out of their native Gildhall  
Walked the Two Hundred!"

The werry next day being Friday the fust of May—Friday! habsent Amen, as BROWN says,—is called in the Bill "the appointed day,"—wot a name!—for making a clean sweep of all wot's past, and beginnin again with a bran new performance. Fraps the fust of April mite a' bin a more appropriate day for apropriatin other people's propperty. I thinks as they calls it codfishcation, but, wunce you begins that little game, my nobel Ministers, he must have the branes of a cod's head and shoulders as thinks as it'll stop at Gildhall. No, No, it's mutch more likely to take a walk westerd, to Bloomsberry, say, my lord Dook, or heven to Fimlico, your Grace!

I don't feel werry much for the Bored of Works, they don't lose much, they ony dined wunce a year, pore fellers, and ewen that the pore Cheerman had to pay for out of his hone Celery. Sir WERDANT will have his joke, ewen in the most sollemest things, so he fixes the election of all future Lord Mares for the 5th of November, Guy Fox Day! wot a charnce for the ribbled jester!

Sum of my old frends takes it werry good naturedly, speshally them as does all the ard work; but sum of the others does go on wunderfool!

It isn't quite settled weather the Park railings is to cum down, but sumthink dredful will be dun before the gallant and jolly old Copperashun strikes them Cullers as they has determind to nail to their mast wen they gits one. The March of the Match Box Makers is not yet forgotten! and shoold the hinsulted Haldermen in full skarlet dress, and the City Left Tennants in full skarlet unyform, march Westward, with all the honners of War, I thinks as I nose who will have caws to trembel in his shoes, as they approaches the Offis, as he calls his Home.

ROBERT.

### New Reading for Primrose-Day.

"A PRIMROSE by a river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him—  
But it was something more!"

And something considerably more Mr. PETER MASHER BELL found it was, when his Florist's bill came in!

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say, "I have heard the Cuckoo every night in the house where I am now staying. It said 'Cuckoo!' twelve times distinctly at midnight."



## NEW NOTION.

LAST Saturday, at the Birmingham Police Court, when the suspected Dynamiters were brought up for further examination, Mr. AVERY, one of the Magistrates, is reported to have asked Mr. FARDALE (appearing for the Crown), "whether, if another remand were granted, he would be able to proceed seriously with the case?" Why "seriously"? Had Mr. FARDALE been treating the matter as a joke up to this time? or is there a comic way as well as a serious way of conducting a Preliminary Inquiry before a Magistrate at Birmingham, and Mr. FARDALE was only being called upon to name which style he meant to choose, and name it beforehand, so that the Magistrates, if he selected the comic method, might come prepared with repartees, puns, and sparkling witticisms? Odd question, not usually put by every—no, we mean, by Avery Magistrate.

## BARTER EXTRAORDINARY.

WE see strange things occasionally in the *Exchange and Mart*, but we never saw anything stranger than the following from the *Daily News*:—

**WANTED.**—Would a Family GIVE a BED to a French Youth in return for FRENCH CONVERSATION, near Bond Street? References exchanged.

We have heard of giving new lamps for old ones, but the exchanging of feather-beds for French phrases, conversation for counterpanes, and Parisian accent for pillows, strikes us as being a decided novelty. Besides, why should the presentation take place "near Bond Street"? Why by a family? We confess to being altogether puzzled.



## AFTER THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Master Randolph. "OH, I SAY, DRUMMY, I'VE HAD SUCH A JOLLY TIME OF IT AT BIRMINGHAM! SUCH LARKS! AND, I SAY, GORSTY, I MENTIONED YOUR NAME TO 'EM, TOO!"

## A COLLOQUY.

SCENE—*The Premier's Study. Enter Mr. BULL.*

*Mr. Bull.* It is always unpleasant for me to have to break in upon the repose, especially the Easter repose, of a—ahem!—a Sick Lion, if I may borrow from our mutual friend, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. I come, Mr. GLADSTONE, to rouse you—not from your bed, but from your lethargy; to bring you, not your shaving implements, but your *hot water*. I am pleased to observe, from that flashing eye, that you are already aroused. Your mane—to carry on the leonine metaphor—stands erect, almost as though NORTHGORE himself were opposite you.

*Mr. Gladstone.* I assure you, Mr. BULL, I am full of energy. My thoughts are preternaturally active at this moment.

*Mr. Bull (heartily).* I am glad to hear it. That is what the country wants. Everybody calls on you to do something.

*Mr. Gladstone.* And I will do something, too.

*Mr. Bull.* Oh, this is glorious! But then I always knew you were sure, even if you were slow. You have come to a definite determination? You have decided to take action at once?

*Mr. Gladstone.* At once. I have come to a grave determination on an important question.

*Mr. Bull.* Then there is an end of my anxiety! It is not too late—I will not believe it is too late—to rescue the heroic GORDON from the—ahem!—*Berberous savages of the Soudan*; to—

*Mr. Gladstone.* GORDON! the Soudan! You misunderstand me. Were you under the impression that it was with reference to the Khartoum difficulty I had come to a decision?

*Mr. Bull (suddenly becoming low-spirited again).* Why, I thought—I certainly was hoping—Did not you say that you had "just come to a grave determination on an important question"?

*Mr. Gladstone.* So I have.

*Mr. Bull (somewhat testily).* Then what is the important question, and what is your grave determination?

*Mr. Gladstone.* Well, you see, the Soudan is not in North Wales—nowhere near it, in fact—and—(brighly)—I've decided to give a peal of bells to the new Church steeple at Paenmaenmawr!

## A GREETING TO EDINBURGH.

[The University of Edinburgh has just celebrated her Tercentenary.]

TERCENTENARY! That's noble! How the thoughts will backward flow  
Of the ardent antiquarian, to three hundred years ago.

Shorter flight our memory takes us. Years have passed, say twenty-three,  
Since we called ourselves a "*Civis*" of that University.

Then would JIMMY GOODSIR lecture—great anatomist, I vow;  
Then gave TURNER demonstrations. Who, I wonder, gives them now?

Oh, those everlasting muscles, with the long names meant to vex us,  
And the nerves that drove us frantic, guessing at the Lumbar plexus.

There was BENNETT, "the blood-funker"; yet 'twas said, when one fine day  
He fell ill, Professor MILLER bled him in the blandest way.

Chemistry by LYON PLAYFAIR, who did wondrous tricks in class;  
SIMPSON with his chloroform came, in two senses full of gas.

Botany saw "WOODY FIBRE" lecture in his curious way,  
BLACKIE— But, why bless me, BLACKIE's gallivanting to this day.

So the shadows pass that ever keep "Auld Reekie's" memory green,  
When the "Pump" had more attractions than the lecture-room, I ween.

Now the South a modest tumbler fills in honour of the North:  
Here's a health, then, to the University upon the Forth.

CONSERVATIVE QUESTION.—Why, on Primrose Day, did we not assemble in our thousands on Primrose Hill?

## NOTES FROM "NIBBS."

*On The Very Flat-Iron-Master, or All's Well that Ends in Smoke; i.e., the new Play at the St. James's.*

LAST Thursday a piece, not quite new, "from the pen," but not the "brain," of Mr. PINERO, was produced "under the Direction of Mr. HARE" at the St. James's, the principal characters being played by Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL.



The Iron-Master; or, The Master of Irony—"chez Philippe."

by her worthy husband,—though it was on the cards that her worthy husband might have been killed by the Stout Party,—which, however, was quite a matter of *pile ou face* to *Claire*. *Claire de Beaupré* in *The Ironmaster* is not quite so bad as this. She is a young lady who, with an almost supernatural fidelity (according to the account of her given by her friend or Married Sister,—which ever it was I couldn't quite make out,—called *Baronne de Préfont*), is devotedly in love with the *Duc de Bligny* (a young gentleman with a pale face and black clothes, something between an undertaker, Mr. BOUICCAULT as a Vampire, and Mr. IRVING as a Corsican Brother in Paris), and swears that, when she loves any man, she loves him for ever and ever, Amen ("methinks the lady doth profess too much"), and then, within a few minutes after this declaration, on hearing from a very theatrically-mannered and unpleasant young person (there are several young persons in this play,—and nearly all titled, which is just as it should be at the St. James's, you know)—a *Mademoiselle Athénais Moulinet*—(O, Mr. PINERO, "under the Direction of Mr. HARE," why didn't you translate the name literally and call her "Miss Athénais Chocolatestick," for that is it, her father being a chocolate manufacturer. What real French humour! But *passons*!)—whom *Claire* has no reason to like or to believe, but very much the contrary,—I say on hearing from this theatrical young person that she herself—this very Miss A. Chocolatestick—is going to marry IRVING Junior or the Vampire Duke, the supernaturally faithful and devoted *Claire* declares that she won't allow it to go forth to the world that she was jilted by the Undertaking Nobleman, that she will not live and die a spinster, but that she will bestow her hand and her fortune on a man she dislikes (for the reason that the historical person, name unknown, disliked Doctor FELL), but who, as an Ironmaster, and beneath her in the social scale, has had the audacity to admire her at a very respectful distance, and, through an agent, to "ask Mamma,"—and for these two offences she is going to punish him, and at the same time show the faithless Vampire-Duke, that, to put it colloquially,—“if he wouldn't have her, somebody else would be only too glad of the chance.”

So the unfortunate Ironmaster has a nice time of it. *Claire* insists on dragging the bridal party, the Ducal Undertaker and all, out at midnight in a bitter North-East wind, to see her married to the Ironmaster in a cold draughty Church, the whole lot, including the gloomy Vampire-Duke, returning all together (like the guests in the *Wedding March*) to the house, to find no supper, nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and only their carriages and cabs ordered to take them away as quickly as possible, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Ironmaster alone, when, for the first time, Mr. Ironmaster finds out that he has caught a Tartar, or rather that a Tartar has caught him; and there is, then and there, on the spot, such a regular row—there's no other word for it—that the sheeplike, confiding Ironmaster, is from that moment a changed man, and, from being a very Flat-Ironmaster, he becomes a very sharp Master of Irony. The row ends by *Claire* being sent to her room, like a naughty young person as she is, while *Philippe Derblay*, the Flat-Ironmaster, beats his forehead, staggers, tumbles against the mantelpiece, and on to an uneasy-chair, where,

presumably, he is going to spend the remainder of the first night of this cheerful Honeymoon. Nice person, *Mrs. Claire*! Oh, very!

Then, to make a long story short—and this might be done with advantage on the St. James's stage, where, "under the Direction of Mr. HARE," some good cuts in the dialogue might yet be made—*Claire*, the ever faithful, perpetually followed about throughout her married life by all the guests who had been asked to the wedding, including a Barong, a General, and the Undertaking Duke,—still forcibly reminding me of the *Wedding March*,—becomes, after a year of it, intensely bored by the monotony of her existence among this set of waxwork figures, and develops a dog-in-the-mangerish kind of jealousy for her husband.

The Undertaking Duke, who gets more and more vampirish and more and more sulky—(and very naturally, on account of his having absolutely nothing to do except to slide about like IRVING, with a sneaking would-be-seducery-manner towards *Claire*, and then scowling in corners and doorways with a melodramatic "but-a-time-will-come-no-matter" sort of expression on his face)—as the play proceeds, is at last forced by *Claire* to challenge her husband, which he is only too glad to do, as up to now his line has been one of iron-masterly inaction,—and then it suddenly occurs to *Claire*, whose impulses are so delightfully mischievous, and whose afterthoughts exhibit such charming *naïveté*, that her husband, to whom she is now as devotedly attached as she was a short time ago to the Duke (which isn't saying much, perhaps),—will run a considerable risk of being shot dead by such a dead shot as the Undertaking Duke,—who would probably make something by providing his victim's funeral, including hat-bands, scarves, gloves, hearse and horses, &c. *Claire* foresees that if her husband is killed, she won't be any better off as a widow—(for the Duke having married Miss Chocolatestick, her chance is gone in that direction) than she was as a spinster,—as it is more than likely that the Ironmaster (who, having shown himself so obstinately determined, may now be called "The Pig-Ironmaster") would leave his money to his sister, who loves him, instead of to his wife, who doesn't,—and so she first of all tries to upset and demoralise the unhappy man, who has been sitting up all night before the duel, and then, failing in her attempt at preventing him from fighting, she runs out after him, catches them up (they had evidently selected a favourite locality in the park-like grounds well known to pic-nickers), and dashes in between the combatants just as they both fire, and both having aimed at a crow have apparently killed a pigeon,—for down falls *Claire* with a shriek, and among a critical audience there is a strong inclination to deliver the verdict of "Serve her right."

The Undertaking Duke, after hearing the Doctor pronounce *Claire* out of danger, walks hurriedly away, evidently dissatisfied, from an undertaking-business point of view, with the morning's work. His occupation is gone. *Exit Duke*.

After posing as a dying woman so as to bring her husband on his knees to her, *Claire* gets up again, as right as the nimble ninepence, the pair embrace, and the Master of Irony is firmly ironed in Hymen's fetters by the crafty *Claire*. For she is crafty; and I am not now perfectly clear that the whole plot wasn't "a put-up job," a regular "plant," artfully arranged between *Claire*, the Undertaking Duke, and Miss Chocolatestick to get the Ironmaster's coin into their possession, and go gambling all together at Monaco. But supposing this not to be the case, and supposing it all genuine, then the piece should have ended not in smoke, as it does now, but very differently, and poetic justice should have been dealt out to those who really deserved



How it Ought to have Ended, or the Real Criminals Punished. (Vide Suggestion in Notes.)

it, and whom I have not mentioned here, as, though they work the machinery of the piece, they are but apparently subordinate parts; and to my mind herein is the consummate Art of this play. There is an old family lawyer, one *Béchehn*, who calls the Duchess "Medarm," and the Ironmaster "Dear Boy," and who would lose all his aristocratic clients were he to display such insolence towards them

as he does to the Duc, and it is this old babbler who is the first to suggest the marriage of the Ironmaster with *Claire* when the latter has lost her fortune; he it is who brings the formal proposal to *Claire's* mother, and he it is who, as the Ironmaster's agent and friend, bids for her hand in this "Clare Market." *Béchélin* is primarily responsible for the match. On the other hand, there is a comic man, a retired Chocolate-maker (same sort of person as Mr. DAVID JAMES played in *Our Boys*—only with none of poor H. J. BYRON's fun in it), who lends the Duc money, and entraps him into a marriage with his daughter, and so detaches him from *Claire*. On his shoulders (for himself and daughter) is the second weight of responsibility. The old Duchesse, *Claire's* mother, is not blameless; but she is a weak old creature, and would be as utterly uninteresting as such a conventional character must be, but for the excellent acting of Mrs. GASTON MURRAY. So the end should have been a quarrel, easily got up by *Claire*, between old *Béchélin* and Mr. Chocolatstick, finishing with a duel, in which they should have killed each other.

Mrs. KENDAL played admirably throughout, but in trying to strengthen what she must have known from the first moment of choosing it was the weak point of the piece, that is, the motive of the heroine's action, she "professes" so much too much, that by her display of loathing for the victimised Ironmaster, and by her expression of utter contempt for the Duke, she misleads the interested spectator, who begins to think that the English Adapter has been compelled to omit the real motive of action which had probably existed in the original. The dialogue, when the newly-married daughter takes leave of her mother in the Second Act, lends itself to this supposition: but the supposition is wrong. The heroine's motive at the St. James's, London, is the same as at the Vaudeville, Paris, and is contemptibly weak.

Mrs. KENDAL's acting is enough to carry the piece. Like one of Mr. GLADSTONE's splendid oratorical efforts, it kindles immediate enthusiasm, but it will not stand the analysis of thoughtful criticism. It is Art, admirable Art, but it is the best Art used for an unworthy purpose, namely, creating sympathy for a character who does not deserve it.

The piece is put on the stage with such a total disregard of expense, that everyone has a brand-new hat, except the Lawyer. Mr. KENDAL carried his very much *en évidence* (*à la Française*), and his right hand was so entirely occupied with it during the First Act, that he had to shake hands with his left. The effect of these hats (six of



Act IV.—Just before the Duel. Coming to Hattention.

'em) in the duel scene, when they all go off at once, before the pistols do, is extremely striking. The audience need not be alarmed. There is no danger,—and on the first night the piece went off as well as did the hats and pistols.

Why Mr. KENDAL, who played the part as well as he will ever play it, should have chosen this for himself, is a puzzle,—except that having risked the weak motive, this chance might be thrown in as well, and the situations be left to do the rest. The St. James's partners are, I think, pretty safe in their speculation with this version of *Le Maître de Forges*. That *The Ironmaster* will be an excellent servant for this Season, and that the theatre-going uncritical public will, under the spell of Mrs. KENDAL's acting, accept *Claire* at Mrs. KENDAL's valuation, is the conscientious opinion of

Your old friend, NIBBS.

P.S.—I haven't heard much lately about the "Elevation of the Drama," but what is just as good, and, speaking popularly, much better than the Elevation of the Drama, is the *Reduction of the prices* for seeing the Drama, which has been commenced at the Empire Theatre, Alhambra, and Her Majesty's. The last-mentioned House, with TOM TAYLOR's first-rate play, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, is, I hear, crowded at their new prices. Shall we return to the five-shilling Stall and four-shilling Dress Circle? Still with "No fees?"

All the theatres seem to be prosperous. Mr. WYNDHAM and his



### GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

"I USED YOUR SOAP TWO YEARS AGO; SINCE THEN I HAVE USED NO OTHER."

Criterion Company could give the Palais Royal Company long odds in any piece now, and beat 'em easily. The Empire Theatre is something to see—but I must defer my note on this till I have recovered from the first effects of its magnificence. The Globe, where a short time ago things began to look rather "dicky," is flourishing, as I hear, with a new *bouffe* Opera called *Dick*. Miss KATE VAUGHAN's *Country Girl* and *Nita's First* at the Novelty for next week. The Novelty Baby is doing very well—growing into a very fine child, I hear. I should have visited the infant long ago had I not seen an advertisement quoting the *Saturday Review's* favourable opinion of the fun of this farcical comedy. A Sabbath-Day Reviewer extolled the merits of the pantomime at Her Majesty's, and—but *absit omen!*

P.P.S.—Mr. BANCROFT's Manifesto about the forthcoming revival of *The Rivals* has just been issued. He announces that he and Mr. PINERO accept the responsibility of being SHERIDAN's joint-editors. They will have incurred a very grave responsibility if they haven't reduced *Julia* and *Faulkland*,—yes, reduced them absolutely to powder, which will be quite in keeping with the period.

Mr. BANCROFT informs the Public that the moment he had determined on this revival he at once told his scenic artists "to go to Bath." Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO (temporarily escaped from being "under the Direction of Mr. HARE") have also been staying there, in order to go through a course of waters and baths; and the Manager has brought back a supply of the real Bath waters, bottled, which have been dealt out to all the Actors and Actresses concerned in the revival, regularly every morning at 10'30, half-an-hour before rehearsal. Gad so! Odds Pump and Tea-rooms, but I wish 'em success.

CHANGING THEIR NOTE.—We English are getting along as Musicians. Two Operas by English Composers have recently achieved marked success abroad. At Hamburg Mr. STANFORD's *Savonarola* is a triumph. The original libretto is, we were rather astonished to hear, by our amiable and accomplished *confrère*, Mr. GILBERT A BECKETT. We say "astonished" because we had no idea he was in Hamburg bringing out Operas when he ought to have been engaged on—but should this meet his eye, we beg to say that if he will return to his work and send us those promised side-splitters, all will be forgiven, and no further allusion shall be made to *Savonarola*. *This en passant*. But the recognition of the merits of English composers by foreigners foreshadows a time when at all the Grand Opera-Houses of Europe it will be the thing for the singers to drop Italian and assume English names; and we shall actually meet with none but English names in the programme of a State Concert at Buckingham Palace! "Prodigious!!"

PROBABLE APPOINTMENT.—MUDDLE PASHA to be Governor-General of Egypt.



### THE STRAIGHT TIP.

"AND SO NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED! WELL, JESSIE, TO THINK OF YOU, WITH YOUR BEAUTY AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS, AND YOUR LOVELY VOICE, BEING OUT OUT BY SUCH AN IGNORANT LITTLE FRIGHT AS THAT MAGGIE QUICKSON! YOU SANG TO HIM, I SUPPOSE!"

"YES, MAMMA, BY THE HOUR! BUT SHE MADE HIM SING, YOU KNOW, AND PLAYED HIS ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR HIM!"

"WHY, CAN HE SING?" "NO, MAMMA; BUT SHE MADE HIM BELIEVE HE COULD!"

### A SERMON IN STONE.

*First Workman.* Humph! The day's gittin' on, Mate!

*Second Workman (drily).* It is! That is more'n we can say of the work.

*First W. (argumentatively).* That's a leetle too absolute, HARTY. Must stick to it!

*Second W.* Oh, I shan't shirk!

*First W.* As you say, Mate, we ain't got much forrader. Tough bit of stuff, and no kid!

And then we've been so interrupted. Ah! things don't go like what they did.

Your Stoneryard's no parrydise now, Mate. The steady long see-saw of old

Is a thing of the past, I'm afraid. Takes us quite half our time to ketch hold

With a fair honest grip on the job. So much grumbling, and chivvying, and rattening;

And, when you've laid out your work, done your squaring and setting and pattering,

There's shines in the Shop, or a lock-out, or somethin' that hinders or blocks.

Them mischievous boys plays old gooseberry, knocks out our wedges and chocks.

Guv'nor ain't got no control of the 'prentices like wot he had. Bless my old bones, I'd have napped *such* a strapping when I was a lad,

If I'd carried on in their fashion! The nippers are top-sawyers now!

What with them and the Irishers, HARTY, there's nothink but dawdling and row.

Then the stones as we git! Reglar rasps, 'most proof agen water and steel.

Though this saw is a good bit of stuff, there's no "bite" such as one ought to feel.

Bin at it since "Bell oh!" and look, Mate, scarce into it, like!

*Second W.* Oh, I see!

*First W.* Well, we've all had our rest and our snack.

*Second W.* Ah! cold eggs, BILL, and wery weak tea.

Easter grub, I suppose, with jaw-sauce!

*First W. (emphatically).* Look you here, Mate, we've had *too* much jaw

Over this blessed job. Let's turn to! Elber-grease and a grip at the saw!

We've got to git through it somehow, spite of shindy, hobstruction, and baulk.

So let us wire in and stow gab!

*Second W.* Right you are, BILL! (*Aside.*) 'Tain't me wants to talk!

### A WHOLESOME CHANGE.

THE following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* offers an opportunity that should by no means be neglected:—

**TO HATTERS.**—WANTED, smart young man, to take charge of small branch. Good window-dresser, and able to half-block. Salary 26s. per week. Live out.—Apply, &c.

Can nobody induce the Honourable Member for Bridport to apply for this situation? Surely he would be more usefully and profitably employed in half-blocking hats at twenty-six shillings a week, than in wholly blocking Bills in the House of Commons, and by so doing bringing a lot of the business of the country to a standstill.

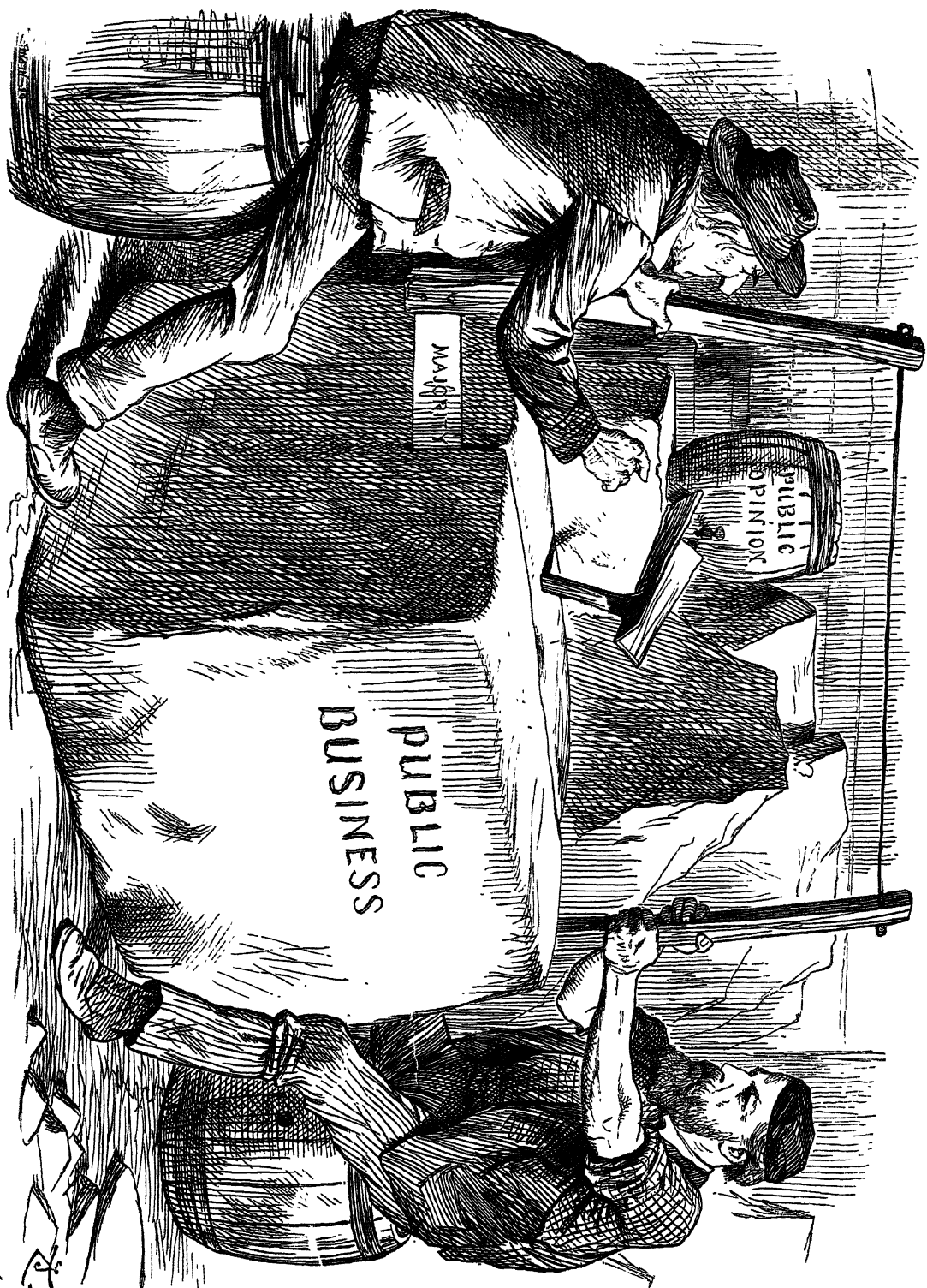
### A Summary.

(*A propos of a Statement in the Memoirs of Bishop Wilberforce*)

THUS wrote to *The Register* Cardinal NEWMAN:

"ALL WILBERFORCE said of me wasn't quite true, man."





## A SERMON IN STONE.

FIRST WORKMAN. "LOOK HERE, MATE; THERE'S BEEN A DEAL TOO MUCH TALK OVER THIS JOB—!"

SECOND WORKMAN. "RIGHT YOU ARE, WILLIAM!"

[They go at it vigorously.]





## OUR ADVERTISERS.

(MUSICAL, &amp;c.)

**TOOTHLESS.** By the Composer of "Out Spoken."

**TOOTHLESS.** "The charm of this song is irresistible."—*Banbury Extractor.*

**TOOTHLESS.** Words by B. FROLLING PRAWLES.

## FIRST VERSE.

When first we met in cradled years,  
How oft I heard your joyous cry!—  
How oft your shriek of smothered tears,—  
Yet never one sweet soft reply!  
I said, "Be thou my baby bride,"  
I gave thee love and life and truth;  
You smiled a smile, but nought replied:—  
You had not cut a single tooth!

Toothless! Toothless!

The past comes back again;

Toothless! Toothless!

Ah! you were toothless then!

## SECOND VERSE.

The fleeting years have sped away,  
And I have summed three score and ten:  
That distant past seems yesterday,  
But ah! I love you now as then!  
Yet as I fain with plaintive lute  
Would round you weave some mumbled spell,

'Ah me! I find its music mute,—

My love to-day I can not tell!

Toothless! Toothless!

I know not why or how;

Toothless! Toothless!

'Tis I am toothless now!

**THE OLD BOOTJACK.**

**THE OLD BOOTJACK.**—WURZEL'S greatest success. Sung nowhere.

**THE OLD BOOTJACK.**—Words by BERYL.

## Refrain:—

Where is it gone, the old Bootjack,—  
The old Bootjack, I have sought in vain?  
It may be tossed to the dustbin's wrack—  
But never flung at my head again!

**HANGING.**

**HANGING.**—New Song by the Composer of "Smothered."

**HANGING.**—Opinions of the Press.—  
"An extremely agreeable song, with really quite a painful refrain."  
"Ought to be popular at every gaol delivery." "Morbid, but lively."

**NEW HUMOROUS SONG.** Ask for CHORNEY JOSMITH'S Latest Success

**THAT BOY'LL BE THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.**

**THAT BOY'LL BE THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.**

## CHORUS TO 37TH VERSE.

For my "Chorus," I can't do without it.  
Yet one serves as well as another:  
So I sing it and trill it and shout it—  
Although you may possibly doubt it—  
That boy'll be the death of his mother.

**DON'T YOU IRON THE BABY.**

**DON'T YOU IRON THE BABY.**  
Messrs. SCROLLOR & Co. have much pleasure in announcing that they have secured all the Continental rights of this extremely popular and humorous song.

**DON'T YOU IRON THE BABY.**  
Post Free Six Stamps. Opinions of the Press "Killing."

**HOWLEM AND CO'S POPULAR SONGS.**

**ONLY A CAULIFLOWER.**

**ONLY A CAULIFLOWER,** by TURNER GRIBBINGS.—"Once heard, not easily forgotten."—*Musical Pitchfork.*

**ONLY A CAULIFLOWER,** sung by MR. HAYRICK daily and nightly with immense success, at all the Covent Garden Market Promenade Concerts.

**THE PHANTOM FOOL.** New Song.

**THE PHANTOM FOOL.** By the Composer of "Jack's Deadlights."

**THE PHANTOM FOOL.** Published in Fifteen Skeleton Keys.

**PRETTY LITTLE MASTODON.**

**PRETTY LITTLE MASTODON,** sung with tremendous success by J. R. WACY, E. KOLMES, TURNER VALES, J. WATCHEE, BENTHAM YOUNG, W. A. BELLAR, and Three Hundred other Tenors, Basses, Baritones, and Altos at every Concert in the Kingdom.

**PRETTY LITTLE MASTODON.**

150,000 copies sold hourly.

150,000 copies sold hourly.

150,000 copies sold hourly.

**PRETTY LITTLE MASTODON.**

Words by F. CAXTON WHOPPINGHAM.

Pretty Little Mastodon!

Nothing, nothing more—

Standing at my cottage door!

With its blinking three-foot eye,

Looking, pretty lumbering thing,

Half inclined to play and spring—

Ah, me! and yet so shy.

Shall I bid it roll away?—

No, no—not I!

So I'll sing to it and say—

In, thou pretty Mastodon,

In, and bring my cottage down,

Crack the timbers, I'll not frown,

No, no—not I!

In, then! Through the kitchen floor

Crash! my pretty Mastodon,

Crash—and stay for evermore!

**PRETTY LITTLE MASTODON.** Order at once. Published at 4s. Two dozen copies post-free on receipt of three Stamps.

**SIX NEW SONGS BY CARLO POL-LOY.** Words by BELLINDA.

**THE PLUNGE-BATH.**

OH! ASK ME NOT TO DINE AGAIN!

**THE VESTRYMAN.**

**SOMEBODY'S NOSE.**

**I'LL TELL THEE ALL TO-MORROW**

**WEEK.**

**NEVER TO DRY!**

**MY SECOND COUSIN ONCE REMOVED.**

**MY SECOND COUSIN ONCE REMOVED.**—"A very beautiful inspiration, with a sweet family refrain."

"Worthy of the Composer of 'Great Grand Aunt,' 'Nunks,' 'Wife's Mother,' 'Only a Nephew by Marriage,' &c., &c."

**MY SECOND COUSIN ONCE REMOVED.**

My Second Cousin once removed!

I said when first I met her,

What time has, ah! so truly proved,

"The more removed—the better!"

**BACKWARDS.**

**BACKWARDS.**—"This delightful Melody has all the unsuspected *verve* and startling freshness of the clever Composer's equally unpopular "Head-forwards."

**BACKWARDS.** Words by the Hon. Lady H—.

How much before us spread we see—

How little oft behind!

We stretch our arms in hopeful glee

To futures bright and kind!

We turn to one sweet face we know,

And, smiling, unawares

Make one false step—then backwards go

Right down the kitchen stairs!

**SONG OF THE SEASON.** By the Composer of "The Steward's Yarn"—

**TAKE ME DOWN BELOW, MY BOYS.**

When it looks as if 'twould blow, my boys,

With a yeo! yeo ho! yeo ho!

Just take me down below, my boys,

Yeo ho! my boys, yeo ho!

**TAKE ME DOWN BELOW, MY BOYS.**

"Sure to be popular abaft the funnel."—*Freshwater Mercury.*

**FULHAM ROAD.**

**FULHAM ROAD.**—New and fashionable Song, written and composed by the Author of "Hackney Wick."

**FULHAM ROAD.**

"Sparkling."—*Kentish Lyre.*

**FULHAM ROAD.**

There is beyond the sunlit hills  
A land of jewels shining bright,  
Where silver streams and golden rills  
Flow nearly all the day and night:  
Where weary pilgrims find a chair,  
And Sorrow slips her toilsome load!  
Yet ah! I would not meet you there—  
Ah, no! but in the Fulham Road!

**FULHAM ROAD.**—Post-free for Two-pence.

**FLATTENED.**

**LUIGI SMITH'S LATEST SUCCESSFUL SONG**

**FLATTENED.** Words by PINKER WORTHING DOBBS.

**FLATTENED.**—"The beautiful but practical pathos of this really original Song should render it popular at every crush throughout the coming season."—*The Looker-On.*

Also the following by the same Composer:—

**THAT ONION YEARS AGO!**

**LEASTWAYS.**

**THE DYING DUSTMAN.**

**SWEEPSTAKES.**

**THE SAUCEPAN'S SONG.**

**ALAS! I CANNOT PUT IT DOWN.**

**NEW SONG BY THE COMPOSER** of "Cabby."

**HOWSUMEVER.**

**HOWSUMEVER.**—"Deep, moving, and mysterious." Order at once.

**HOWSUMEVER.**—"Rises to the dignity of poetry."—*Wapping Times.*

## NEO-SCIENTIFIC NURSERY RHYMES.

(Adapted to the era of School Boards and Juvenile Cram.)

## I.

Hex-diddle diddle,  
The earth is a riddle,  
Man sprang from the primal baboon;  
The only good work  
Is with knife and with fork,  
And the man who does more is a spoon!

## II.

Sing a Song of Sickness!  
A phiz that's all awry!  
Four-and-twenty black bards  
Making po-e-try!  
When their books are opened,  
You find they sing of sin.  
Isn't that a dainty dish  
To fetch the public tin?

## III.

I'll tell you a Story  
Erotic and gory,  
And now my Fiction's begun.  
I'll tell you another  
That's just like the other,  
And now my Fiction's done!

## MON CHER MASHER.

OH No! the Mashers are by no means played out. Someone has written them a song which is to be called the Mashional Anthem. Somebody else has written an "emashional drama," in which some leading lights of Masherdome are shortly to appear.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 178.



THE SIR JAMES M'GAREL HEDGE-HOGG WORRIED BY THE VERNON-HARCOURT TERRIER.

## WHAT IS HE?

It would appear there are as many grades and departments in what is called Literature as there are in what is called the Stage. One would very much like to know what rank the following advertiser in the *Daily News* is likely to take:—

**LITERARY.**—Facetious topical gossipist has spare time. Anything from topical pars to puerile personalities on compressed terms. Smart London letter.

One would very much like to know what is a "facetious topical gossipist." If he habitually indulges in "puerile personalities," we can scarcely wonder that he has spare time, and that his terms are compressed.

## GREAT MEN AND GAPS.

WITH reference to the Gambetta Statue unveiled the other day at Cahors, a contemporary quotes a remark ascribed to M. JULES FERRY, that "GAMBETTA left a void that nobody could fill." So did DANIEL LAMBERT. But in France they have a Deputy for Gap,—perhaps two or three, and there certainly is a Bishop of Gap,—who might be requested to step in.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us that some good sound Murillo cherries in brandy, form one of the pleasantest preserves you could wish to taste.

## GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

(Being Maxims and Extracts from Lord Jesterfield's Letters.)\*

## No I.

**On Conversation.**—The basis of all conversation is Flat Contradiction. The flatter and the stronger the contradiction, the more certain and secure is the basis on which the structure of Conversation is to rise.

Where there is no contradiction, "nothing more need be said," and consequently there and then is an end of all conversation.

The word conversation in itself expresses and implies an assertion of a fact and a denial. It is compounded of two Latin words, "*verso*" to turn, and "*con*" together, and means, therefore, two people turning together, or having "a turn at one another," or a "set-to." Were everybody to agree with everybody else, it is evident that there would be no matter for discussion, and, therefore, no real conversation.

Persons in love, who are, for the time being, in perfect agreement with each other, never converse. They can't. It is from this

\* The subject and title of these papers bear some resemblance to Messrs. GRIFFITH and FARRAN's natty little republication of the selections from "Lord CHESTERFIELD'S Letters to his Son," entitled *Manners and Speech*, but a careful comparison will establish the dissimilarity. We do not quite gather from the information given us by our learned and most trustworthy Compiler if Lord JESTERFIELD is still living, nor do we remember having met with the title in the Peerage. These, however, are mere details in no way affecting the merit of the selections which we now, for the first time, have the satisfaction of placing before the Public.

universally-observed fact that in every language may be found the significant proverb, "Silence speaks consent," i.e., where all agree there is, as we have said, no conversation.

*A knowledge of Human Nature is absolutely necessary for the cultivation of good manners, and for getting oneself generally liked in all sorts and varieties of Society.*—This is an extensive subject, but its study will well repay the most attentive perusal:—

**Rules and Advice.**—In whatever society you may be, a moderate share of penetration will enable you to find out everybody's weak points. You may not hit upon them all at once, but make your own private list, and then try them all round. Enter any room as though you were a general practitioner called in to pronounce on everybody's ailments. You do not want to see their tongues, but only hear how they use them. You can feel the pulse of each one discreetly.

*How to make yourself Agreeable with a Nouveau Riche.*—Be playfully familiar. Lower yourself to his level; so as not to appear proud of your superior birth and training. Ascertain how he made his money, what was his origin; and, if unable to discover what he sprang from, you can make a safe guess in supposing him to have been a scavenger, a dustman, or as boy engaged in sweeping out an office (many illustrious men who have discharged the highest offices, may have themselves been discharged from the lowest offices for not having kept them clean and tidy), and on this supposition you can at once address him, and proceed to compare his former state of abject poverty with his present apparently inexhaustible wealth, a subject that must afford him the greatest possible pleasure, especially in a mixed company. You will take care to recur to this topic at every possible opportunity—nay, you will exhibit your tact by inventing such opportunities; as, for instance, when seated at one end of the table, and the *millionnaire* at the other, you will wait for a pause in the conversation to call out loudly, "Sir THOMAS!" Should he



"ROUND THE STUDIOS" (OUTSIDE).—SENDING-IN DAY.

*Chorus of Juvenile Critics. "OLLER BOYS! 'ERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"*

be so ill-bred as not to answer to his name on the first time of asking, you will do well to repeat the summons in such a tone as will command immediate attention. Then, when he returns, with excessive pomposity, "Eh? I—er—beg your pardon, Sir—I think you spoke to me,"—you, having, of course, the entire company with you, will nod to him affably, and reply, "Yes; I did. I was going to ask you a question." To which he will bow gracefully, and lend a more or less willing ear. Having thus secured him, you will say, "I was only going to ask you, Sir THOMAS, if you didn't start in life as a secondhand bird and dog fancier's errand-boy in the Seven Dials, that's all?"

You needn't wait for his answer, as, presuming you are well up in your subject, you can go on pleasantly, and with an air of tender interest to ask him, "Do you ever see Old BILL BLOKER the rag-and-bone man, who was just round the corner by your shop?" And then you can express your curiosity as to what became of Old BILL's pretty daughter, "on whom"—here you can throw a wink at the company—"you were rather sweet, Sir THOMAS, in those days,—boy-like, for she was seventeen, at least, and you couldn't have been more than twelve."

This is only a single illustration of the rule, which you can develop to its utmost extent in ordinary everyday practice. You will get yourself immensely liked, and universally respected, and no dinner-party or social gathering of any kind will be considered perfect without your presence. Human nature is the same everywhere, and you must *adapt yourself to your company*, not by a servile imitation of their style, which in them is possibly an affectation, but by *judiciously introducing whatever element is the most opposite to their habits and demeanour*.

**CONVERSATIONAL CONTRASTS.**—If you find yourself in a society where everyone is lively, you must introduce the element of severe gravity. Has Nature made everything green or sky-blue? No. Nature abhors a monotone, and, therefore, you will be but acting on a natural principle, which the artificiality of Society has obscured, when you introduce, as I have said, the element of severe melancholy gravity into a lively and merry party.

**Rule.**—Be rollicking with the dismal, sprightly with the dull, wild with the sedate, uproarious with the quiet, inharmonious with

the musical, seriously scientific with the frivolous, slow with the fast, fast among the slow, an Agnostic with Theists, a Theist with Agnostics, stupid with the talented, and talented with the stupid.

**Example No. 1.**—Suppose yourself at a lively party of wits, or wags, where each man has his good story to tell, his joke to make, and his quip to utter, and where all are ready to laugh on the slightest provocation. *It will be for you to adjust the balance.* Do not hesitate as to the course you are called upon, in the true interests of Society, to pursue. Take your place at the table, and when the first jest has set the table in a roar, do you preserve a decorous silence. Then, when the laughter is finished, request to know what had so greatly amused the company. The jest is sure to be imperfectly repeated by the host, who will be at once corrected by one of the guests, who, in his turn, will be corrected by the perpetrator of the jest himself, and by the time it has been accurately repeated to you, you will have had the satisfaction of observing that the original concocter of the joke is disgusted at the evident inability of those who had pretended so much enjoyment from it to repeat it correctly, or even a part of it. On its repetition to you, *no one will have laughed a second time*, which in itself is sufficient proof that it was not worthy of their approval on its first utterance. You will not move a muscle, but will simply and sadly bow your head, with such an air of sad resignation as would characterise your manner had you received the confirmation of some melancholy news for which you were not entirely unprepared.

Thus, you will have judiciously introduced the element of seriousness into a party where the evening would have been frittered away in thoughtless, careless witticisms, and in the telling of useless tales, and would have lasted, but for your well-timed action, until the small hours of the morning. In view of this possibility, *take the greatest care to be the last to leave*, having, on your arrival, bestowed your hat and coat in some safe place where you can find them, but where nobody else can.

[This interesting subject, with rules, exceptions, and examples, will be resumed next week, and continued until further notice.]

**VOTE STRAIGHT.**—Yes; but be always careful to take a right aim.

## THE TOWN.

I.—CHEAPSIDE.

I SING the Town! Furl, Muse, your plummy wing!  
'Tis not our present task to soar or flutter;



Our ways are not by the  
Pierian Spring,  
But muddy pavement and  
malodorous gutter.  
Not sylvan shades, but  
urban slums I sing;  
Shoptom's cold shibboleth  
your lips must utter  
If you'd attend your er-  
rant votary, Madam,  
Into the realms of Mam-  
mon and Macadam!

Nature is no road-maker.  
Her large plan  
Gives ocean wastes and  
wooded wildernesses,  
The rest she leaves to the  
path-finder, Man,  
Who in that way has com-  
passed some successes.  
Bumble-ruled BULL, the  
new Boeotian,  
However, here as else-  
where, makes sad messes,  
And Summer's morn or  
Winter's dreary dusk in  
A London Street's un-  
lovely! — ask JOHN  
RUSKIN!

And yet what panorama of blue hills,  
What shadow-flecked perspective of green forest,  
Soul's inner sympathies so strongly thrills  
As does that strait-walled world of woes the sorest  
And joys the wildest, that mad war of wills!  
And wits our City shows? Oh, Bard, who porest  
O'er little lyrics of the rose and lily,  
What make you of Cheapside or Piccadilly?

Cheapside! The Cit's true earthly Paradise,  
The dreamer's chill Inferno! Here converge  
An unseen world's tumultuous energies;  
To trace the forces clashing here, which urge  
The human horde of atoms, draw all eyes,  
And bend all brains, which madly seem to merge  
In aimless hustling, were a task immenser  
Than ever set to BUCKLE, MILL, or SPENCER.

Here is a quiet entry, placed aside  
Some twenty steps from the eternal jostle  
Of Trade's tremendous and continual tide.  
'Tis hushed; the piping of a prisoned throstle  
Is actually heard. With quiet glide,  
And face as grave as that of an apostle,  
A little man, close-shaved, tight-buttoned, snuffy,  
Plods up a spiral stairway dim and stuffy.

He holds—no sceptre, not a sword. Oh no!  
But swords and sceptres move at Mammon's nodding;  
His gait is shambling, and his pace is slow,  
A City clerk he seems, ill-paid, pale, plodding,  
But should he those close-clutched blue papers show,  
Empires might feel much troublesome foreboding.  
Few know to what extent the Great World dances  
To tunes set by the fiddlers of finances!

A little bundle of ink-scribbled paper,  
And yet who grasps them is the modern Legion;  
Of a land's destiny may be the shaper,  
Bless a whole race, or blast a fertile region;  
A force not weighed by *Tadpole* or by *Taper*,  
But one the world may some day lay such siege on  
As—*Juan* did upon the hearts of ladies,  
And saints fain would on the strongholds of Hades.

BELASCO BROWN is smooth and plump of limb,  
No Cit who ever trod the flags of 'Change  
Has whiskers more punctiliously trim;  
Boreas at fullest blast could scarce derange  
His natty locks. And yet the ogre grim,  
Or many-pistalled pirate of the strange  
Quaint sheets of youth-loved SKELT, with fierce black frown,  
Hath gentler bowels than BELASCO BROWN.

A Merchant Prince! So thrift-adoring SMILES  
Might grandly dub him. Worshipful is Thrift!  
Sublime Self-help! A man of many wiles,  
And amply dowered with the Midas gift,  
Self-made and self-assertive. Golden piles  
Reward his thirty years of toil and shift,  
Toil—in extracting gain from others' slavery;  
Thrift—which, when unsuccessful, men call knavery.

BELASCO came to town a smooth-faced boy,—  
Some fancy cunning only hides in wrinkles,—  
Men were his tools, and principles his toy;  
His voice, which fatly purrs or gaily tinkles  
At will, was ever Subtlety's decoy;  
That hazel eye, which cynically twinkles  
Above a bargain, then could smile as simply  
As good Sir JOSHUA's cherubs plump and dimply.

Ten years of craft built up a showy trade,  
Sold for a fortune to a moneyed noodle,  
A slip of rank on whom BELASCO played  
As plays a showman on a dancing poodle;  
And then BELASCO, free and unafraid,  
With a well-chosen partner, one FITZBOODLE,  
A subtle Stock-jobber, all gems and chaff,  
Became full votary of the Golden Calf.

A cult mysterious save to the initiate  
As that of Moloch's self, and thrice as cruel.  
That idol of good Christians to propitiate,  
How many hearts and fortunes serve as fuel!  
Honesty? Faith? Compassion? These might vitiate  
BELASCO's chances in the desperate duel;  
"They're luxuries," chuckled he. "I can't afford them."  
And most consistently the man ignored them.

BELASCO sits at banquets, honoured much  
By Statesmen and Toastmasters; he'll preside  
At thunder-throated meetings, and can touch  
Hot thousands to acclaim. His nets spread wide,  
His baits are many. An incarnate *clutch*  
Is the man's soul, as ruthlessly applied  
In gathering prey to satiate want or wish,  
As the dread arms of Hugo's Devil-fish.

Only the human octopus full fed  
On widow's flesh, on poor men's blood and bones,  
On Bourse-bred wars with their unnumbered dead,  
And the tax-tortured slaves' unheeded groans,  
Is canonised by Cant! The world's a nose-led  
By the sly tyrants of Shares, Stocks, and Loans,  
More than by old Plantagenet or Tudor,  
And will be—till the populace grows shrewder!

## SUGGESTIONS FOR ALTERATIONS IN THE LUNACY LAWS.

(To the Editor, from an Expert evidently.)

SIR,—No Doctors ought to be allowed to give an opinion in questions of sanity. They're not in it, at least they oughtn't to be. The simplest plan is this:—If A and B say that C is a lunatic, let D and E be called in to see if A and B are sane. If D and E cannot agree—which is a rhyme—call in a jury of specialists from F up to S, selected from the establishments of Bethlehem, St. Luke's, and so forth. If I want to know whether my coat fits, I call in a tailor. Judge JEFFERIES and JULIUS CÆSAR always did. Who's the best judge of paints? A painter. Who's the best judge of Lunacy? A Lunatic. There you are. A jury of Lunatics should be called in to decide whether So-and-So is insane or not. That's My idea; patented: so let's have no more of this, but send me to the seaside to obtain the benefit of the doubt. Tell the Marines to forward an order for my extradition under the Pneumatic Negotiations Act (Cap. I, Vic. iii., and long may she reign!), and, when I come out, I shall be delighted to give any further information compatible with my position and dignity. When I was young I lost a lot of valuable time, and I am now trying to get it back again by buying up old watches. Do you know any old watchmen? This is strictly *entre nous*. But, my goodness, that was a bad case, the other day, when the late lamented JULIUS CÆSAR and Judge JEFFERIES—but 'scuse me—hush!—'tis OLIVER CROMWELL!! If he finds me with my candle alight under the bedclothes where I am now writing, off goes my head, and I can't do without it, because I've just bought a beautiful new hat,—so—no more. P.S. I send this by the Early Bird. If I were out of this I'd call on you myself and explain. Tremble Tyrant!

Yours affectionately,

ALLAS NINEY IN THE SHADE AND MORE  
WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

Cohewell Hatchney College.



## NEW MUNICIPALITY OF LONDON.

GUILDHALL, MAY 1ST, 1885.

THE first meeting of the Common Council of London was held as above, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair.

There was a very full attendance of Common Councillors, and much excitement was exhibited in critically examining the beautiful new Council Chamber that their predecessors, the Common Councillors of the old and distinguished, but now extinguished, City of London, had so liberally provided for them. In fact the noise and hubbub were so great, and the LORD MAYOR was so puzzled and dazed at his unaccustomed position, that nearly an hour elapsed before business could be proceeded with.

The LORD MAYOR addressed the Court very briefly, and was so painfully nervous that scarcely a word he said could be understood. His Lordship then called upon the Town Clerk to state the order of their proceedings.

The Town Clerk replied that as some considerable doubt existed as to whether all appointments made by the Provisional Council would not require confirmation, and as the number appointed was nearly three thousand, it had better be referred to the Law and Parliamentary Committee to take Counsel's opinion and report. Referred accordingly, with orders to report forthwith, as no municipal work could be proceeded with till that point was decided.

It was announced that there were no less than thirty-six deputations from District Councils with petitions humbly praying to be allowed to elect their own officers and go on as usual. Their numbers filled Guildhall Yard, and as the rain was pouring in torrents, they were after long debate allowed to take refuge in Guildhall. Several Councillors objected to these prayers being granted as they all had several friends candidates for the various offices. Referred to Districts Committee.

The City Architect reported that there were no less than twenty-eight applications for leases for most important properties, requiring instant attention. Referred to Leases Committee. The Chamberlain said that £562,000 of City Bonds would fall due in a month, and would require great care and attention as regards renewal. Referred to Finance Committee. He also said the late Metropolitan Board of Works had informed him that a fresh loan of about Three Millions would be required to carry out certain improvements sanctioned by Parliament. Referred to Committee. Mr. SMITH wished to know how their finances stood. The Chamberlain replied that they had liberally taken over a debt of about Twenty Millions owing by the late Metropolitan Board of Works, and a debt of about Six Millions owing by the late Corporation, making a nice little total of about Twenty-six Millions of debt with which to begin business. (*A laugh from an old Common Councillor.*) Mr. SMITH said he didn't see anything to grin at.

Mr. MUDD (Shoreditch) said it certainly wasn't a sum to be sneezed at. ("Hear!") The Chamberlain asked instructions about making the necessary "City Rate."

Mr. JONES (Bethnal Green) said he thought there must be some mistake somewhere. He and his friends had understood that the money of the late wealthy Corporation would pay nearly all their necessary expenditure, and that merely a small rate would be necessary, as the twenty-first clause of the Bill said, if the City funds were insufficient for the purpose. It was only with the view of getting hold of the fabulous wealth of the old Corporation, and so largely reducing their crushing rates, that they had worked so hard to get this Bill. ("Hear, hear!")

The Chamberlain said he was afraid that they would find the old Corporation's enormous wealth fabulous indeed, for they had for years spent more than their income, and the whole property transferred to the new Corporation would not reduce their rates more than a penny in the pound, while he much feared, from what he had learned of their probable expenditure, those same rates would be increased at least fifty per cent. ("Oh, oh!" and groans.)

Mr. ROBINSON (Bermondsey) said as he thought there must have been a lot of lying somewhere, and if so, he for one hoped as them as had done it, would get their hides well tanned. (*A laugh.*) Referred to Committee.

Mr. GORMOND (Whitechapel) wanted to know when they were going to have their first grand banquet, and how many tickets they would have for themselves. ("Hear!") He had read in a very big book written by a Member of Parliament, so it must be true (*a laugh*) that the market price for them was about ten guineas a piece. (*Cheers.*) So about four or five would just about suit his book.

The Solicitor reminded the hon. Member (*a laugh*) that Banquets could now only be given to "distinguished persons." ("Oh, oh!")

Mr. MUDD said he thought as they had been all distinguished by being elected by such a jolly lot of electors; they was quite distinguished enough for a beggarly dinner. ("Hear!")

Mr. J. DIDDLEY (Shoreditch) wished to know what payments would be made to Members of Committees as was done in the old Corporation.

The Town Clerk said that no members of Committees were paid for attendances in the old Corporation.

Mr. ROBINSON: What, more lying? ("Hear!")

The whole question of the future sanitary arrangements of the Metropolis was referred to the Sanitary Committee. The question of the housing of the half million poor of London was referred to the Building Committee. The question of the whole water-supply of London was referred to the Water Committee. The question of the future lighting of the whole Metropolis was referred to the Lighting Committee. During the whole proceedings the noise and confusion was something incredible. About twenty other important matters was referred to various Committees, and then, amid shouts of "Adjourn!" the LORD MAYOR asked till when?

The Town Clerk said he feared they would have to sit *de die in diem* for the next three months at least. ("Oh, oh!")

Mr. MUDD protested against any of their Officers presuming to address them in the French language. Let him explain what he meant in decent English.

The Town Clerk explained, with great humility, that the matters they had already referred to various Committees, would, he should think, require the daily attendance for months to come of every member; and as each would be on four Committees, he thought they would have to sit daily from ten till six. (*Groans.*) And then, so far as we could make out in the noise that prevailed, the Court adjourned till to-morrow.

## HYDE PARK CORNERED.

THE following Minute-paper upon which was based the Report of the Committee appointed by an Illustrious Personage to consider the decoration of the New Place at Hyde Park Corner, and decide upon the fate of the Equestrian Statue of the Great Duke of WELLINGTON, is now published for the first time.

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES begs to say that having started a very popular movement, he thinks something ought to be done at once. Statue ought to be removed. Why not to Aldershot?

Colonel ELLIS's opinion. "By all means, Aldershot."

The Duke of WELLINGTON's opinion. "Aldershot or Seringapatam. At all events, out of sight of Apsley House."

The Earl of NORTHBROOK entirely agrees with His Royal Highness's proposal that the Statue should be expelled from London.

Viscount HARDINGE is for Aldershot,—and so he hopes is the Statue. Would be willing to submit a design of his own drawing for a "suitable pedestal."

Lord DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY quite approves of Aldershot. The Statue might otherwise have been placed in the Park. It might have been burnished with gold-leaf, and polished up. It would have looked (as everything *should* look) nice in the Park.

Baron DE ROTHSCHILD thinks Aldershot quite the best possible site outside this best of all possible Metropolises.

Sir R. WALLACE, M.P., suggests that it might be turned somehow into a drinking-fountain.

Sir T. BRASSEY, while respectfully bowing to the Prince's better judgment, asks if nothing could be done with it as a figure-head to an iron-clad?

Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A., cannot sufficiently approve of the Prince's admirable feeling for all that is best in Nature and Art. Aldershot is as lovely as a Greek child playing in the ambrosial streams of a never-ending summer. Certainly Aldershot, by all means.

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's opinion. "Yes, Aldershot,—and get rid of it."

Mr. A. B. MITFORD considers Aldershot capital. First, however, the Statue might figure in a Fancy Bazaar; and couldn't it be made to move a bit, with music underneath,—some air from OFFENBACH—might have a variety of 'em to turn on as Duke moves his arm and horse moves head and tail:—this (with submission to H.R.H.) would be at all events even more of a change of air for the Statue than Aldershot.

"A VERY SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR."—An admirable dish of "BACON" has been served up by Dean CHURCH of St. Paul's in MACMILLAN'S More-and-Morley Series of *English Men of Letters*. The first line of the monograph is its own summary, "The Life of FRANCIS BACON is one which it is a pain to write or to read." FRANCIS BACON was an arch-dissembler, and a miracle of self-deception. As CANNIE JAMES said, "There were many sides of Bacon, and when his flattery was more fulsome than usual, it was only a fine specimen of the 'Gammon of BACON.'" Those who trusted him he deceived. To quote BEN JONSON's witty observation, "BACON is FRANCIS, but not frank," to which, as it will be remembered, SHAKESPEARE at once replied, "True, BEN; and to see him with his friends, by my halldom, 'tis to be looking at 'BACON and Greens.'" Dean CHURCH has omitted these anecdotes, with which, we are firmly convinced, none of the former biographers of BACON were acquainted.



## PERIL!

*Gruff Voice (behind her—she thought she heard her own Name).* "SHE'S A GETTIN' OLD, BILL, AND SHE SARTAIN'Y AIN'T NO BEAUTY! BUT YOU AND I'LL SMARTEN HER UP! GIVE HER A GOOD TARRIN' UP TO THE WAIST, AND A STREAK O' PAINT, AND THEY 'ONT KNOW HER AGAIN WHEN THE FOLKS COME DOWN A' WHITSUN'. COME ALONG, AND LET'S KETCH 'OLD OF HER, AND SHOVE HER INTO THE WATER FUST OF ALL!"

*Miss Isabella.* "OH! THE HORRID WRETCHES! NO POLICEMAN IN SIGHT! NOTHING FOR IT BUT FLIGHT!" [*Is off like a Bird!*]

## THE WAY OUT OF IT.

In the face, on the one hand, of the enigmatic silence of Mr. GLADSTONE in the Commons, and on the other of the mysterious reticence of Earl GRANVILLE in the Lords, there are, naturally enough, many sinister rumours rife as to the nature of the, as yet secret, but significantly foreshadowed means to which the Government shortly purpose resorting, for the ultimate rescue of General GORDON. The following, however, may be relied on as among the most encouraging and accurate:—

1. To send to the surrounding Arab forces, by Parcels Post, a handsomely bound copy of the recent debates, with an intimation to General GORDON that while they are occupied in reading them and being impressed with the determination and dignity of Parliamentary utterances, he shall effect his departure and come home as soon as he likes.
2. To make arrangements with Messrs. SANGERS' travelling Menagerie for a provincial tour in the Soudan on the understanding that he be allowed to join the Company *without a salary*, and effect his escape with them, when their engagement at Khartoum terminates, disguised as a member of their talented *troupe*.
3. To offer the MAHDI in cipher a place in the Cabinet.
4. To get Mr. LABOUCHERE to go alone to Khartoum, for the purpose of explaining to General GORDON the simple and easy way back, and, if he will undertake the matter, *charge him nothing for his camel*.
5. To confer with M. DE LESSEPS as to the feasibility of eventually draining the Nile, and, by so doing, diverting the attention of the surrounding hordes, within a given course of years, from the immediate business at Khartoum.
6. To send Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, in a sack, with the compliments of the Government to the SULTAN, and request his active sympathy and advice.
7. To induce Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to disguise himself as a pantomime ostrich, and get as near to Khartoum as he can, with a view to delivering a secret despatch to Colonel GORDON, assuring him of Her Majesty's Government's support.
8. To wait until the situation becomes a little more complicated

and acute, and then concert measures for the purpose of considering what steps ought to have been taken before it became too late to take any at all.

## EARTHQUAKE STARTLERS.

SOME curious results of the Earthquake:—We know, from a report in the *P.M.G.*, that a certain Theatrical Manager, residing in Russell Square, doesn't rise till after 9'15 A.M., and that his wife has been in South America, where she was accustomed to Earthquakes.

Mr. CARTE, of the Savoy Theatre, was so alarmed that he thought his Partner, Mr. GUNN, had gone off.

In the Strand numbers of persons who had been taking their morning draught at various favourite liquidational establishments, rushed out of these places in so great a hurry that they forgot to pay for the refreshments they had consumed. This has fixed the time of the event on the minds of the proprietors of these places.

We learn also the habits of a *Times'* Correspondent at Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. He doesn't get up till past nine; he has a cup of tea brought to him in bed; he sleeps at the top of the house; and breakfasts after the rest of the household have finished. This is interesting.

Among other incidents, the Earthquake has resuscitated CATO, who now appears to be a Clergyman residing at Colchester. CATO wrote to the *Times* in English. His habits are apparently more of the Modern Englishman's than that of the Antique Roman's. Anyone visiting Colchester may be glad to know that CATO breakfasts at about 9'15, and lives in a large substantially-built house, with pictures in the drawing-room, lots of bells, and plenty of lamps.

Neither Mr. WILSON BARRETT nor Mr. J. L. TOOLE wrote to the papers disclaiming all connection with the Earthquake; probably, being so accustomed to Earthquakes, they didn't notice anything remarkable.

It must have been tremendously felt at Westminster, as, after the Earthquake, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL found himself in the same lobby with the Ministerial Minority on the Cattle Bill.

Sir WERDANT HARCOURT denies that the Earthquake was caused by his Municipality Bill, though he admits that he hopes London Government is "on the heave of a great change!"



APRIL ANXIETIES.

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business as usual. This time, about *The Empire* and *The Novelty*.

MON CHER JACOBI,

You are back again (and anyone in the Stalls, when you're conducting the orchestra, can see your back again) at the Alhambra; but as your time is entirely taken up with *The Beggar Student*,—which, I am sorry to say, I have not yet seen, but I hear that the music is bright, and the libretto in a perfect Beattyfied state,—you have of course been unable to visit the Empire Theatre, which now adds to the attractions of Leicester Square. I am certain that all your Directors who may have seen the new place will have told you how charmed they were with the magnificence of its arrangements, its gorgeous saloon, and its delightful half-a-crown lounge for sipping and smoking. You see, cher JACOBI, half-a-crown keeps it so very select. But when the novelty of the lounge has worn off, and when there's a duller piece than they've got now, then what a *dégringolade de l'Empire* there might be! You at your nice little Alhambra haven't this to fear, have you? Your house is always full, your pieces are never dull, and your Directors and Shareholders having made a good thing out of it altogether, of course wish every sort of prosperity to your brilliant neighbour.

You know *Chilpéric*, of course. Well, cher Maître, so do I; and, between ourselves, I am bound to say, that if I hadn't remembered the story as given years ago at the Lyceum when M. MARIUS first



*L'Empire c'est le Pay!* Great Attraction!—"The Regent Morton" receives the Mashers in the Lounge of the new Empire.

appeared, I should never have gathered it from the performance of the Opera at the Empire Theatre. It might be *Chilpéric*, or anything. As a matter of fact, it is a Grand Spectacle splendidly put on the stage, with occasional selections of dialogue and song from something which is, I believe, as often as not *Chilpéric*, and with Mr. STANDING standing on the stage to listen to the comic foreign music-hall people, who, not having the advantage that you possess, cher M. le Chef d'Orchestre, of speaking English like a native, employ their own beautiful language, which, though to the majority it might be Spanish or French, makes a hit when accompanied by such clever pantomime as that given by Mons. PAULUS (whose whistling is wonderful, and whose "handy-work" in music is a thing to hear and see) and by the Brothers TACCHI, of whom one sings a song and the other sings an accompaniment which is an admirable imitation of some instrument, but what it is, unless it is a reproduction of the sound of the Hebraic Lyre or Common Jew's-Harp, I am at a loss to discover. The trick-change of scene from a camp and moonlit landscape to the ramparts, is most ingenious and effective. You would be delighted with it.

I fancy you might think the orchestra rather too loud and strong for the voices; but then you have such a weakness for keeping all your instruments, specially the brass and wind, *pianissimo*.

Agreez, cher M. le Chef d'Orchestre, les sentiments de mon estime le plus distingué,

NIBBS.

(To Mr. Charles Wyndham, at the Criterion.)

MY DEAR WYNDHAM,

You will be immensely pleased, I am sure, to hear of the success of *Nita's First* at the Novelty Theatre, a piece quite in the Criterion-Wyndham School, though it is no more a Comedy, in the English acceptance of the word, than was *Pink Dominoes* or *Betsy*; but still it is a rattling comic-business-like Farce in Three Acts. But what does anyone want more than this at 9'30, when laughter aids

digestion? The final hit of the piece is the introduction of a Real Live Baby, a beautiful little infant, whose appearance evokes from the female portion of the audience rapturous expressions of admiration. Specially good is young Mr T. W. ROBERTSON as the



The Real Novelty.—Country Girl's first, Nita's second.

boy *Jemmy* at home for the holidays. Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN's make-up is wonderful; she overacts it is true. But they all do this, and though you, as a steady-going Actor, may complain of it as a fault, yet I don't think it matters in a rollicking Farce.

The nomenclature is just what you would revel in, being old-fashioned; as, for instance, Mr. "Irascible" Fizzleton, or Mrs. "Patience" Fizzleton, or Miss "Prim." This sort of thing belongs to old comedies, and a nice specimen they've got of that old tie-wig kind of entertainment (of which would-be critics and *laudatores temporis acti* talk so much and know so little) in *The Country Girl*, in which Miss KATE VAUGHAN has chosen to appear as the heroine, *Peggy*. In the original it was improper and tedious, and in the present version it is quite proper enough, but dull. Miss KATE VAUGHAN looks charming in the part, but her representation lacks that archness which should be *Peggy's* characteristic. Of course you will be charmed with the Old Comedy, and will lament that the annoying success of the Criterion pieces should have prevented you from reviving the works of BEN JONSON, WYCHERLY, CONGREVE, DRYDEN, and FARQUHAR. Miss KATE will help you, if you don't ask her to dance. Of course she dislikes the mention of dancing, just as the Mayor in *Pickwick* probably didn't relish the reminder of the "nail and sarsepan business as he got his money by." The character which you might have considered foolish and introduced without any high moral purpose, but which sent me into fits of laughter, was a *Dundreary*-like idiot called Mr. St. George, played by Mr. E. W. GARDINER. The part is small, but immensely funny. *Brighton* for ever!

Yours, NIBBS.

## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

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CONDITIONS OF SALE.—Noblesse oblige! No Money returned.



## THE ITALIAN DERBY.

"O BELLA Italia! bella Italia!" writes our Special Correspondent whom we sent out to Rome regardless of expense. He continues:—

The scene is most impressive. On the *Illi* (a raised portion of the Campagna) are numerous equipages, from the *quarto-in-mano* (a large stage-coach-looking thing drawn by four horses) down to a two-wheeled vehicle harnessed to a *moko*, or kind of donkey. The spectators belong to all classes. In the gentleman with the white hat and black band and dust-coloured Ulster no one would recognise Cardinal POINTE. His Eminence of course does not race in his own name, as this might give offence at the Vatican. He races under the name of Signor PUTTA POTONI. His colours are, naturally, red cap and cardinal jacket. The *libra-machi* (a class of men who, attired in grotesque costumes, are prepared to dabble in sporting finance), however, know that when "Signor PUTTA POTONI" takes up a "course," much money is sure to change hands before the world becomes an hour older.

Among other noted characters on the *Illi* are the *Svelli* (as the Roman noblesse are called), and the *Negroni*. These latter are perambulating vocalists, have artificially-darkened faces, and are usually clothed in the most eccentric costumes. Some of them play the *banjo* (a sort of guitar), and others the *boni*, or bones. Hark! they are singing the Grand Republican Hymn known as the *Tidi Follollo*, after its Composer.

Besides these vocalists, there are numerous itinerant vendors of small *dolli*, which are chiefly used for decorating the hats of the happy and childlike sightseers.

Besides these there are proprietors of *stiki* and *chochonutti*. This is a purely Italian game. A nut is placed on a staff, and passers-by are invited to try to knock off the fruit with sticks furnished them at a certain fixed charge. When the cocoa-nut is knocked completely away, it becomes the property of the successful marksman.

But the time arrives for the race. The *libra-machi* are hard at work shouting the odds, the very odds. You hear on all sides "*Tento uno bar uno!*" "*Tento uno sur la Fieda!*" and many other cries. The *Corso* is cleared by the *Bobbi* (an Italian equivalent to our police) and all is ready for the start. At this moment there is a roar of laughter as a *canino curro* (or small dog) is hunted by the thousands who line either side of the road reserved for the races.

And now every eye is turned towards the starting-point. There is a shout of "*Off! off!*" ("They are away!"), and a great hush. The denizens of the *Grando Standini* (a platform frequented by the richest Italians) watch the race through opera-glasses. The horses turn a corner, and the myriads of heads change their position. Then there is a hoarse roar of "*Eri comi, eri comi!*" ("See, they are approaching!"), which grows louder and louder, until the words are undistinguishable in the mighty shout of a vast multitude. The horses turn again, and now are running home! The crowd shrieks, "*Redo Walko ino; redo walko ino!*" and you find that the contest has been decided.

When you learn, as you do immediately afterwards, that, in spite of your thoroughly Italian surroundings, the race has been won by an English horse, your astonishment is unbounded! \*

\* We publish it, but we shall have to interview our Special on his return.  
—Ed.

## SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

[At the marriage festivities of a young Irishwoman in Paris, to which several "Dynamiters" were invited, an English Detective gained admission, and made himself so conspicuous by his inquisitiveness, that he was expelled.  
—Daily Paper.]

8 A.M.—Got over safely. The French Police passed my boxes of disguise without difficulty. Rather resented, however, my efforts to examine everybody else's luggage. Said it was their business, not mine. Should have argued the point with them, had I not been otherwise engaged.

9 A.M.—Assumed disguise of a Cardinal, and drove to the church. Suisse seemed surprised at my appearance, but treated me with profound respect. Had to leave my hat in the sacristy. It appears that a Cardinal never wears his red hat. Sorry I went to the expense of getting one. However, Government pays for costume. Insisted upon reading what the Priest was saying to the "happy pair." Conducted with much ceremony to the door.

10 A.M.—Hurriedly appeared as a bridesmaid. Insisted upon entering the carriage of the newly-wedded couple. They seemed annoyed at my intrusion. Said I only wanted to ask them where they were going for the honeymoon. They detected my accent, and caused me to descend (somewhat) rapidly from the conveyance.

11 A.M.—Caught up to the bridal party in the Bois de Boulogne. Appeared as an old friend of the family—white wig, blue spectacles, gaiters. Insisted upon kissing the bride. Not being recognised as a relative, was firmly requested to be off.

12, Noon.—At the restaurant where the wedding breakfast was ordered. Got up this time as a *garçon*. Would sit between bride and bridegroom, and ask the former whether she had ever been in Dublin, and what she knew about explosives. Bridegroom extremely selfish. Wanted all the conversation to himself. Invited to retire. Complied. To fill up the time, tasted the dishes and tested the champagne. Both excellent. Refused to change a plate, but asked to see the marriage certificate of the wife of the proprietor. Shown the door.

1 A.M.—Re-entered in the costume of a gendarme; officially consumed more champagne. Said I wished to see the corks. Caused some slight disturbance, and went to sleep.

2 P.M. to 9 P.M.—Asleep. Resting; disguised in something or other, but, of course, not in liquor.

10 P.M.—Again joined the wedding party. Found all the guests and principals engaged in a ball. Taught the musicians how to play, instructed the *débutantes* how to dance, and made a searching inspection of the supper. All this accomplished in the costume of the President of the Republic. Everybody courteous, but annoyed. These democrats are so very difficult to please. Later on, bright idea struck me. Why not make myself up as the bridegroom? Carried out the idea. Again asked the bride about dynamite. Was getting on capitally when the real bridegroom turned up. Row.

11 P.M.—Kicked out!

## UNSEASONABLE.

Yes! though we are in London, and in May,  
The Season yet is anything but gay!  
With sleet and slush and rain and hail and snow,  
The vile Nor'-easter ceases not to blow!  
And Spring's Delights, alas! restricted are  
To vile neuralgic pains and light catarrh!  
For shows and sights we do not care a feather,  
And all we think and talk about's the Weather!

But yet I went the other day to see  
The rose, azalea, and anemone—  
A fine Spring Show, a rare display in all,  
By RUMSEY, CUTBUSH, WILLIAMS, and by PAUL,  
And other growers worthy of remark,  
Within the Gardens of the Regent's Park.  
While fur-clad maidens came and chatted, and  
They shook and shivered to the Life Guards' Band!  
While men clad in Ulsters, uncouth, aldermanic,  
Thought Spring was a sell at the breezy Botanic!

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER!

April 17th, 1884.

DEAREST MOTHER,

I HAVE been unable to come to you this Easter, because the travelling expenses were so very heavy, and the little money I had remaining, after sending you the trifle for the dear boys' schooling, I thought it best to keep to guard against contingencies. I am sure you will think I was right when you read the following advertisement, which I have cut out of this morning's *Telegraph*:—

REQUIRED immediately, an English GOVERNESS, for a family in Austria. Must speak French fluently, and read music well at sight. Salary £35—£40. Two years' engagement. Apply, &c.

Does not this look promising? My only fear is that there will be so many hundreds of applications for the place that my qualifications will be overlooked. However, I was fortunate last time, when there were scores of candidates—wasn't I? But then dear Mrs. DE MOERNS (I still feel her death, poor Lady!) only gave £20 a-year, and the better salary offered in the present instance will be sure to attract more competitors. But it's a splendid salary! And for two years certain! So you see, darling, I must keep my little savings to carry me, if needs be, to Austria.

Ever your loving daughter,  
BEATRICE.

I open the letter to tell you such good news! I think I shall be able to come to see you, after all! In another part of the paper from which I cut the other advertisement I found this one:—

HEAD KITCHENMAID WANTED, for West-End Club, Wages £43. Apply, &c.

Isn't it magnificent! I am sure I am strong enough for the work. And I really do think I may get it, as kitchenmaids are very scarce. But you shall hear all about it as soon as things are settled. How pleased dear Papa would have been had he lived to see it. Do you ever go to the Rectory now?





## IN SLUMMIBUS.

*Small Eastendian.* "ELLO! 'ERE'S A MASHER! LOOK AT 'IS COLLAR AN' 'AT!"

## GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

(Being *Maxims and Extracts from Lord Jesterfield's Letters.*)

## No. II.

*How to Promote Conversation and Relieve Monotony.—Example No. 2.*—I will suppose that you find yourself one of a party where the prevailing tone is serious, where a taste for theatricals is considered a sign of reprobation, where the talk is of sermons, of religious meetings, and where solemnity and sadness go down arm-in-arm to dinner. On such an occasion, it is for you, always judiciously, to introduce the element of light-heartedness and fun. Now is the time for your merry jest, uttered in a loud tone, and repeated,—for in such company it will bear repeating,—in a louder, with such appropriate action towards your neighbours, as digging them in the ribs, and slapping them on the back, until you brighten up their wits, and make them happier and pleasanter all round. For instance, a Lady commences with "Oh, Mr. So-and-So, how beautifully the dear Dean brought in that allusion in his sermon. I was so glad to see how many young men there were present. There were a great number of Clergymen, too, in the Stalls."

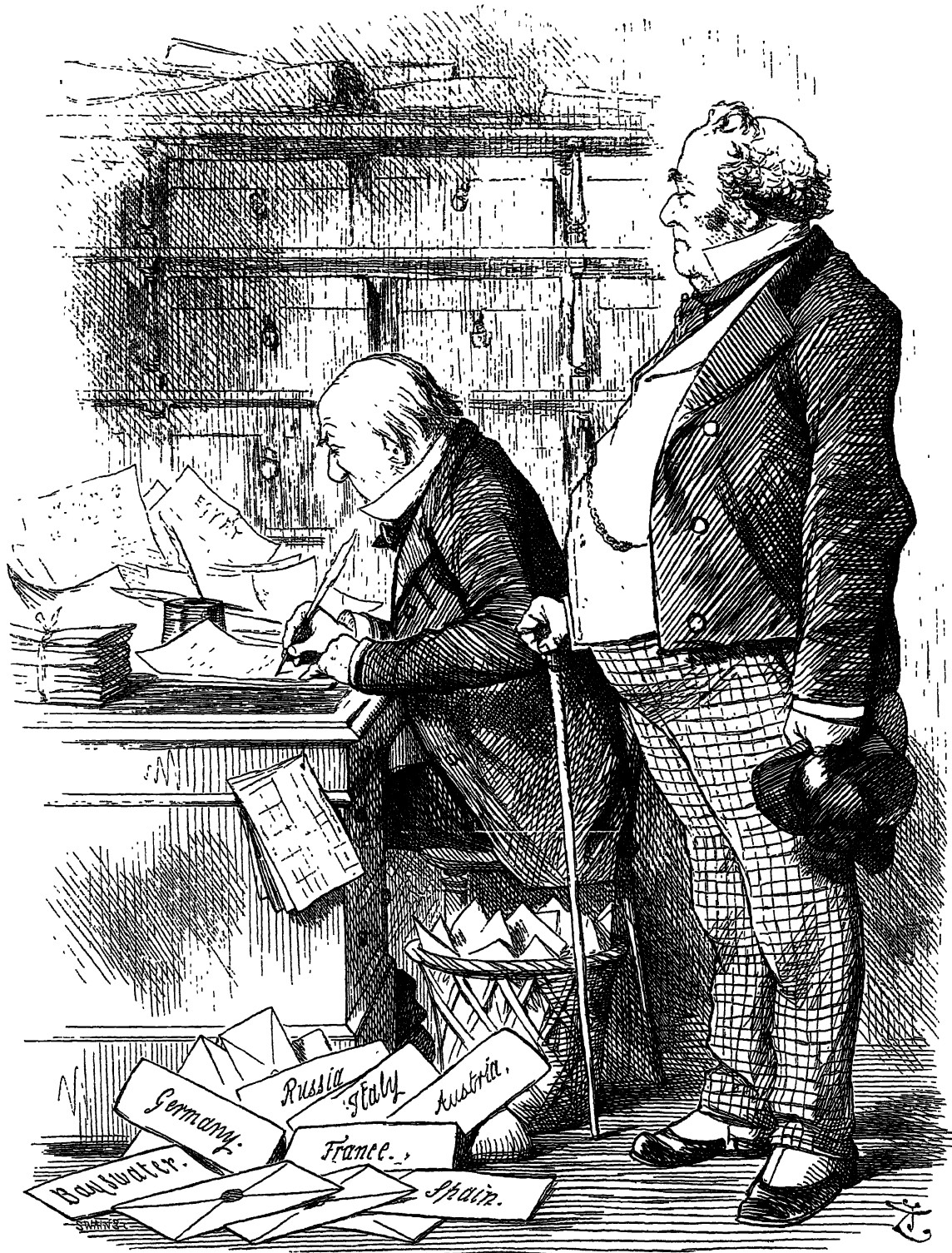
Here is your chance. "Yes," you can break in, with animation, "I like to see the Clergy in the Stalls; it shows they take an interest in the Stage. There's a good joke told about the Archdeacon of BLUMFORD at the Gaiety on the first night of a new Burlesque. Perhaps you've heard it; but, if not, it's worth repeating, as it was really witty, and it sent NELLIE FARREN and TERRY into such fits they couldn't go on with their parts for some minutes, and I believe JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,—the Manager, you know,—had to come down and ask the Archdeacon to leave. Well, this was it—the Archdeacon"—and here follows the story, a good strong one, of which you will have a supply by you.

*Exceptions to the above Rule.* No. 1.—When you find yourself in company with one or more *Invalids*, you will not make a boast of your health, as this only encourages them to bewail their own sad symptoms, their illnesses, and the disorders which prevent them from enjoying life as you profess to do. There is no chance of conversation in this. It becomes simply a chorus of invalids, a threnody

which is, as SHAKESPEARE has said of it, "Very like a wail." Your method, here, is this: Find out of what ailments each of your companions most complains; what illness or disorder each one prides himself upon possessing; and, having ascertained these important details, you must at once declare that *you have had each particular disorder in a far worse manner than any one of them ever had.* If somebody complains of having been, or of being afflicted with it (whatever it is) in his arms and legs, you have had it in your head and toes, which they must allow is far more serious, or you can have had it all over you, which settles the question at once. If someone has suffered from something once or twice, you will take care to have had it four or five times; and, if that won't do, you must assert that you are *never* without it, and are perpetually liable to its return.

Should one of the invalid company declare that there is only one way of dealing with it, tell him that he is quite wrong, that there are at least ten ways, and that he has evidently been the victim of an inexperienced doctor. If he cites the name of someone at the head of the Medical Profession celebrated for his treatment of this particular disorder, tell him that this practitioner is old-fashioned, is "faddy," has too much to do, is only a "Specialist," and that his theories and practice have been entirely upset by the man who, you will take care to add, is *now* at the top of the tree, Dr. HERFENGRAFFER, of Berlin, or any other name you choose to select. If a man says he can't go to Berlin to be cured, you can only shrug your shoulders, express pity, and re-assert that Dr. HERFENGRAFFER is the *only* man to go to. After this the liveliest conversation will ensue, and men who came to the party moping, dull, full of aches and pains, and scarcely able to move hand or foot, will soon be gesticulating fiercely, and arguing warmly in favour of their separate theories, doctors, and treatments; and, if you only keep them at it, you will have done more to restore these invalids to the use of their limbs (they will kick each other, offer to fight, and throw bottles) and to the enjoyment of life, than any number of doctors, or any amount of medicine and mineral waters.

*Exception No. 2.*—This is when you are among professional men, or fervent politicians. *Example.* You find yourself at a party of Painters. Do not deprecate their Art, unless they are all of different schools and opinions, in which case you will return to the rule, and speak only of music, extolling this Art above all others. But if they



## EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

MR. BULL (to his "Man of Business"). "YOU SEEM VERY BUSY, WILLIAM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"  
W. E. G. "NOTHING, SIR,—AND I'M JUST ASKING SOME OTHER FELLOWS IN 'TO HELP ME!"



## TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

*Ethel.* "LOOK—LOOK, DOROTHY! THERE'S RICHARD MARVEL!" *Dorothy (Country Cousin).* "RICHARD MARVEL? WHO'S HE?"

*Ethel.* "WHAT, NEVER HEARD OF RICHARD MARVEL? WHY, HE'S THE ACTOR, YOU KNOW, AT THE PARTHENON!"

*Dorothy.* "OH! AN ACTOR, IS HE! HE'S SOMETHING LIKE MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH."

*Ethel.* "WHO'S MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH?"

*Dorothy.* "WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH!! WHY, HE'S THE GREATEST BREEDER OF SHORTHORNS IN ALL CUMBERLAND!!!"

## THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his sulphurous realm as the sun goes down

The Devil is walking once more,  
To visit his favourite vineyard, the Town  
That stretches by Thames's shore.

Over the bridges and through the Parks  
He strolls, and along the streets,  
A presence that fails to elicit remarks  
From the hurrying hundreds he meets.

There is nought to suggest that he comes as  
a guest

From regions terrid and drouthy,  
He has altered his ways since the simpler  
days

Of COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY.

A jacket of red and breeches of blue  
He knows would be far too striking,  
And as for a tail!—even DARWIN's crew  
Would hold that in sore misliking.

There is naught unæsthetic about him at all,  
Not a hint of the diabolic;  
He's trim as a citizen bound for a ball,  
Or a "Masher" out on a frolic.

And what, oh, what is the Devil's aim?  
Oh, never a titled preserver of game  
Through his covers with watchfuller interest  
strolls

Than this "noble sportsman," whose quarry  
is souls.

He seeks it not in nut-scented heather,  
Green coppice, or golden stubble,  
But in London's slums in detestable weather  
(*This Sportsman doesn't mind trouble.*)

He sees a spectral scare-crow thing  
Slink into a slum-fouled alley,  
And he mutters, "With cowl and with  
scythe and wing,  
He might lord it in Death's own Valley."

He sees a roof-rotten, muck-sodden den,  
To the gutter ready to tumble.  
Says he, "Well, if this be the dwelling of  
men,  
We haven't much reason to grumble."

Then steps he into a "tenement-house,"  
Through a dark but doorless entry.  
"Little need," chuckles he, "for a lock or  
a key  
Whilst my brace of friends stand sentry."

He climbs a rotten and rickety stair,  
Foul filth its cracked walls smearing.  
"Why, chaos," says he, "had a pleasanter  
air,  
And needed less careful steering."

And what, oh! what, does the Devil behold  
In these reeking chambers, barren and  
cold?

What Satan himself might scruple to tell,  
Lest his language should shock a less  
hideous hell.

He sees commingling of Labour and Vice  
In joint contamination.  
Quoth he, "This, indeed, were a spectacle  
nice  
For Belial's contemplation."

Sees Childhood, broken with ill-paid toil,  
'Midst sin's contagious venom.  
Says he, "For friend Moloch's favourite  
spoil,  
This beats the Valley of Hinnom."

Then he sees a House-jobber grubbing for  
gold  
Amidst festering Vice and Poverty cold,  
And says he, "I've one henchman more  
trusty and bold

Than the ogre worshipped in Ammon:  
Beelzebub's doughty, and Astaroth's good,  
As snarers of souls with a crown or a snood,  
But the first, most ubiquitous, best of my  
brood,  
Is my ruthless, respectable Mammon!"

So Satan, seeing that all went right  
In his big branch-Hades by day and night  
To his personal pleasure and profit,  
Back to headquarters swift wended his way.  
"I shall sicken," said he, "if much longer  
I stay;

For though sulphur's not pleasant, I really  
must say  
'Mammon's Rents' are more choky than  
Tophet."



## DELIGHTS OF THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY. No. 1.

A QUIET MORNING'S RIDE. A LITTLE SURPRISE. MEETING THE TRACTION-ENGINE.

are all, more or less, of one school, or all members of some Society, —such as the English Academy, or Old Water Colours, or Royal Piccadilly Waterworks, and so forth,—then you will be careful to *praise everything foreign*, asserting that “there is no Art in England, that English Art is laughed at by all civilised nations, and that England is unrecognised as having any Art whatever.” This assertion, judiciously introduced, and backed with names of Great Foreign Artists to be found in Italy, Germany, France, and Russia (which your own inventive genius will provide for the occasion), must set them all going, especially should your company chance to consist of English Musicians and English Actors. In both cases a really lively evening may be expected.

In such a society, after carefully paying the politest possible homage to the *talent* of the professional Gentlemen around you, you will then proceed to say, in a loud voice, so as to attract attention, invite discussion and promote conversation,—for you must always keep this laudable object well in view,—“The Art of Acting (or of Musical Composition) is entirely lost in England. As an Art, in fact, there is no such thing existing.” There will be a slight movement, and an attempt at interruption, but you, having the parole, will continue loudly and positively, “This must inevitably be the state of the case *where there is no Genius*. Take the Drama, *there is no Genius on the Stage*; take Music, *there is no Genius among our Composers*; indeed, I may say, *there are no Composers*. The Leading Tragedian, the Leading *Tragédienne*, and the Original Composer are as extinct as the Dodo.” Two or three will rush in to reply, but, as they will all try to speak at once, and will all yield to one another, you, in your clear, calm, sonorous tones, will continue:—“Where is there any English Actor, I mean a person calling himself, or, *faute de mieux*, allowed to call himself an Actor, who can compare with COQUENARD of the Français, DE LAUMOT of the Gymnase, TETRAPINI of the Théâtre Spalatro, PHOPOFFSKI of the Imperial Petersburg, or even with VÖRDERHOF of the Royalhaus Stockholm, or to be mentioned in the same breath with the great DIAZ of the Imperiales Madrid?”

Here, taking advantage of their being utterly staggered, and deprecating any interruption by a graceful but authoritative movement of your hand, you will appeal to the professional guests with—“And just mention the man who can play *Hamlet* as it should be played, or name the Actress who can touch *Lady Macbeth*?”

This will have started them. Having asserted generalities, you must not be upset by the mention of any one particular instance, but, if such an one is stated, *contradict it flatly*. Remember what we started with, *viz.*, that the flatter and stronger the contradiction the firmer the basis of conversation. If with Musicians, the same speech will do, and the same names, only substituting opera-houses for theatres.

Other exceptions will suggest themselves to the mind of the careful reader, and this style of introduction will be found highly provocative of the most animated and sustained conversation. Also, my method is calculated to bring out the best qualities of your professional guests, as not one of them will like to say out boldly, “I am the best *Hamlet*,” or “I am the best Composer,” as the case may be, and, consequently, their modesty will be exercised to such an extent as will surprise themselves. The Actor who would willingly deny your assertion as to there being “no one on the English Stage nowadays who can really play *Hamlet* as it ought to be played,” cannot, among his fellow-professionals, boldly declare himself to be that phenomenon, but will turn to his rival, and observe, “I think I’ve seen you play the character to the satisfaction of the audience.” Whereupon his rival will return the compliment, and then they will argue that someone not present is capable of really playing *Hamlet*. But this will at once evoke indignant denial from the rest of the company, and then you have obtained your object, *i. e.*, of starting conversation, and having set the ball rolling, it will go on of itself; and when the company shall next day calmly consider to whom they owed their enjoyable evening (for difference of opinion will only have promoted friendship), they will remember that you were present, and be very sure that your name will be down on all their lists, as among the first to be invited to any professional social gathering—whether of Actors, Artists, or Musicians.

**THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.**—Great progress is being made. Several cases of Measles (cured) arrived last week, and were immediately unpacked. Only one Measle was missing, and this was supposed to have been given to a boy on the road. The Scarlatinas are a beautiful colour. The processes of curing headaches and stuffing colds will be very interesting. There will be athletic exhibitions on some afternoons, consisting chiefly of bilious attacks and defences.



## KHARTOUM CARTOONS.

MR. PUNCH begs to thank numerous Correspondents for the suggestion of "*Police Verso*" as a subject for one of his immortal Cartoons, representing GORDON down, the MAHDI about to strike, and only waiting the signal from—but here they almost all shirk the difficulty: the few who do not suggest "the spectators," others BRITANNIA, and some the Ministers, while TIBERIUS is represented by the PREMIER.

At the moment (when these suggestions arrived) the MAHDI had not got General GORDON down, and we sincerely trust that, as far as he and Khartoum are concerned, that there are sure indications, not of a *pollice verso*, but of a "policy re-verso," in fact an entire change of policy; or, if not, and should anything happen to the General, then the Country will adapt the Trelawny Ballad—

And should brave GORDON die,  
And should brave GORDON die,  
Ten thousand gallant Englishmen  
Will know the reason why!

But ere this appears *Mr. Punch* hopes that the Country will have been satisfied on this point. And if so—better late than never.

AGONY ADVERTISEMENT.—Should this meet the eye of the Gentleman who got into a wrong train of thought, and was entirely carried away by it, he is requested to return to himself immediately.—Address No. One, Colwell Hatchney College.

NOTICE.—No. II. of "The Town," which was commenced last week, unavoidably stands over.



SCENE FROM "THE BUDGET; OR, THE HALF-SOVEREIGN REMEDY."

*Half-Sovereign (to Old Sovereign).* "Farewell, my comparatively worthless, worn-out Parent! By my death you will be restored to your pristine vigour—nay, to double vigour! I sacrifice myself for your sake! Farewell for ever! CHILDERS, I come!!"

[*Jumps into the melting-pot.*]

## DISCLAIMER.

MESSRS. STANFORD and GILBERT A. BECKETT, Composer and Librettist of the new Opera, *Savonarola*, which has achieved so great a triumph abroad, wish to state that the name of *Savonarola* is not an Advertisement for any soap. The notion that it was so, evidently arose from the similarity in costume of the Monastic hero of this Opera and that of the two Monks, or Lather-Day Saints, in the well-known pictorial Advertisement for a certain soap-making firm.

OUR ROYAL VISIT TO THE ROYAL INSTITUTE, PICCADILLY.—We had duly received a card for the Private View of the Pictures now hanging in the galleries of the Royal Waterworks, Piccadilly, and naturally concluded that, being "Private," we were going to have it all to ourselves. On arriving, last Friday afternoon, it occurred to us that somehow the news of our intended visit must have leaked out through some water-colour channel of information, as extra police were on duty at the doors, and the crowd was something terrific. Evidently we were expected, and the Managers of the Royal Institute have only themselves to blame for the great disappointment which must have been felt by their visitors,—as the thronging of the people on the staircase and about the doors (where it was evidently being explained to them that the Private View was intended only for ourselves) was so great that we were utterly unable to penetrate beyond the first landing, from which coign of vantage we bowed to the enthusiastic populace, and made the best of our way down again.

## JULES'S EGYPT.

(*A few French Proposals for the Conference.*)

THAT, although the Conference being held in London, a British Minister must naturally preside over it, French shall be the only language spoken, and that language be taken only from a Dictionary devised by M. JULES FERRY. This ingenious lexicon has precious gems of philosophy like the following:—"INTERET (Anglais), Spoliation. INTERET (Français), Droit et Honneur. ARABES (d'Alger), Bandits. ARABES (du Soudan), Patriotes. TONQUIN, Gloire. EL TEH, Massacre, honte."

That the regeneration of Egypt shall be immediately placed in the hands of France, who will at once establish a Mabille at Cairo, and a Monte-Carlo at Alexandria. Madame SARAH BERNHARDT will be entrusted with the reform of the Harems; and here her well-known habits of economy are likely to save the Egyptians several millions of francs per year; which sum Madame S. B. will engage to devote entirely to Art—as represented by milliners' bills and costs in law-courts.

That Egyptian journalism be entirely conducted by French writers, profound politicians like ALBERT WOLFF, JULES VALLÉS, MAX O'RELL, being engaged at princely salaries to show the Fellahs what progress really is. They will be instructed to introduce all the latest improvements in illustrated journalism which now adorn the Paris kiosques; and if they do bring a blush to the cheeks of passing *bayaderes*, why, isn't blushing a peculiarly French skin-disease, and a good deal better than the cholera annually imported by the wicked English.

That, in order to avoid all provocations to Egyptians to attack France, or to Frenchmen to attack anybody (they'd scorn the action; but still it's best to be on the safe side), the English Press be regularly overhauled by M. JULES FERRY, assisted by M. DE BLOWITZ. All allusions to French matrimonial scandals, to senatorial squabbles,

to colonial aggrandisement, to wholesale criminal exportation, must be immediately expunged: they might lead even the meek and mild and neighbourly Press of Paris to retaliate; and then where would you be, seeing that one Frenchman has more wit than nine Englishmen, as a rule? The *Pall Mall Gazette* had better be suppressed at once, or fused with the *Débats*, under M. JOHN LEMOINNE.

That an English Army be sent to subdue the Soudan, and that the Egyptian revenues be paid over to an impartial Frenchman—say M. DE LESSERPS—as trustee for the Fellahs.

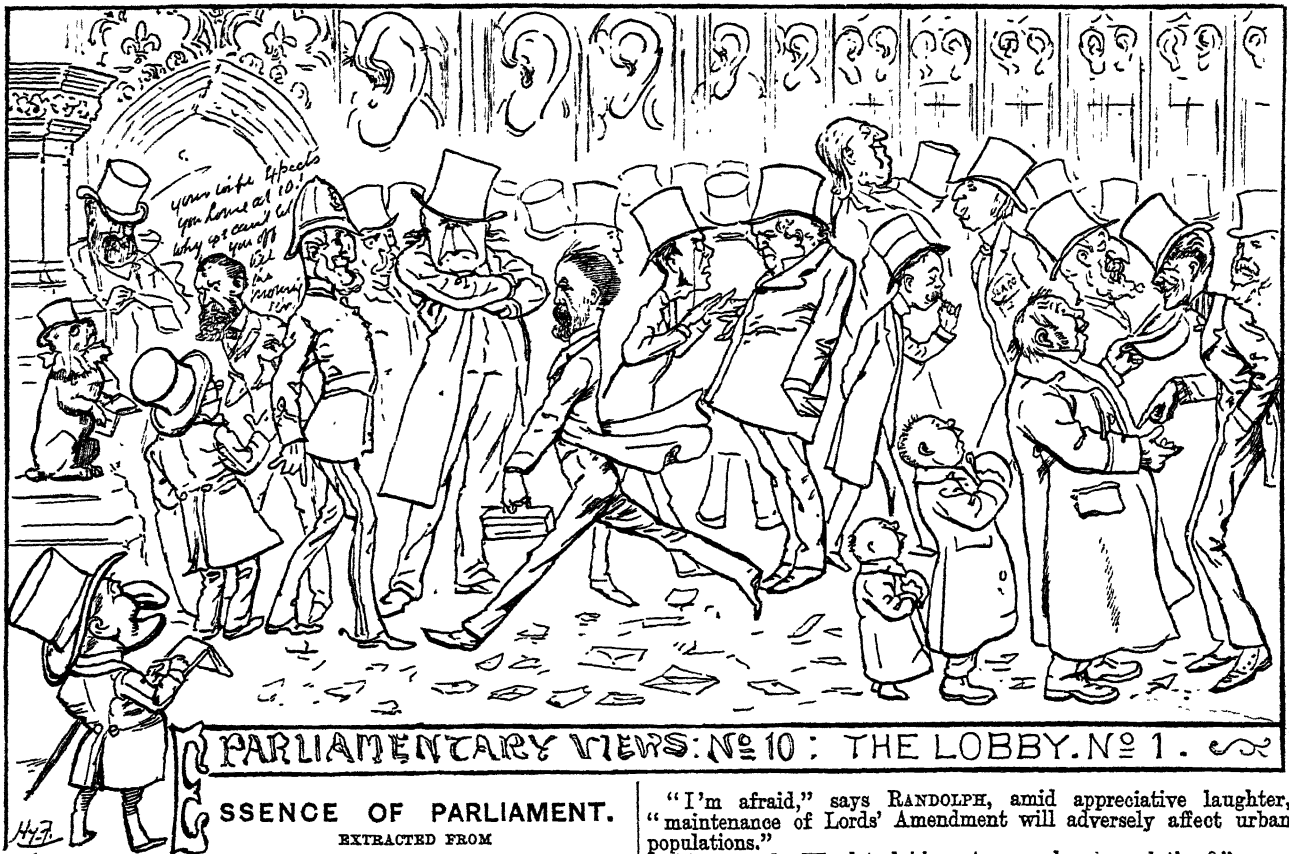
That the French execute all these articles, except in the matter of expending money or troops.

## STAGE AND STATE.

THE delicate consideration for the feelings of our susceptible neighbours across the Channel, which inspired the Official, whoever he may be, who acts as Official Licensor of Plays at Cairo, to put his veto the other day on a performance of *Ici on parle Français*, as "likely to interfere with the Government's policy for the regeneration of Egypt," evidently knows what he is about. Still, the incident reveals the existence of an unquestionably critical condition of affairs.

To put up, for instance, such an innocent piece of fooling as *The Thumping Legacy*, suggestive, as it would be, of the heritage of debt, about the only substantial thing that Egypt has at the present moment to bequeath to anybody, would obviously be in the worst taste; while a performance even of *Box and Cox*, inevitably suggestive, as it would, the *Box* of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD, the *Cox* of NUBAR PASHA, and the *Mrs. Bouncer* of Mr. GLADSTONE, endeavouring to get them unconsciously to share the same portfolio, could not but fail to give offence. But the fact is, the real farce in Egypt just now is the Government itself; and if Mr. TOOLE could only be persuaded to go out and play the principal part himself, there is just a chance it might enjoy a long run. Downing Street ought to think this over.





# SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 21.—Both Houses met today after the Easter Recess. Not very lively in either. GLADSTONE looking positively ruddy. RANDOLPH a little pale and worn. Pulled up later when row came on about Wellington Statue. Up to then sat moody and languid.

"We must look after him," said WOLFF, with tear in his voice. "He's too reckless of his precious life. Says he can't sleep at nights. Offered to put on nightcap, sit up with him and read JACOB BRIGHT'S letter on the Congo Treaty, or Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on Proportional Representation. Said he would not trouble me but wait and hear Dr. CAMERON on Procurator Fiscals in Scotland. This soothed him, and when JESSE COLLINGS took up another hour with speech on Allotments, RANDOLPH found repose.

House got into Committee at Ten. SHAW-LEFEVRE pestered with all kinds of questions about Royal Palaces. Evidently never dared to have put them himself. Turns out that there are at Royal Mews 230 great Officers of State disguised as stable-boys who have 100 horses to look after. Greatest mystery broods over Hampton Court Studhouse. Studhouse supposed to result in production, but LABBY asked in vain, "Where are the foals?"

"Must be foals somewhere, don't you know," he said, pressing the unhappy First Commissioner, "where are they?" SHAW-LEFEVRE hung his head guiltily. Begin to think there's more in this than meets the eye. LABBY, whose theatrical experiences are sometimes useful, if not lucrative, talks of placarding London with large bills. First; "Keep your eye on this." Second (after due interval); "Where are the Foals?" What with that and getting Caucasians to work, expects to rouse public feeling on the subject.

Great talk about Duke of Wellington Statue. Sir R. FEE, who, after all, is on occasion funny, gravely says he wants to have monstrosity replaced. On this subject the voice of BURNLEY heard. PETER, as Art-Critic, very good. His description of Lawrence Statue, especially his dramatic delineation of its "protuberance of body" brought down House. *Business done.*—Few Votes taken.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting in Commons. Towards Five o'clock Donson began to see Government defeat looming through the Fogg which is his customary companion. Cattle Plague Bill on. Question of counties against boroughs, meat-producer against meat-consumer. Earthquake in the morning. Political parties all mixed up in the evening. HENRAGE, a good Liberal, leads Opposition against the Government. RANDOLPH, not unknown as a Conservative, goes into Lobby with Liberals.

"I'm afraid," says RANDOLPH, amid appreciative laughter, "maintenance of Lords' Amendment will adversely affect urban populations."

"But surely Woodstock is not an urban population?" says SEWELL READ in his matter-of-fact way.

"No, but Birmingham is," says RANDOLPH. Then READ began to see it, and laughed—a little late. Curious effect this single burst of laughter after general roar over.

For once Donson saw clearly through Fogg. Government defeated by 185 votes against 161. In general jumble of things FORSTER appeared as champion of Government. Massive frame trembling with honest indignation, manly voice choked with emotion because BEACH had been "saying things" about Government. GLADSTONE, clutching blotting-pad between both hands, sits sternly scanning the uproarious Opposition with every vestige of colour fled from cheeks, face suddenly grown thinner, wrinkles deeper, and eyes feverishly bright. Dances upon BEACH for a few fond moments, casts his mangled body aside, and then, anger having blazed out, sets himself with forced calmness to show necessity of forthwith reporting progress.

"Think we've got them on the hip this time," said COLERIDGE KENNARD to CHAPLIN. "They'll never be able to force their Amendment through the House."

"They've one chance," said CHAPLIN, gloomily. "They might give us Donson to lead the Opposition." At Evening Sitting Irish Members just succeeded in making House, so that Sir JOSEPH GILLIS might put knightly lance in rest on behalf of certain Irish Ladies. When the *preux chevalier* had pranced round for a few minutes ARMISTEAD moved Count. Pretty to see indignation of HEALY, HARRINGTON, O'BRIEN, and JOBY B. himself. Couldn't have been more shocked had they discovered ARMISTEAD picking Sir GEORGE BALFOUR'S pocket as he slept. "Counts Out, like bad language, evidently monopoly of these gentlemen," said Member for Dundee, when he found himself safe in Palace Yard. "They won't let me, once in way, do 'ARMISTEAD of them.'"

*Business done.*—Great case decided. Dear Meat *versus* Cheap Meat. Verdict for plaintiff. Costs to be borne by working men.

Wednesday.—Met HARCOURT going down early to House this afternoon buried in chin and deep thought. Looking across space and so far over my head. Gave short cough. (Sharp bark some people call it.) HARCOURT started. Seemed angry. "Not a time for larking, TOBY," he said. "Had shock enough with this Earthquake."

"Such omens met the eye when CÆsar fell."

"Meaning GLADSTONE?"



### A WOMAN'S REASON.

"MAN MORE CONSISTENT THAN WOMAN! OH NO, SIR PETER. LOOK AT MY HUSBAND! IN ALL THINGS HE PUTS HIS SISTER BEFORE HIS WIFE. LOOK AT MY BROTHER! IN ALL THINGS HE PUTS HIS WIFE BEFORE HIS SISTER! WHEN IN BOTH CASES IT OUGHT TO BE EXACTLY THE REVERSE! NOW DID YOU EVER HEAR ANYTHING SO ABSURDLY CONTRADICTIONARY IN ALL YOUR LIFE!!!"

[Sir Peter wisely gives in.]

"No. Thinking at the moment of the Home Office.

'And who can tell  
Whether these awful Messengers of Fate  
Are meant for Kings or Sec'taries of State.'

Know your *Bombastes Furioso*?"

"Yes. A former Home-Secretary, wasn't he? But why so early?"  
"It's this Earthquake. Understand WARTON is going to ask 'What steps Her Majesty's Government took to prepare for or avert the catastrophe?' ASHMEAD-BARTLETT will ask 'Whether it is true that for some days past suspicious persons, understood to be Russian Officers in disguise, have been seen in the Eastern Counties?' CHAPLIN wants to know 'Whether the Privy Council took any steps to have the Earthquake slaughtered at the port of entry?' Don't know why I should have to answer, but Cabinet agreed that Earthquake is in my Department."

Oddly enough, no Questions put at all, the explanation being that there was no business to delay. *Business done.*—None.

*Thursday.*—"Curious how this Government feels my influence to uttermost ends of its policy," said Mr. MARRIOTT, puffing himself out in imitation of the inimitable PETER counterfeiting the Lord Lawrence Monument. "At my election all the four-wheelers voted for me. What follows? CHILDERS brings in Budget. Got a miserable surplus. Admits can't remit taxation, but takes care to throw a sop to cabby. Reduces licence-duty on four-wheelers. Not quite sure how far this might be affected by Corrupt Practices Act. Shall look it up."

RANDOLPH much quieter since his Birmingham trip. "No more larks, WOLFEY," he says. "All very well when we were boys

### THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

*By Our Own Novice.*

GOOD-BYE to the Season! E'en gluttons  
Have had quite enough of the game,  
And if we returned to our muttons,  
Our horses are laid up and lame.  
We hunted straight on through the winter,  
And never were stopped by the frost,  
As I know right well from each splinter  
Of bone that my poor limbs have lost.

Good-bye to the Season! The "croppers"  
I got where the fences were tall,  
And Oh the immaculate "toppers"  
That always were crushed by my fall.  
Don't think though that I'm so stout-hearted  
As e'er to jump hedges or dikes,  
It's simply that after we've started,  
My "gee" gallivants as it likes.

In vain I put on natty breeches,  
And tops like Meltonian swell,  
It ends in the blessed old ditches,  
I know like the Clubs in Pall Mall.  
And when from a "gee" that's unruly  
I fall with a terrible jar,  
I know that old *Jorrocks* spoke truly,  
And hunting's "the image of war."

And never for me "*Fair Diana*"  
Shall smile as we know that she can,  
With looks that are sweeter than manna,  
On many a fortunate man.  
It adds to the pangs that I suffer,  
When thrown at a fence in her track,  
To hear her "Ridiculous duffer!"  
When jumping slap over my back.

I've fractured my ulnar, I'm aching  
Where over my ribs my horse rolled;  
Egad! the "Old Berkeley" is making  
One man feel uncommonly old.  
Good-bye to the Season! I'm shattered  
And damaged in figure and face;  
But thankful to find I'm not scattered  
In pieces all over the place!

"WERDANT GREEN AT OXFORD."—On the judgment against Sir WERDANT for £4 15s., for flowers at election time, the *Observer* observes that the question is whether Sir WERDANT was "properly served." If he received a white summons, he wasn't; if a pink one, he was. A certain sporting journal will be anxious to know if Sir WERDANT was duly served with a "Pink 'un." But as to being "properly served," the Fathers of the City declare that that can't be until they have had a turn at him.

together. Now I'm a Statesman and must behave as such." Nevertheless couldn't resist temptation about Mr. HUBBARD to-night. Old gentleman got a speech ready for to-morrow on Income Tax, House Duty, Local Taxation or some other cheerful topic. Government propose to take Morning Sitting. "Then what will become of my speech," says Old Mother HUBBARD, dismally looking round to laughing House. Wanted to get bit of it off now. Called to order.

"Move Adjournment," RANDOLPH whispered in his ear, "urgent matter of public importance, don't you know?"

So, O. M. H., wringing his hands, trying hard to keep back rising burst of tears, and looking comically as if he had just been to the cupboard, and found it empty of provisions, took the paper from the wicked RANDOLPH, and made his Motion whilst House laughed and jeered, and for a whole hour wouldn't let him withdraw Motion, whilst CHILDERS fidgeted and GLADSTONE fumed.

*Business done.*—Budget brought in.

*Friday.*—Nice useful day. Met for Morning Sitting to prepare Municipal Elections Bill for Grand Committee. No one objects to Bill; Second Reading an affair of an hour; so other Bills put down to follow. That was the arrangement. What really happened was this: Conservatives, headed by JEMMY LOWTHER, worried Daddy Dodds and his Railway Bill for two hours. Easy task thereafter to talk out Municipal Elections Bill. At Evening Sitting Old Mother HUBBARD triumphantly produced her treasured bone labelled "Incidence of Income Tax." GLADSTONE sprung upon bone, utterly demoralised it, frightened life out of O. M. H. Then interesting discussion on Jamaica, and at One o'Clock House Counted Out.

*Business done.*—None.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.



THE OPERATIC CANTERBURY PILGRIMS; OR, MEDIEVAL EXCURSIONISTS, PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY MR. CARL ROSA.

MY DEAR MR. GYE,

YOU'VE been too busy, of course, to attend to anything except the business at your Italian Warehouse, and therefore unable to be present at Drury Lane, where, you will be rejoiced to hear, the greatest success has been achieved by an English Opera written by an English Author and English Composer, and sung by real English singers. The success, too, was chiefly due to the "book;" and this will seem strange to you, with only your experience of *libretti*, done into English by anybody (generally speaking), for which the Public do not care a rap except as a guide to the story, otherwise obscure, and which is of no value to anybody except the translator, the printer, the publisher, the officials in the house (who never have change for a florin when the price of the book is eighteen-pence), and perhaps the Manager, who may have retained some interest in it. But of late years, at other houses which you have had no opportunity of visiting, all this has been changed. In eccentric *bouffes* we have the Author named with the Composer,—nay, before him, as is his place in point of time, though not of tune.

Where would the Operatic Composer be without the Author, whose *libretto* inspires him? What is the complaint one constantly hears from Composers who are credited by their friends with capabilities for Opera, but who have never yet got beyond ballads? They say, "Ah! I should like to do an Opera, if I could only get a good 'book'!" Bless them, there are lots of good books about,—goody-goody books, and a Magazine called *Good Words* (I believe) into the bargain, but not the book to inspire the Operatic Composer. I emphasise "Operatic," because obviously the Composers of Symphonies, of instrumental quartettes, fantasias, songs without words, &c., &c., are independent of a librettist, but not so the Operatic Composer. His *raison d'être* is the Dramatic Author, as the *raison d'être* of Singers and Musicians is the Composer. Where would Singers be, without "little songs for them to sing"? where the Musicians without "little tunes for them to play"? and where the Manager? And, as you yourself would put it with admirable candour, where would you be but for all these talented people, whose services are at your disposition for a consideration? And so the world is on the elephant, and the elephant on the tortoise, and the tortoise—what is he on? Well, he has to rely on himself and stand upon his own dignity.

It was a happy thought, this selection by Mr. GILBERT A BECKETT of the idea of utilising the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. I should imagine that he hit on the title first, and then was utterly knocked over by the inspiration. The association between A BECKETT and Canterbury is of course obvious and natural. Then the next thing was to chaw up CHAUCER, and trust to his own ingenuity for a plot. Here he has succeeded thoroughly, for the plot is nearly as good as that of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to whose paunchy, weak, cunning, fatuous, vain, humorous, and wicked old hero, *Sir Christopher Synge* (Mr. LUDWIG) bears a close resemblance in all but the fat knight's unwieldy size and in his bachelorhood. For *Sir Christopher*, in order to "keep up the Christopher," is married to a young wife,—she is young as represented by Miss MARION BURTON,—whose name is *Dame Margery*, of whom *Sir Christopher*, on reconsideration, might have sung, had Mr. STANFORD given him such a chance as Mr. HATTON would have done, "What! marry young *Margery*, No! No! No!"—but there's nothing so rollicking, so jovial, so "tuney-tuney" as the ballad of *Old Simon the Cel-larer* throughout the Opera.

And this reminds me that you are going to bring out Messrs. A BECKETT and STANFORD's *Savonarola*, an English Opera (recently so triumphantly successful at Hamburg) by an English Author and

an English Composer; and on its first appearance in its own native land it is to be disguised in German!

I forget who your Stage-Manager is at Covent Garden, where the action of the chorus is directed by classic rules. But he will, I am sure, be delighted to hear that Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has put such life and motion into this English chorus and these English singers (but specially the chorus, as the principals, excepting Mr. LUDWIG, probably know quite enough without being taught, and wisely keep it to themselves), that, from first to last, the *Canterbury Pilgrims* was performed as if it was a real Acting Drama—one of Messrs. PERTITT and HARRIS's, for example,—instead of "only an Opera." The scenery, too, was all that you could desire, and that is saying a great deal, isn't it?

It seems to me—(but if you, my dear Mr. GYE, are gye-rating between the New German and the Old Italian style, you will not have made up your mind in time to agree with me)—that Mr. STANFORD, thorough Musician as he is, has been bitten by a Wagnerish-Meister-singerish notion of what a Comic Opera *ought* to be, and has said to himself, without mentioning it to his Librettist, who, of course, couldn't have prevented him, but who could have suggested dramatic points, "I will not write what is popularly known as a 'tune,' and if I ever catch myself dropping into tune as Wege did into poetry, I shall smother it up with instrumentation, and endeavour to let it be forgotten as quickly as possible. No; if I ever drop into tune, I deserve to be 'dropped into' by the Critics afterwards." Now, as Mr. STANFORD has consistently stuck to this principle, he cannot be robbed by any other unprincipled Composer, for there is literally "nothing to take away with you."

Here and there quaint tuneful bits spring up suddenly, but being immediately suppressed as too lively, they are like JOHN LEECH's long-haired Skye terrier which seemed to have neither head nor tail, and never take the form and shape of what are technically called "numbers." Yet a Composer would do well to recollect that there is "Luck in odd numbers," and let us have a few good ones. What he may be in serious Opera we shall know on hearing *Savonarola*; but in dealing with the greater part of the dialogue, and most of the situations of this Comedy-Opera, he is so hopelessly undramatic as to suggest the idea that he has failed to appreciate the real humour of the subject, and has gone in heavily,—very heavily,—for exalting his musical science at the expense of Dramatic Art.

For a real success in Opera, no matter whether serious, comic, eccentric, or *bouffe*, Author and Composer ought to work together as one man; and their umpire in all cases of dispute should be the Stage-Manager, who in this case is the Emperor AUGUSTUS DRURY-LANUS.

I am certain, my dear Mr. GYE, that this Opera will improve on repetition, and by the time you produce it at Covent Garden translated into choice Italian with an English re-translation [done by the Gasman or the man who takes the coats and hats and lends out opera-glasses], its music will be well known, and extracts from it will have become highly popular. The extracts can be made, though at first hearing this would seem a difficult task. But Mr. A BECKETT has written songs and Mr. STANFORD has written excellent music to them, only he won't stop to hear you say, "There! I like that," but hurries on to the next bar as if he wanted to catch a train of thought that had got ahead of him.

I think you, my dear Mr. GYE, would highly appreciate the acting of the Drury Lane Company, as, with the exception of Mr. LUDWIG and two of the chorus, it is mostly of the Italian-Operatic school. Indeed, Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE makes *Hal o' the Chepe* a thorough Italian rendering of the Spanish Barber *Figaro*. But that he speaks



### HAPPY THOUGHT.

He. "IN AMERICA, YOU KNOW, WE HAVE NO STANDING ARMY."  
She. "WHAT? ARE THEY ALL MOUNTED?"

English so plainly you would not be surprised to hear him suddenly defy Mr. STANFORD and burst into "*Ah bravo, Figaro, bravo bravissimo!*" The *Pilgrims'* comedy-dialogue never drops into farce or burlesque; there are no *jeux de mots* in it; and so both Author and Composer may be congratulated on being consistent *contrapuntists*.

Mr. B. DAVIES, as *Hubert Lovel*, the apprentice in love with *Cicely* (Miss PERRY—"with whom," says Mr. WAGSTAFF, "he pairs off"—oh! yes, pre-Cicely so!) might belong to any operatic company, and is of no distinct nationality.

For my part, or rather for *his* part, I liked Mr. LUDWIG, as he made the most of any chance which the Composer had left untouched, or had (for a wonder) brought out into prominence. The Author must have studied very hard to have so completely imbued his work with the mediæval phraseology. For instance, when *Hal o' the Chepe* (a sort of "ARRY on the cheap" of those times) has put a chalk-mark on a door, instead of telling the knight, "That door I chalked," which would be our modern prosaic fashion, he says, "The door chalked I"—which is, you must own, my dear Mr. GYE, infinitely superior, and so poetic, too! How far preferable is "A cab took I" to "I took a cab"! That's my style in future. "Scurvy knaves" is good too. I don't quite know to what sort of persons to apply it, and should be sorry to be incorrect in a first attempt. But I'll risk it with a street-boy who insists on opening my cab-door for me. But I will *not* try it on a cabman who won't take his proper fare, and is inclined to be abusive and physically demonstrative. Marry! that will I not!

Then, too, the Dramatist has thoroughly mastered the manners and customs of those times; as, for instance, when the old Innkeeper enters at night, and seeing young *Hubert* in a sort of domino, with the hood up, playing a diminutive banjo (then known as "a lute"), and, in fact, evidently serenading his daughter *Cicely*, he accepts the mildest

possible explanation, and says to himself, "'Tis a pious Monk." Now, if being out late at night and playing on a lute were in these times the sign of a "pious Monk," why, the subsequent Reformation might have well taken place a little earlier than it actually did. Let me know when you are bringing out the English Opera by Messrs. A. BECKETT AND STANFORD in German at the Italian Opera-House, and I'll be there. I know you will do your best to get CARL ROSA to stay and continue the series, but he can't. He'll stop longer next time. Meanwhile, when CARL ROSA'S away, *Savonarola* will play. Success to you and yours, Mr. GYE, is the sentiment of your sincere well-wisher,  
NIBBS.

### Michael Costa.

BORN, NAPLES, FEBRUARY 4, 1810.  
DIED, BRIGHTON, APRIL 29, 1884.

DRAPE it in mourning, the Conductor's seat,  
Where over Music-land he ruled so long.  
Sound woke to triumph at his magic beat,  
And softest prelude sweetened into song!  
Enthroned he sat, in the grand days of old,  
Beloved and trusted by the men he led.  
What memories that life-time could unfold!  
Art's children, who no more Life's stage shall tread!  
Great COSTA'S dead!

Throw no more garlands on the empty stage,  
Hang them with love around his vacant chair;  
Of mighty Opera he closed the page,  
Then went to lead sweet voices in the air!  
Changed is the scene! Musicians of the past  
Will rise to greet his coming; and the sigh  
Of half-forgotten melody will cast  
Shadows of love! Friends left can only cry  
COSTA! good-bye!

### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

LORD DALHOUSIE has recently spent a couple of nights and days on board a trawler in the North Sea, in order to qualify himself by practical knowledge for sitting on a Commission to examine into the grievances of Fishermen.

This excellent example suggests various ways in which other members of the Ministry might usefully employ any leisure they possess. For example:—

1. Mr. GLADSTONE, after a fortnight in Dartmoor Convict Establishment would be able to inform the world whether he felt any "disability to return" to Downing Street when "hemmed in" (but not "surrounded") by dozens of stern Warders, and walls twenty feet high.

2. Mr. DODSON would perhaps be the better for a few happy days spent at Deptford in company with an infuriated British Farmer and an imported bullock suffering from foot-and-mouth disease.

3. Mr. TREVELYAN, as an amateur Detective, "made up," let us say, as Mr. BIGGAR, might learn something of the new "Impregnable Invincibles" by a little money judiciously spent upon the "Head Centres" in New York. This might be called a Head Centralising policy.

4. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN obviously ought to take a voyage round the world in the hold of a well-found merchantman, with screw-propeller. Grand ceremonies on crossing the (load) Line. (Board of Trade-winds in the Tropics.

5. The Irish Attorney-General should pay a clandestine visit to Mr. PARNELL'S Tenants, and give them a little (gratuitous) legal advice, and some copies of *How to Fight a Revolutionary Landlord in the Land Courts*.

6. And, finally, of course, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT ought, under proper police protection, to preside at every meeting of the unreformed Common Council, the Clerkenwell Vestry, and the Holborn Board of Guardians, between now and next November.

ORANGEISM IN LONDON.—The stupidity of scattering orange-peel on the pavement about the streets. Wanted Beadles or Policemen provided with canes, for the purpose of putting a stop to that dangerous practice on the part of Orange Boys. But the Authorities are too much accustomed to "let things slide," and so they'll probably allow any opportunity for dealing with this Orangeism to slip.

MOTTO FOR THE INTERVIEWER OF A CERTAIN INFLUENTIAL EVENING PAPER.—*Honi soit qui Pall Mall y pense.*





### RABELAISIAN SITUATION.

HOW SIR ROBERT PEELAGRUEL VISITS HIS WRATH ON THE PRESIDENTER OF ALL THE ARTS; HOW THOUSANDS OF POUNDS ARE SACRIFICED; AND OF THE CONTEMPT OF THE PRESIDENTER FOR THE "RIDICULOUS STATUE" MANDUKÉ, AND OF HIS TREATMENT OF PEELAGRUEL.

["The Royal Academy has said that the Statue was a disgrace to British Art." . . . "I feel bound to say that I look upon a great many of the Royal Academy at the present day as a most dangerous and meretricious body. The Art-opinion of the Royal Academy is not worth much."—*Sir Robert Peel's Speech, Thursday, May 1.*]

### SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

#### OPPOSITION LEADERSHIP.—LATEST BETTING.

5 to 2 against	LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (t & w).
4 to 1	" LORD JOHN MANNERS (off).
5 to 1	" SIR RICHARD CROSS (nominal).
5 to 1	" GIBSON (t).
7 to 1	" JIM LOWTHER (t & w).
7 to 1	" SIR ROBERT PEEL (t & w).
8 to 1	" HICKS BEACH (off).
10 to 1	" LORD MAYOR (t & w).
100 to 1	" ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (off; no takers).

The following were scratched yesterday:—GOSCHEN, MARRIOTT, WARTON, NEWDEGATE. The old Trainer says they are but a poor lot; the old 'uns are little better than screws, and the new 'uns want a lot more training. But he was always a severe critic, and his temper is by no means improved by his late run of bad luck.

### A Quaint Costume.

SPEAKING of Miss GRAHAME's costume as *Almida* in *Claudian* at Manchester, the *British Architect* says:—

"*Chiton* and *himation* seemed not only to have been made exactly right, but what was of far greater importance, they were worn as they ought to be, without pins and stitches, and thus every movement of the body received from the drapery its natural accompaniment, the whole *himation* flowing away sometimes, not like a milliner's drapery, but like a cascade."

No pins and no stitches, and flowing away sometimes like a cascade? What an exceedingly inconvenient dress! The only character, as far as we can see, which would be appropriate in this costume would be *Undine*.

A MOST RESPECTABLE BODY OF ECCLESIASTICS.—The Canons of Good Taste.



## OIL AND WATER.

(Which includes the first instalment of our annual "Academy Guy'd," a visit to the Royal Water-works Exhibition in Piccadilly, and to the Royal Society of the Jolly Old Watermen, at 5, Pall Mall.)



No. 359. "The Sword-Swallower rehearsing." John Pettie, R.A.



No. 341. "The Drunken Butler; or, Like Master like Man." (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 158. "A Morning Call; or, Ought we to Visit Her?" Julia B. Folkard.



No. 52. "Waiting for the Photographer." (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 88. "Found Out." (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 357. "I used your soap ten years ago, and since then I've used no other." H. Fantin.

IN most cases, as this Catalogue is intended to be a companion as well as a guide, where we do not give the illustration it will be found necessary to refer to the picture itself in the Academy. In many instances it will be at once perceived by the visitor that the Artist has failed to appreciate his own work, and that it has been left for us to tell him what it really means, what should have been its correct title, and to put him right whoever he may be.

Passing No. 4, which we reserve for illustration on our next visit, we begin with

No. 15. "Early Sorrow." So young and yet so grey! Or is it Miss DE GREY the Actress? For information, inquire of the Artist, C. E. PERUGINI.

No. 16. "Prestonpans." Evidently an incident in the battle of Prestonpans. It might be fairly termed "An Action on the Outskirts." It is scarcely complimentary to the bravery of the Scotch soldiers, as of the two represented as engaged in the action, one is standing still, his head being quite turned, and the other is cutting away! It is the clever work of J. WATSON NICOL.

No. 35. "I'll eat my hat if I don't catch one of her eyes." This is one of those pictures which tells its own—STOREY, A.

No. 45. "A Charade." By H. STACY MARKS, R.A. We guessed it at once. The word is "Monkey." Monk: Key: Very good. Mr. MARKS, though not so absolutely new and original as we should have expected.

No. 49. "A Little Venetian." CLAUDE CALTEROP. It might be anything up aloft. If its price is equal to its elevated position, the Artist will be a lucky man, and we wish he may get it.

No. 52. "Waiting for the Photographer." Anxious Lady holding her St. Bernard steady, so as to have him taken in a good attitude. This is another tell-tale picture,—in this instance the tail of a dog,—without reference to the Cat-alogue. By the way, for such a splendid dog what a very feeble tale it is! You might "wait for the waggin" a long time, but there's no waggishness there. Still, except for this, a mastiffful Picture by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

No. 53. "Old Mill on the French Coast (commenced 1860)." H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. Not so very old the Mill, if commenced in '60.

No. 88. "Found Out"; or, *Æsopian Comic Scene in Animal Life*. Jackasses roaring with laughter, and saying to one another, "What! he call 'imself a Lion!! Why, it's only Jumbo dressed up! Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

No. 89. "Twice Bitten once Caught; or, Night Scene in New Lodgings." G. GASCOYNE. "The poor young man couldn't get a wink of sleep. At last he thought he had secured his tormentor.

Rushing into his grandfather's room, he woke the excellent old Gentleman out of his first doze, saying, 'Here he is! When I lift my hand, come down on him sharp—and flat.' 'I will!' answered his Grandfather, and lifted his hand."—Extract from "KNIPPER'S Curiosities of the Insect World."

## GALLERY No. II.

No. 131. The very Picture of thorough annoyance. Elderly Sportsman (*log.*). "How provoking! Here I've brought down my gun for shooting, and the stupid servants have only packed up my fishing-tackle, and sent no cartridges." After this he explodes—and goes off. We knew at once that this was by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 136. A Temperance Picture. Serious warning to youth. Here she is, prostrate! Very sad, and such a bad example to her younger sisters. JOHN COLLIER.

No. 155. "A Very Superior Person." COLIN HUNTER, R.A.

No. 161. View of Cows, described in the Academy Cattle-log as "Pushing off for Tilbury Fort." Who's pushing off? What's being pushed off? We thought at first it was a prospect of "Goring-on-Thames," but it isn't. Where is this "Fort of Tilbury"? But, no matter whether the Fort of Tilbury is visible or not, cattle will always be the forte of THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

No. 190. Trying to arrange for a new piece at the Haymarket, being a Portrait of Mr. BANCROFT without a Caste in his eye. W. W. OULESS, R.A.

No. 298. "H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G." after a severe course of training. The Artist is to be congratulated on having well brought out the Hair to the Crown. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

No. 341. "The Drunken Butler; or, Like Master like Man." Another picture which tells its own story without any reference to the Catalogue being necessary. A beautiful Lady and a Roman-nosed Gentleman are seated *vis-à-vis* at a long table. It is dessert-time, and the Butler is filling his Master's glass with claret. What is the story? Evident. Regard the stolid look of the Gentleman; he has had too much wine already, and another glass will finish him. Observe the Butler: his eyes are almost closed, he can scarcely see what he is about; he also is the worse for liquor. The Mistress of the House perceives it, and only look at her face and see how disgusted she is! She doesn't like to upbraid her husband before the Butler, she doesn't like to scold the Butler and give him a month's

warning there and then, because, as the Butler is rather a favourite with her husband, it would lead to a tremendous row. The title of the picture might be "*Like Master like Man.*" Or there's another story it tells. It is simply the Drunken Butler who is familiarly saying to the Master of the House, "have 'nother glashwine"—and his master, a serious elderly aristocrat, is deliberating whether he shall (or can) get up and kick him out, or take no notice of it. His wife, or daughter, or niece, or grass widow, or whatever she is with whom he is dining (or is he dining with her?) evidently doesn't want to be mixed up with the matter, and is sorry she came. When that Butler is out of the room she will give her host, or guest, or father, or uncle, or husband, or whatever he may be, a bit of her mind,—not that she has very much to spare. And so—but now we come to think of it the picture tells ever so many other stories according to what relationship may be supposed to exist between the two dinner companions. Therefore we will refer to the Catalogue. Dear us! it is called "*Mariage de Convenience.*" Of course. That settles it. She is the daughter of a *bourgeois millionnaire*, and he is a titled, but not bloated, aristocrat. "They have lived and loved (somebody else) together"—and in moody silence they have dined together. Now we see the full title of this (the picture of the year *par excellence*) should be "*Un Mariage de Convenience; or, Getting their Desserts*"—which we present, *gratis*, to its painter, W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.



No. 131. The very Picture of thorough annoyance. (See description in Catalogue.)

No. 347. "*A Little Music: Small and Early.*" Military Fifeb-boy playing to children. It is said that £5,000 was paid for this picture. If so, never before was such an interest paid on *one fiver*! Why doesn't he paint a companion portrait of SIMS REEVES, put 'em side by side as a Fifer and a Tenner, and get two thousand per cent. for the investment! Hooray for High Art coupled with the name of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.!

GALLERY No. IV.—No. 372. "Treasury" Time on Saturday at the Lyceum Theatre. Portrait of HENRY IRVING putting his hand in his pocket. Of course there's no mistaking it for anybody else except IRVING. But it's weak, flat, and thin, and not up to the usual form of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 373. Two of Mr. STACY MARKS's birds, which are as well known as St. Mark's pigeons. *Toujours perdrix.*

Sir ROBERT PEEL will be delighted to hear that the Royal Academy rejected Mr. MACALLUM's picture, which everyone is praising on seeing it in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is supposed that the Royal Academy Committee considered they were becoming a trifle over-Scotched, and, to avoid being known as the Macademey, they declined this picture. Another theory is, that they didn't catch the Painter's name, and hadn't time to examine the work of Art, which was rejected simply as being Mr. What-you-macallum's picture.

So far for our First Visit. Quitting the Oil-land, we naturally betake ourselves to the Water. So here goes for the—

### PICCADILLY SHOW.

Of course the gem of the show must be, to our eyes, No. 559. *An Idyll.* By JOHN TENNIEL, R.I. It is simply a lion with three boys, and, like all really inspired works of Art of symbolical character, it is capable of more than one interpretation.

*First Interpretation.*—An instance of *L'embarras des richesses*; or, The Lion at Home after Breakfast. He is not hungry; he has his eyes nearly closed; he is quietly observant. He allows the three boys to tickle him with roses, while he is considering *which of the three he shall select for his luncheon*. Bearing in mind the well-known tastes of the lion, the Artist has suggested in the figure of the playful small boy in front of the Monarch of Beasts that his choice will probably fall on the *lively little kid*.

*Second Interpretation.*—The picture has a political signification.

It represents Master GLADSTONE at one ear of the British Lion, seriously whispering something into it, which the noble beast is trying to understand, being compelled to shut his eyes to facts while under the spell of Master WILLIAMS' oratory; and on the other side is Master STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE, mildly accepting flowers of speech from the perky little party who represents Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

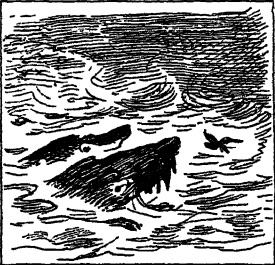
*Third Interpretation.*—The Punishment of Idyllness. Truant boys, on their way to school, throw down their books, and stop to play with a lion, when they ought to be at their studies. The result will be, of course, that *the lion gives them a lesson*. Perhaps our Mr. TENNIEL will give us the sequel to this tragic tale in the next Exhibition.

We have an eminent horticulturist's opinion for saying that the flowers with which the boys are decorating the lion are "*Right in the mane.*"

No. 12. *The Judgment of Paris.* By JOHN ABSOLON, R.I. O ABSOLON, my son! What's the apple-ication?

No. 579. We won't describe Mr. DADD's picture—that is, we won't go into pig-tails—we mean, details. They are soldiers who love the smell of powder and the hour of Wig-try! Capital, Be-dadd!

No. 1081. "*Portrait of 'a Plunger' in Undress.*" This is a really appropriate Water-colour subject. As to Mr. WALTER CRANE's picture, "There will be," says Mr. WAGSTAFF, "Divers opinions."



No. 1031. By H. G. Hine, R.I. Sea Monsters in pursuit of bird.



No. 877.—A Striking Situation. "The Man who would lay his Hand on a Woman," &c. Yah! Coward. H. R. Steer.

### PALL MALL SHOW.

No. 100. Performing Troupe of Turks—the Tumbling Turks—make their first appearance for the amusement of an elderly Lady who hasn't laughed for years. The leader is giving a back; a boy in armour is explaining the entertainment; Turk No. 2, refusing to "over," is being remonstrated with by elder performer, who assures him that it isn't difficult, and that, if he were younger, he would do it himself. The picture tells its own story, and the Artist, W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A., tells another when he says in the Catalogue that he intended this to illustrate "*The Cid and the Five Moorish Kings.*"

What is this crowd? Let us pass. Ha! No. 269. By GEORGE!—DU MAURIER. "*Two Thrones; or, Under which Queen Bezonian?*" When this Picture has passed into history, posterity will say, "Ah! there were fine men in those days!" (and fine women, too, for the

matter of that)—as not one of them, except a thoughtful ecclesiastic, can possibly be less than six feet something. One of the two Reigning Favourites who is *not* singing, and whose subjects have temporarily deserted her for the songstress, is evidently saying to herself "I won't ask her to any of my parties." Then, when the song is over, won't she get up and compliment her rival, and thank her, and even ask her to sing again and again and again, on the chance that she may fail once, or overdo it, and wear out the patience of her present enthusiastic admirers. Our Own One has shown what can be done with our evening trousseaus, vestings, and dress-coatings of 1884, and proves, triumphantly, that we are not such unpicturesque and ungainly people as the *laudatores temporis acti*, the aesthetes, and the classicists would have us believe. Compared with our habiliments,—a fig for classic robes, a fig for your Charles the Second's and your Four Georges! and give us the easy, graceful, picturesque costume of the time of GEORGE THE FIFTH, surnamed DU MAURIER. And in praising him and his Picture thusly, we only give our MAURIER his *Du*.

By the way, Sir JOHN, the Catalogue is rather confocuzlum. Why not have the Illustrations marked with the same numbers as they are in the first part of the Catalogue, and as they are numbered on the walls? Instead of which, each Picture which has an illustration has a double number. All very well as to admirers; and each Picture we hope will have a treble number. But for reference it's puzzling.



No. 100. Performing Troupe of Turks. (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 203. "More than Seven; or, the Girl and the Fascinating Page." J. Henry Henshall.



## VARNISHING DAY.

THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

A. (cheerily). "HULLO, OLD MAN! OFF ALREADY? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PICTURES!"

B. (whose work does not look so well as it did in his Studio). "OH, DASH IT ALL, I THINK MY PICTURES LOOK SIMPLY BEASTLY!"

A. (meaning to express a like dissatisfaction with his own). "SO DO I, MY DEAR FELLOW?"

Chorus of Sympathisers (all in similar case). "WE ALL DO!"

[Exit B., glaring furiously round.]

## AT THE CONFERENCE.

"Great Britain desires that the business of the Conference shall be strictly limited to a discussion of the Law of Liquidation."—Daily Paper.

Lord Granville (after some preliminary conversation). Well, suppose we get to business? Of course, my dear colleagues, we all know what has brought us here. The line which my Government adopts—

M. Camille Barrère (for France). Quite so. The line that brought me here was the Brindisi to Paris Railway, and anything more villainous than the sleeping arrangements—

Count Münster (for Germany, pleasantly). Yes, shocking. Almost a *casus belli*, eh, BARRÈRE? I tell you what, if France would only put a decent through sleeping-train on between Calais and Turin, by Jove, you might have back Alsace and—

Count Nigra (for Italy). Upon my word, I was almost forgetting. I thought of such a splendid joke coming down here in the cab:—Why is a man selling shell-fish at Margate like the False Prophet?—Give it up? Because he's a Mussel-man!

[Great laughter, all the Ambassadors jotting down the remark in their note-books.]

Musurus Pasha. Excuse me, dear Count. Did you say Margate, or Ramsgate?

Count Nigra. Margate. And here's another:—Why is a bad five-franc piece which a money-lender tries to dispose of at Cairo, like the MAHDI?—Because it's a False Profit on the Nile!

Lord Granville. Capital! First-rate! But let me recall to your minds the Egyptian Law of Liquid—

Baron Mohrenheim (for Russia). So sorry to interrupt, but as you have mentioned liquids, may I just observe that your English climate always produces a peculiar constitutional symptom in me—dryness of the larynx, in fact—and the doctor has ordered me cham-

pagne every hour or so; so if you do happen to have a cellar here—

Lord Granville. Oh, certainly—by all means. (Orders in refreshments.) And now, suppose we really do get to business at last!

M. Camille Barrère (cheerfully). By all means, I want an indemnity for all French citizens who've been ruined by your Soudan war, in the first place. Secondly—

Lord Granville. Well, we could manage that—or rather the Fellahs could, I've no doubt. Or perhaps you'd like to take it in our new half-sovereigns? No? Well, but this is not the Law of Liquidation, is it? I was going to say that the Assets—

Count Karolyi (for Austria). Talking of Assets reminds me of Assiout. I say, GRANVILLE, what is the boundary of Egypt now the Soudan's given up? I've got a brand-new map, and it's all spoilt, because nobody knows what is Egypt, and what is not?

Count Nigra. I am really sorry to make myself disagreeable, but I cannot help, my dear GRANVILLE, recalling to your mind what your Government promised about being out of Egypt in six months—

M. Camille Barrère. And I should be equally grieved to give offence, but how on earth can you defend Egypt if you disband the native army, and don't use English troops? Depend upon it, the Joint Control—

Lord Granville. Ahem! This is a very interesting conversation indeed, but, as we don't seem to make much headway with the Law of Liquidation, suppose we adjourn for the day, and—

All (rising). And visit the Health Exhibition instead! Adieu, cher GRANVILLE. We go to see the Artificial Digestion—it will swallow anything—even your Government's Egyptian promises. Ha! ha! Comprenez? Au revoir! [Exit the Ambassadors.]

SUGGESTION FOR EQUESTRIAN STATUES.—Various Eminent Public Characters on their hobbies.



“QUESTION TIME.”

MR. GLEDSTERN (as Mr. Micawber, “for this occasion only”). “I AM DELIGHTED TO ADD THAT I HAVE NOW AN IMMEDIATE PROSPECT OF SOMETHING TURNING UP. I AM NOT AT LIBERTY TO SAY IN WHAT DIRECTION.”—*David Copperfield.*







## SNUBBED!

Mossoo (*aside*). "HA!—WITH MY HATED RIVAL! WHY WAS I SO RUDE TO HER?!"



"IN CONFIDENCE."

Dining-Room, Apelles Club.

Diner. "THOMSON, DO THE MEMBERS ASK FOR THIS WINE?"  
Head Waiter (*sotto voce*). "NOT TWICE, SIR!"

### "THE PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

[The following letter, although received at this office, was seemingly intended for the lively and amusing columns of our contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—Ed. *Punch*.]

To the Editor.

SIR,—Give us leave to handle in the briefest possible manner this topic, as lately treated and commented on in your pages. We are more than surprised; nay, we are absolutely astonished at the many omissions we have discovered in the list of contemporary Authors that have been furnished by your contributors. Let us give a few instances:—

Pray turn to Poetry. What finer Poet have we than BOBBS? His *Lunar Lullabys* will be remembered when the name of TENNYSON is utterly forgotten. And yet BOBBS, the accomplished BOBBS, has been overlooked. An outrage, Sir—an outrage!

Then as to History. Take a hundred people from all parts of Europe indiscriminately, and examine them as to their knowledge of the leading Chroniclers of the passing times, and we will warrant you that nine-tenths of them will point to COBBS as the Historian of the period. And yet we find no mention of COBBS, the erudite COBBS! This should not be!

Come now to Fiction. At once the Author of *Aunt Lucy's Needlecase* will occur to everyone. A man who could write such a novel may well be buried with THACKERAY and DICKENS. Surely those who know his works would willingly give him a grave in Westminster Abbey. And yet DOBBS, the fanciful DOBBS, is absolutely ignored! Oh, shame! shame!

Turning to the Drama, matters are even worse. It might have been supposed that his glorious, albeit unpublished, Tragedy of *Pignus Porcus the Persian*, would have saved him the indignity,—but no, FOBBS is passed over like the rest! Surely this is a scandal, a disgrace! If anyone deserves well of his country, it is FOBBS, the constructive FOBBS. And yet FOBBS is entirely forgotten! Oh, the pity o' it, the pity o' it!

And now, having stated our grievance, we append our names, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

(Signed)

BENJAMIN BOBBS, CHARLES COBBS,  
DAVID DOBBS, and FREDERICK FOBBS.

The Butterfly Club, New Grub Street, S.W.

### GORDON IN THE GAP.

INTO the hole that opened in the Forum

When MARCUS CURTIUS rode, armed cap-a-pie,  
Down went below that crack young cockalorum;

Rome's chiefest opulence his horse and he.  
The gulf closed o'er them; that heroic chap  
So sacrificed himself, but stopped the gap.

"Oh, what a friend at need in just the nick  
Of time!" the Populus Romanus cried;

"How big a breach, repaired with what a brick!"  
Sang the Quirites out on every side.

And all the Senate voted him a trump,  
For daring down that dreadful gulf to jump.

They were content. His self-devotion cost  
Them not an *as*; they nothing had to pay:  
A hero by his leap was all they lost.

Because he *gratis* threw his life away;  
All of his own accord, and at his sole  
Expense, he threw himself into a hole.

Not quite as CURTIUS to a certain doom

Went GORDON, for, hemmed in by savage foes,  
Though he is in a hole, too, at Khartoum,

The hole did not at once above him close;  
And "Yah!" the people to their Rulers shout,

"Why don't you send the means to help him out?"

CURTIUS not only dared to die, but died

Outright, to serve his country at a pinch.

GORDON has fate as gallantly defied,

And will no more from any danger flinch.

Do we too want the generous and the brave  
To pay for all—and so the nation save?

### THE FIRST STAGE AND THE LAST.

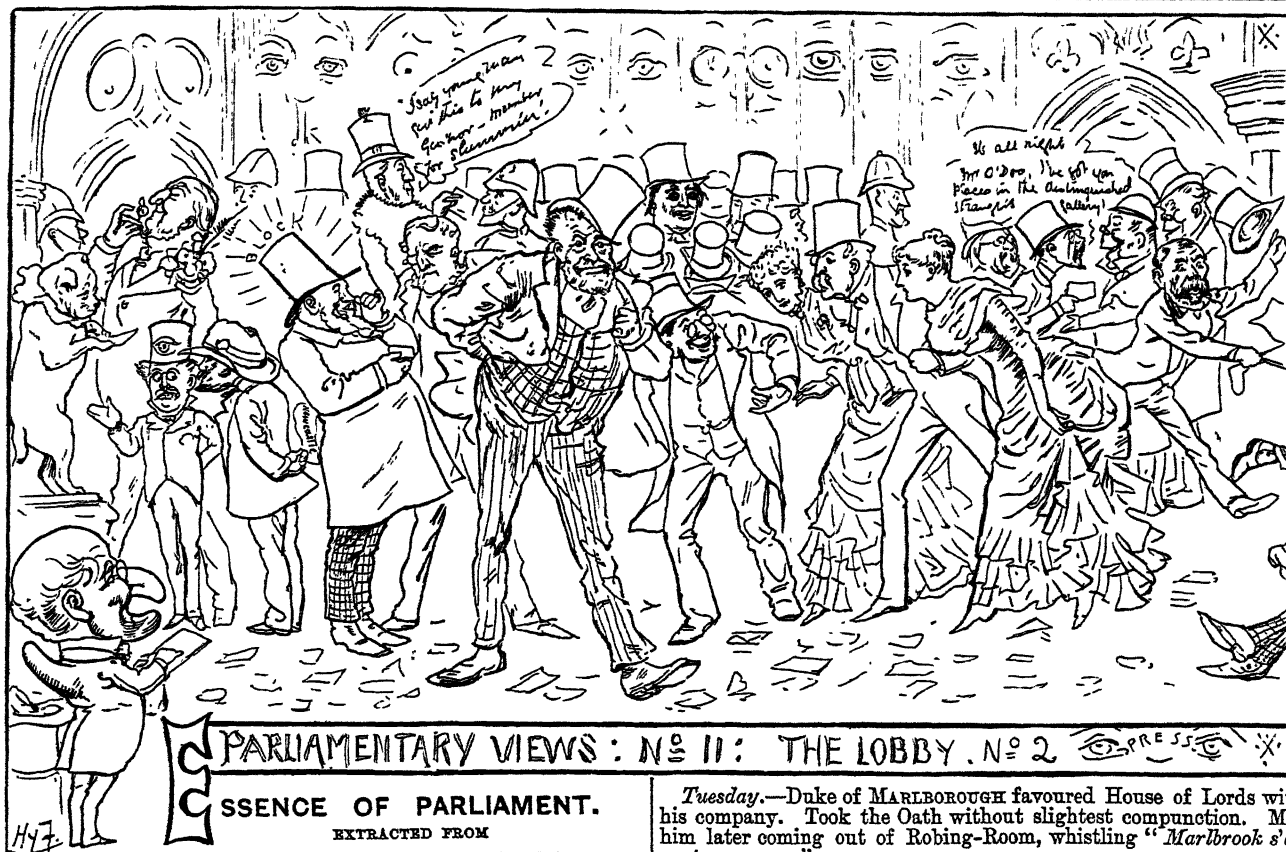
OLD STYLE.

PLAY—A Standard Comedy. Scene—A Room furnished with two or three chairs and a table. Doors c., l., and r. Enter the Principals, and real acting commences. Laughter. Appreciative Audience delighted, and go away in the best possible spirits.

NEW STYLE.

Revival of Standard Comedy. Scene—Heavy set arranged to represent the interior of a mansion during the latter portion of the last century. Stone mantelpiece, built up at back of Stage. Real marble statues and pillars where required for decoration. Furniture, china, and *bric-à-brac* genuine. Old Masters (real) hanging to the wall. Carpet secured from Hampton Court Palace. Tapestry from the Gobelins Manufactory. Early morning. London cries of the period represented off by descendants of original criers. Maid-Servant of the period comes into room yawning, and arranges furniture. She brushes out the room with broom of the period. Old-fashioned Footman in undress livery (copied from HOGARTH) joins housemaid. They open spinnet (real, borrowed from the South Kensington Museum), and play the air of a *gavotte* of the period. Baker interrupts concert with perfectly-correct loaf. Other Servants enter, carrying trunks of the period. They extinguish torches. They show one another newspapers of the period. A Military band of the period is heard to pass, playing Eighteenth-Century tunes. Company of night-brawlers rush in (copied from HOGARTH), and are expelled by Watchmen of the period. Fresh Servants enter, in various costumes, suggesting a household of untold wealth, and put things to-rights. Little Chimney-Sweep of the period appears, sweeps chimney, and disappears. It is now full daylight. Black boy in turban, followed by poodle, crosses Stage, carrying cup of chocolate for his Mistress. Valet comes from the opposite side, bearing the Master's hat and cane. Enter a Professor of Fiddling, a Clergyman in bands, a swaggerer with patch over his eye, a tailor, &c., each dress copied from artistic authorities, they converse in dumb-show, and *exeunt*, shown out by Valet. Then enter Principals. Appreciative Audience waits for real acting to begin, and having waited in vain, *exeunt* Appreciative Audience in the worst possible humour.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH THE WELLINGTON STATUE?—An Invincible writes, "Remove it." Dr. CAMERON suggests, "Cremate it."



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS : N° 11: THE LOBBY. N° 2

**SENSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 28.*—"Don't know how you bear it, TOBY," said ONSLOW just now, "but I find Parliamentary life very exhausting. There's the *Tizer* first thing in the morning. Must read something, you know. Get up facts, catch drift of public opinion, and that sort of thing. *Tizer* wonderful paper, though takes a good deal out of you unless you're in training. Always after reading leader take quiet stroll through advertisements, public-houses to let, or barmen wanting places, which puts me right. Saves strain on mind. In addition to morning paper, got two Questions in charge. There's HARCOURT's Nosegays and the Vote of Thanks to Army of Soudan. Settled nosegay business; must look up precedents of Votes of Thanks. Rather think the Army would like it. Must have heard of me sometimes. Gallant fellows, glad to do them any little service, but, gad! mental strain tremendous. Can't keep up the pace long. Shall knock off *Tizer* for day or two."

Another really useful evening. Seven cheerful nights we had on Lord JOHN MANNERS' Amendment to Franchise Bill. Conservatives so greedy for Parliamentary Reform, can't get enough of it. So RAIKES to-night brings up Lord JOHN'S Amendment slightly disguised, and agreeably proposes to commence debate "*de novo*," as LORD MAYOR says.

"Very well," says GLADSTONE; "seems we can't help that, but you shall have all the talk yourselves."

Wild indignation on Conservative side. "*Clôture* in most barbarous shape!" cries RANDOLPH, preserving grave face.

"What!" gasps EDWARD CLARKE, holding on to rail of benches before him. "Mean to say you aren't going to make any speeches? Can't be true. Thought and said many bad things of you. Won't believe this."

True, nevertheless, with slight exception. HARCOURT in speech fifteen minutes' long, protests that he will remain silent. Seven times over, in almost precisely identical words, states actual position already defined by the PREMIER. Then GLADSTONE gets up, and, also confining himself to quarter of an hour, repeats that he will not play game of Opposition, and will stubbornly hold his tongue. So Conservatives have it all to themselves, and drearily keep the mill going.

Success of evening TOM COLLINS, who unfurls umbrella, and sitting down under it, carefully parting coat-tails so as not further to crush garment, occupied an hour and quarter in reciting speech prepared for Second Reading.

*Business done.*—None. "How long! how long!" cries CLAUDIAN GLADSTONE, throwing up his hands, with despairing gesture, towards gaslit roof.

*Tuesday.*—Duke of MARLBOROUGH favoured House of Lords with his company. Took the Oath without slightest compunction. Met him later coming out of Robing-Room, whistling "*Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*."

"With whom?" I asked.

"Ah! that depends," his Grace answered. "Never be in a hurry in these matters, TOBY. My case, I know, is a little peculiar. Quite a rush on Conservative side to get me as recruit. Liberals equally anxious; so I wait. Think of forming Fourth Party in Lords. People believe RANDOLPH's got all the family cleverness. Mean to show they're mistaken. WEMYSS shall be my Wolff, and BRABOURNE my lamb—I mean my Gorst. True BRABOURNE not brought up to Law, but naturally has a pettifoggish manner. As for WEMYSS, shall have trouble with him, I know. Will want to boss the concern; but he'll get over that in time. Not as fortunate as RANDOLPH in my materials. His opportunity unique; but must do the best with what I have got. Mean to make SALISBURY sit up, and GRANVILLE growl."

Fresh trouble for the Ministry, domestic rather than foreign. Appears there's a revolt in the kitchen and butler's pantry. PREMIER's young footman wants to know why HOME-SECRETARY's young man should have been mentioned in Parliament whilst he remains comparatively obscure? FRIZMAURICE's second housemaid has given a month's notice that unless Lord EDMOND will bring in a reference to her next time he answers ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, she will leave.

"I'm sure his Lordship wouldn't have no difficulty," said MARY ANN, addressing the meeting. "Nex time he says, 'Praps the Hon. Member will give notice of that question,' what's easier than to go on to say, 'as I deeply regret to mention my second housemaid has give me notice,'"

This all comes of HARCOURT's persistent humour in answering ONSLOW on the Nosegay Question. Ministers had quite enough on their minds without this.

*Business done.*—Two Clauses of Cattle Diseases Bill agreed to.

*Wednesday.*—"How wonderful are the resources of Science!" LYON PLAYFAIR exclaimed, gazing reflectively at FARQUHARSON seated below the Gangway. "No one regarding FARQUHARSON, noting the thoughtful droop of his moustache, the massive forehead, home of high intellect, would suspect that he had a cow in his waistcoat pocket. I once brought down to illustrate my lecture on Oleomargarine a few sample pots of grease; but I never went the whole hog as FARQUHARSON does."

Quite true, though a little startling at first hearing. FARQUHARSON seconding CAMERON's Motion for Second Reading of Cremation Bill, incidentally produced cow out of his waistcoat pocket. All that was mortal went into small pial, size of little finger.

"Looks just like frosted silver," said the Doctor, holding it out, and looking fondly in the quarter where the cow's tail ought to have been.

Most interesting sitting. Sort of "Nicht wi' Burns." PLAYFAIR himself apologised to House for not bringing down few "objects." Has remarkable fine specimen of a Mother-in-law, which House might like to have seen in a bottle; also a sheep or two, a pig, and a specimen (very rare) of an elephant. Even without these, lecture admirable. Marvel of clearness of statement, here and there glowing with genuine eloquence.

LARRY in genial Liberal mood. Declares he's no objection whatever to Grand Cross being buried in the ground, if he likes it. For himself, prefers being cremated.

"There are a good many people," says GIBSON, cheerfully, "from the Duke of VALAMBROSA downwards, who would cherish opportunity of carrying LARRY about in small glass bottle in waistcoat pocket."

HOME SECRETARY full of humour. In fact, House as merry as if discussing most cheerful topic in the world.

"It's the one touch of nature, don't you know, that makes the whole world cousins or aunts or something of the kind," says Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, perfuming the place with a shake of his pocket-handkerchief. "Been told undertakers always most jovial parties. Gad! I nearly smiled myself when HARCOURT talked about Commissioners of Sewers disappearing in chariot of fire. Didn't see it at the moment. Then other fellows had finished laughing; thought it would be a bore to smile by myself, so gave it up. But doosed near it."

Business done.—Cremation Bill thrown out by 149 votes against 79. "The Bill an un-urged increment on the number already rejected this Session," says CHARLES RUSSELL.

Thursday.—"How do you do?" I said, giving a paw to GLADSTONE, as he stood behind the Speaker's Chair, chatting lightly heartedly with one or two Members. CHAPLIN, after thundering around his Amendment to the Franchise Bill, had just bethought him of the part of prudent General, and, amid roars of laughter, had announced that he wouldn't go to Division.

"So near is Tragedy to Farce," said PETER, whose kind heart had been really thrilled by CHAPLIN's deep voice and awesome looks as he addressed the House.

Hadn't spoken to my Chief for some days. Glad of opportunity.

"My good friend, TOBY," said GLADSTONE, addressing Gentlemen near, "asks how do I do. That is a question which naturally divides itself under two heads. There is the How and the Do, not to mention my own personality referred to in the You, which, if time were not short and business pressing, might suggest a third course. Then I have to ask myself, whether I shall first address my reply to the inquiry, How, or to the assumption Do. Do what? I might inquire of my excellent friend TOBY. That would appear to be necessary before, with due sense of public duty and care for public interests, I should commit myself to a statement on the first part of his question. Again, there is the assumption that my young friend—young in years, but old in my acquaintance and fixed in my esteem—may be using this phrase in its colloquial sense, simply inquiring after the state of my health. That may be so. I do not too confidently assume it; but supposing it to be the case, and my friend will correct me if I am wrong—I may say that the change in the weather which we have recently noted with satisfaction and pleasure (of course I allude to the alteration in the direction of the wind from Easterly to South-Westerly, a change which sometimes is not unaccompanied by extreme humidity in the atmosphere) is a variation of atmospherical conditions that cannot fail to be acceptable to persons who, like myself, have just passed through a period of indisposition arising from relaxation of the muscles of the throat. I have now given the best answer in my power, in the fewest possible words, and I trust that I have made myself clear. If not, and my friend will put down his question for an early day, I will consult with Earl GRANVILLE, and if any more extended reply can be made, I need hardly say how gratifying it would be to me to place further information at the disposal of one so widely and deservedly esteemed."

"Then you're pretty well," I said, gasping for breath, and finding myself alone with him, the others having gradually slunk away.

"Thank you, yes," said GLADSTONE.

Business done.—Franchise Bill got into Committee.

Friday.—Rather a miscellaneous evening. A good deal of talk up to midnight and then a little work. RAIKES making up stories about Hereford Election; pulls up PULLEY, Senior Member, and reads sharp lesson to REID, Junior. Listened to with respect as authority upon Elections where corrupt practices alleged; but style not lively. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT pervades proceedings. Begins with Egypt, is great on Morning Sitzings, halts at Hereford, and delivers monologue on Madagascar.

"The Man with the Muck Rake," Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE calls him, lamenting deplorable tendency of efforts to revive topics of international controversy.

Business done.—Cattle Diseases Bill passed through Committee.

## ALL-IN-THE-BLUE BOOKS;

OR, THE PRÉCIS OF IT.

YESTERDAY the promised Egyptian Despatches were laid on the table of the Houses of Parliament. They comprise a great many papers relating to the recent action of Her Majesty's Government in regard to the Soudan, several, dated April 1st, having a special value as bearing on the subject.

They commence with some well-considered recommendations from Sir E. B-R-N-G, as to the wisest course to have been pursued at a period now passed. Concluding his despatch, Sir E. B-R-N-G says:—

"And now you have my opinion on the matter; and I have nothing further to add beyond—that's all I've got to say about it."

In reply to this, on the following day, Lord GR-NV-LLE writes:—

"Yours to hand; and I think you may safely assume I am only expressing the distinct, decisive, and unanimous feeling of Her Majesty's Government, when I say that I do wish you would have the goodness in future to keep your opinions to yourself."

A little later in the afternoon on the same day, Lord GR-NV-LLE adds:—

"No offence by my last, of course; but you must surely see that you, who are on the spot, are much less likely to have an appreciative understanding of what is going on at Cairo than Her Majesty's Government, who enjoy the enormous advantage of contemplating the situation from Downing Street. At the same time, you might perhaps as well communicate to them General GORDON's views of their recent conduct (this, of course, in cipher), in order that, should any disagreeable questions on the subject, which Her Majesty's Government do not for a moment anticipate, be asked hereafter in Parliament, they may be prepared with a sufficient, cheerful, and suitable reply. Meantime, I may venture to add that they would be pleased to hear from you whether you consider it really as pleasant a walk from Khartoum to the Equator in July as Her Majesty's Government, acting on the advice of experts, have in their recent communications officially assumed it to be."

Receiving no reply whatever to this despatch, Lord GR-NV-LLE, at 2 A.M. the next morning, changed the subject, and telegraphed as follows:—

"Have been thinking about GORDON. Do let him know that even if he hasn't a chance of ever getting back again, his disappearance will have added immensely to his high reputation. Pray impress this upon him. Tell him also that no other man could have produced the extraordinary impression he created on his arrival in the Soudan, or exercised the fascination he then possessed over the minds of a considerable portion of Her Majesty's Government, checking, apparently, for the moment, not only the advance of the MAHDI, but what was far more serious, that of the Opposition."

To this, in a reply dated the next day, Sir E. B-R-N-G telegraphs:—

"I have heard nothing from GORDON for the past five weeks, but the last message I received from him was to the effect that Her Majesty's Government were 'a nice lot.'"

To this complimentary message Lord GR-NV-LLE replies in a lengthy but cordial and appreciative despatch, which appears, however, never to have been delivered at all, and the general correspondence closes somewhat abruptly with the brief series of telegraphic communications hereunder subjoined:—

Mr. Eg-rt-n to Lord Gr-nv-lle.

Telegraphic.] Cairo, April 30, 3 A.M.  
It's all up. MAHDI riding on sixteen camels abreast. Rebels carrying everything! Berber gone. Shendy sacked. Korosko razed. Wady Halfa blown up. Dongola knocked down. Khartoum quite disappeared. GORDON rather indignant. What had I better do?

Lord Gr-nv-lle to Mr. Eg-rt-n.

Telegraphic.] London, May 1, 3 P.M.  
Inform GORDON at once, in cipher, that if, with this knowledge, he continues at Khartoum, he should state to us the cause and intention with which he continues.

Mr. Eg-rt-n to Lord Gr-nv-lle.

Telegraphic.] Cairo, May 2, 3 P.M.  
All right. Anything else as funny to communicate if I get a chance?

Lord Gr-nv-lle to Mr. Eg-rt-n.

Telegraphic.] London, May 3, 3 A.M.  
Yes. I think this is even better. You can add expressions both of respect and gratitude for his gallant and self-sacrificing conduct, and for the good he has achieved.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—The Hamilton Collection of books now being sold and dispersed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



# "SHERRY" AND WATER; OR, A SHADE SEVERE.

(A Legend of the Haymarket.)

"PRAY, Sir, and what may be the painting on the Curtain?"

"That," I replied to the individual in his old-fashioned cloak who sat beside me in the Second Circle, "that is a scene from the *School for Scandal*."

"Upon my word you astonish me. I should know the play well, and yet I fail to recognise it; but when the critics of the Pit are driven into the Gallery, nothing should cause surprise."

At this moment the Curtain rose. We had a Street in Bath. The houses were built of Bath bricks. There was a sound of a horn, and it was evident that it was supposed that the Bath Coach had just arrived. To carry out this idea, some of the passengers were seen to walk off, others were taken home in Bath chairs by Bath chairmen. There was a good deal of bustle on the Stage, but no talking. Then an ostler busied himself with a stable, and an apple-woman tried to sell apples. The other shops, to complete the illusion, should have sold Bath chaps, Bath buns, Bath towels, and so forth. No doubt these were round the corner, off the Stage. A bill-sticker posted up a play-bill. A lamp-lighter carried across the Stage his ladder.

"Why, what's all this?" cried my mysterious companion. "Hang me! but I think they have changed the Comedy into a ballet of action! Nay, I am wrong. Here come *Fag* and *Thomas*. They were played by LEE LEWES and FEARON in 'seventy-five."

Then for a few minutes we had the dialogue of the play. My com-



Messrs. Bancroft and Pinero adulterating some fine old "Sherry."  
(After Gilray—some way.)

panion complained bitterly that his attention was distracted by the business of the supers who represented the Bath townspeople.

"Hang that circulating librarian and his books!" he exclaimed. "Can't he shut up his shop and have done with it! But what have we here? Why, as I live, *Sir Lucius* and *Mistress Lucy*! But *Sir Lucius* dressed like that! More like a doctor! No! 'Gad it is *Sir Lucius*! They have misunderstood their cue. We ought to see nothing of them together until the Second Act, and then it should be on the North Parade."

But I explained that while "strictly preserving the text" (I quoted from the play-bill) "it had been found possible, by means of a few transpositions of the dialogue and some variation of the locality, to avoid shifting the scenes in view of the audience." And, I added, "that Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO were jointly responsible for this arrangement of the Comedy."

"Hang their impudence!" exclaimed my companion. "Why shouldn't the scenes be changed in the sight of the audience? and as for the transposition of the dialogue, I believe it is only transposed to make the scene long enough for the performance of all that super tomfoolery!" I begged my companion to be more quiet, though, strange to say, his outspoken remarks seemed to attract no sort of attention from the people around us.

When the Act concluded with a procession of a Bath chair headed by a torch-bearing footman, and a serenade sung seemingly by *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* (I think I recognised his voice) behind the scenes, the indignation of my companion knew no bounds, and he declared that "they had begun by making the play into a ballet, and ended by converting it into an opera!"

My strange fellow-playgoer was not too well pleased with the scene of "*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings*" in the Second Act. He objected that there were too many chairs and sofas, saying that these articles of furniture tempted the Ladies of the Company "to move

round from seat to seat like horses in a circus." When the Curtain fell he was extremely angry.

"Why, how far have we got on?" he asked, indignantly. "The chief objection to the Comedy when it was produced was that it was



Street in Bath. The Figures will "Work,"—yes, but not Play.

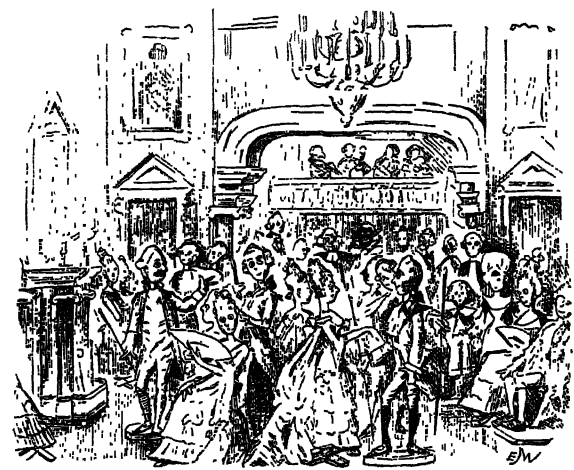
too long, and yet here we have a mass of unnecessary details, which irritate the mind, and distract the attention. Who wanted, for instance, to see that Negro page bringing in the tea of *Mrs. Malaprop*?"

But he was loud in his praises of Mrs. STIRLING, and said that she was better than Mrs. GREEN, the original representative of the part. This rather surprised me, as although old-fashioned in appearance, my companion seemed to be a man in the prime of life. I could not understand how he had been able to be present at the initial performance of the Comedy more than a hundred years ago, as he declared he had.

"It was damned by the acting of Mr. LEE in the character of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. And yet," he added, with a smile, "do you know, I'm certain I liked poor Mr. LEE better than I do Mr. BISHOP! As a Dublin man I never saw two milder Irishmen in the whole course of my experience."

And then he began complaining of the acting generally, saying that the representative of *Julia* would have been better suited with the rôle of *Lady Macbeth*, "a part admirably adapted to her voice and person," and that "*Simplicity*," the maid, was only a "moderately satisfactory *soubrette*."

He was not over-pleased with the Scene of the Third Act described in the playbill as "A Room in an Inn." How did such a Scene as that get there, he wanted to know. As SHAKESPEARE had placed the Witches on the heath, would anyone be warranted in making their interview take place in a booth at a fair of the period, just,



The Tea-Room in Bath Assembly-Rooms. "Please not to touch the figures."

forsooth, to illustrate the manners and customs of that time? Certainly not. He wanted to know why *Captain Jack* was having his head powdered, and what authority Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO had for sitting *Faulkland* down to breakfast.

"I confess," he said, as the Curtain fell for the third time, "that





### THE HONEYMOON.

Wife (after a little "tiff"). "BUT YOU LOVE ME, DEAR"—(sniff)—"STILL?"  
 Husband ("Cross old thing!"). "OH LOR', YES, THE STILLER THE BETTER!"

I am as much disappointed with the Gentlemen as with the Ladies. Certainly Mr. BANCROFT is capable as *Faulkland*, and plays remarkably well, but I am sure the Author never intended *Young Absolute* to be a mincing, posturing Macaroni, nor *Bob Acres* to appear as a grimacing, capering, and half-witted country lout.

The next two Acts were passed in "the Tea-room of the New Rooms." Again my companion declared that the Comedy was being changed into a ballet of action. He was not in the least impressed with the supers playing at cards, and the grace of the Master of the Ceremonies.

"It is indeed ridiculous that all these incidents should be jumbled up together in the New Rooms," he observed after we had had the meeting of Miss and her lover, the quarrel-scene with *Faulkland* and *Julia*, and the writing of *Bob Acres'* letter; "and if Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO are indeed responsible for the 'strict preservation of the text,' I wonder they allow gagging by the representatives of *Sir Anthony* and *'Fighting Bob.'*"

I could not but admit that my companion had some reason for his complaint, although, no doubt, the interpolations may have been sanctioned by tradition. His indignation, however, culminated when we got to the last Act, showing King's-Mead-Fields.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "as I live they have cut out one of the best Scenes in the piece!—I mean where *Jack* disowns his own father, calls himself *Mr. Saunderson*, and says that the sword he is taking with him with which to fight his duel, is intended as a bauble for *Lydia*! Oh, I protest it is too bad! But perhaps they know that the Gentleman cast for the part is not sufficiently rollicksome for the situation!"

My friend had become so indignant that I was quite delighted when the Curtain fell for the last time, and we were thus able to leave the theatre.

"I am glad it is over," he said when we had got into the street again. "But it was very trying. What made the success of the piece when it was first produced was its bustle, liveliness, and constant change of scene. As to 'heightening the effect of the Author's play without encumbering its action' (to quote the playbill), that is all nonsense. The constant 'business' of the supernumeraries carried on while the principals are talking, distracts the attention to such a degree that it is quite impossible to follow the dialogue. But there, it is over! I had to suffer this heavy infliction to regain the perfect Elysium, and I have undergone my punishment. But oh, it was hard to bear—very hard to bear!"

"Why, who are you?" I asked, not understanding the latter part of his speech.

The form of my companion gradually faded away, but I heard his voice answering, "RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN!"

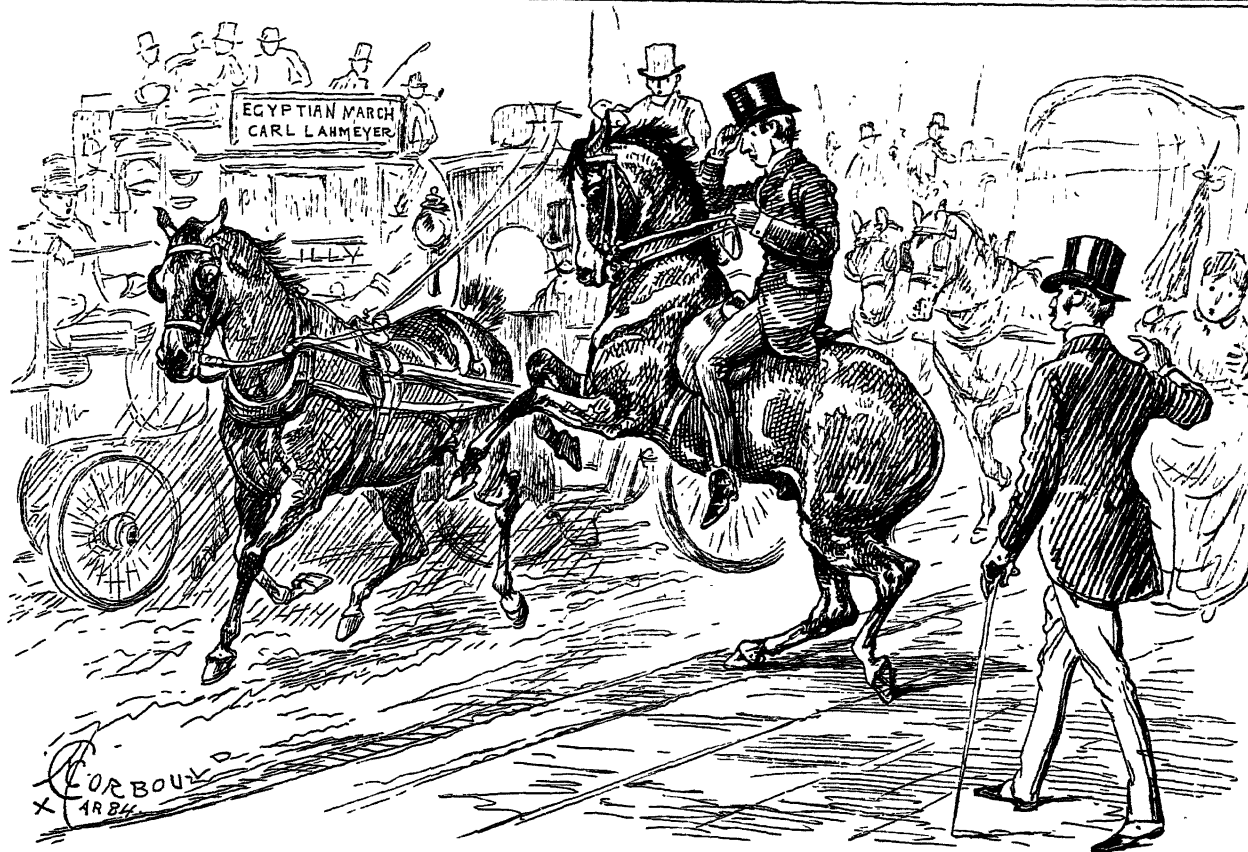
### WHO WAS HIS HATTER?

MR. BANCROFT wrote last week to the papers to explain why the Upper-box-dress-circle Pittites and Galleryites hissed on the first night of *The Rivals*. They had been rained on and were shelterless. Mr. BANCROFT explained why he couldn't give them shelter, because, while making the shelter, he had been compelled to pay, as he alleges he was forced to do, £600 for letting a mere iron pole fall on somebody's hat. Yet Mr. BANCROFT makes no allusion to the head beneath the hat in question; and the excellent way in which its owner managed his business share in the transaction certainly looks as if it had received no sort of damage. Why, then, £600 for a hat? Is it possible that the Management of the Haymarket, always bent on doing everything in the best style, and quite royally, contrived to get the matter treated as a crown case reserved. This would have added, no doubt, to the costs. The matter is brimfull of interest.

### As Clear as Crystal.

THIS is an age of Exhibitions. We have collections of this, that, and t'other everywhere. But perhaps one of the best is at the same time one of the oldest. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham by its form recalls the Palace of Crystal of 1851, the father of all Exhibitions. The family tradition has been preserved. At this moment "Our one sight for foreigners" is filled with an admirable collection of the treasures of the modern world—glass from Austria, furniture from Holland, and pretty things from everywhere. In a word, "The International Exhibition of 1884" is being held at Sydenham, and heartily deserves success. If Londoners have the slightest claim to discrimination and taste, it will attain it.

NIHILISM OF THE WORST NATURE.—  
 Doing nothing for GORDON.



### IGNORANCE AND NO BLISS.

Friend. "I SEE YOU RIDE UPON THE CURB."

Young Gent (jerkily, in difficulties). "NO—DON'T.—KEEP AS FAR—FROM—PAVEMENT AS—TRAFFIC—PERMITS. WOA! STAND STILL!"

### GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

#### NO. IV.

*Topics of Conversation.*—If you happen to have been "well educated," or what is accepted generally in society as well educated, that is, brought up at one of the great Public Schools of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, or Harrow, it will be polite on your part to assume that the company generally, in which you may chance to find yourself, have participated in the same educational advantages as yourself, and, therefore, it will be well to introduce as early as possible into the conversation, anecdotes of the particular school that has the honour to claim you as one of its *alumni*. [N.B.—*Alumni*, *alumnus*, *status pupillari* are good terms, as also are *Alma mater*, *Academic*, and *curriculum*. Avoid the use of such slang as "Varsity," which is quite old-fashioned, and chiefly in vogue with non-University men, who wish it to be thought that they were "up" at either Oxford or Cambridge.]

*Stories of your "Old School."*—Let all these stories depend for their point and humour on an intimate acquaintance with the school-boy-slang of your time, and on a thorough knowledge of the persons and places which you are compelled to mention, and with which you, of course, will be perfectly familiar. Should you find among the company only one who has been to your school (before or after you, it doesn't matter), address all your conversation directly to him, and let it be all about BROWN Major, or THOMPSON Minor, or SMITH Minimus; recount how, when JONES was Captain of the Boats, or BROWN Captain of Oppidans, or when one of the Masters known as "Old Ginger" took the Upper Fifth during the illness of STUBBS, how GRIFFIN Minimus was swished when SNIFFIN Major was the real culprit, and much other equally charming and generally entertaining matter, from which your companions, if they cannot join in it, may at least derive much pleasure and considerable profit.

*Anecdotes and Impromptus.*—Keep a commonplace-book by you. The more commonplace it is the better. Do not wait to enter therein only witty things, *bons mots*, *jeux-de-mots*, *caramboles*, humorous stories, and so forth, or you will be a long time making even a small

collection, but put down *everything* you can remember when you come home at night. For this purpose carry a small note-book for quietly making *mems* whenever the opportunity offers; good wrist-bands will do, only mind that your *mems* do not result in hieroglyphics which, two hours afterwards, you yourself will find to be hopelessly unintelligible, so that you will be puzzling yourself just before going to bed, and perhaps disturbing your rest in racking your memory to know what on earth you meant by these marks on your wristband, or jerky syllables in your jotting-book.

*Preparation.*—While dressing, whether to go out to dinner or not, make a rule of always learning one or more of these stories in your commonplace-book, and, *invariably*, one good repartee. Conversation, mind, is an art; with a partner, as at whist, you can get on brilliantly. But without one, you must, as it were, "take dummy," and play into your own hand. If you learn one story and one repartee by heart per night, at the end of one year you will have acquired a stock of three hundred and sixty-five stories, and the same number of repartees. At first, when you have only one good story and one good repartee, wait your two opportunities, say them at the right moment, and immediately afterwards go. Let nothing induce you to stop, or your reputation will be ruined. Go! fly! and then everyone will be wishing you had remained, and will be longing to meet you again. But—*Acquid that same company for some time, and don't accept that host's invitation until you have mastered five good stories, and five repartees.* When you have two good stories and two repartees, observe the same rule. *Never outstay your welcome fest.* To this rule there is absolutely no exception.

Never go to two parties in the same week when there is a probability of meeting the same people over again: but you may occasionally accept two invitations to the same house in the same week (when there is a four days' interval, which to you means *four new stories, and four additional repartees*), since you may be pretty sure of not having the same audience on both occasions. Recollect,—absence makes the heart grow fonder. *Play yourself well, and turn yourself up as the right trump in the right place at the right time.* When unable to dine out, practise your stories and repartees, if you are married, on your wife and family at home. Should you happen to be a bachelor, don't stay in *chez vous*, but go and keep your hand in at your Club.

## OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUY'D.

(Continued from Last Number.)

\* \* The pictures are here described without reference to the "Official Catalogue," to which we only refer when in doubt as to the Artist's name. As a rule, we give the number of the picture and its evident meaning. If a picture does not tell its own story, so much the worse for the picture. Our illustrations are intended to assist the Public, and to indicate to the Artist what he ought to have meant.



No. 253. "Now then! Up you go!" No mere child's play. A good Hick-sample of the Artist. G. E. Hicks.

No. 28. "Girl with Old Pump." As Claudian would say, "How Long! How Long! How— EDWIN LONG, R.A."

No. 278. "Simple Cymon astonished at the First View of a Dress-Improver." Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. \* \* For further particulars, see Pamphlet.

No. 346. "Sea-Mews for Sea-Horses." The Artist has been inspired by his own sea-muse, and no reference to Catalogue is necessary to ascertain that this is the work of J. C. HOOK, R.A.

No. 354. "In the Highlands; Whisky and Risky." "Can't I get any further?" he murmured to himself, as he leant against a pillar. Painted with all the Artist's force. REID'S Entire. GEORGE REID.

No. 372. "Does the Ghost walk? or, Treasury Morning at the Lyceum Theatre." Mr. HENRY IRVING taken at the moment of his putting his hand in his pocket to defray the salary list. It is



No. 410. "Three Shies a Penny! Missed Again!" John Pettie, R.A.



Nos. 448 and 449. The Hangers have put the numbers in wrong order; that is, if the pictures tell their own story. We have replaced them. 449 is first. They meet: the old style—of embrace. (448). They part!—"Somebody's coming!" Isn't this what you meant, eh, Mr. Marcus Stone? or, in Academical language, Marcus Stone, A.?



No. 354. "In the Highlands." (See description in Catalogue.)

evidently the form of Mr. IRVING, but it is not up to the usual "form" of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 395. "The Three Old Maids of Sea." JOHN BRETT, A.

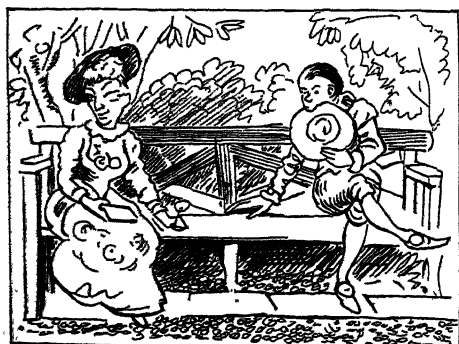
No. 433. "A Spark—going out." Do you remember, a few years ago, the effective Picture of a young Lady playing an organ to her young man? Yes. Well, this is the very natural result. Here's the young Lady not a day older, and here's her young man just the same age as he was then. But this is not the way to point a moral, however much the tale may be adorned by FRANK DICKSEE, A.

No. 543. "A Shady Couple." MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

No. 597. "Kate Fawn," or a little Stag and Mantle. S. E. WALLER.

No. 647. "After the Hop-era's Over." JOSEPH FARQUHARSON.

No. 650. "Modern Galatea and Statue of Pygmalion." The statue has lost its head on seeing Galatea. [This is an old picture;



No. 35. (Described in last week's Catalogue. But his Storey repeats itself):—"I'll eat my hat if I don't catch one of her eyes." G. A. Storey, A.



No. 351. Naughty Child frightened by Bogie. F. G. Cotman.

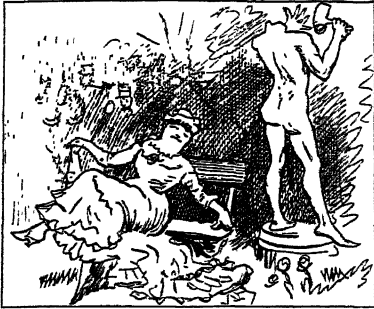


No. 4. (1) Irritable Frenchman waiting for Shoeblick, who is (2) Otherwise engaged. Walter C. Horsley.

been in the French Salon, and engraved, hasn't it? If so, why | here?"] JAN VAN BEERS.

No. 698. "*Regardless of Rheumatics next Morning.*" If remonstrated with, they would only have mentioned the name of the Artist, which is (F. S.) WALKER!

No. 716. "*Rough and Reddy.*" R. J. GORDON.  
No. 746. "*The Great Ram in the Time of McAdam.*" RICHARD ANSDALL, R.A.



No. 650. "Modern Galatea and Statue of Pygmalion." (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 9. "Mrs. Claudian" (companion to the well-known advertisement). George McCulloch.

No. 851. "*The First of April before Noon.*" Elderly Gentleman (loquitor). "Hang the servants! they will have their joke! they've pulled the cloth off the table, they've hung the hearth-rug over the back of my chair, they've disarranged my papers, they've left only one quill in the inkstand, and no writing-paper or blotting-paper! It's too bad! What shall I do?" KNIGHTON WARREN.

No. 866. "*Argument on the Battle-field.*" Is it a shell or not? Anyhow, where's the kernel? R. CATON WOODVILLE.



No. 89. "Catch him alive O!" (See last week's Catalogue. Illustrated in this.)

### GEMS OF THE FIRST WATER FROM THE PICCADILLY WATER-WORKS.

No. 332. *Monaco.* By ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. Two figures, a Lady and Gentleman, on the terrace behind the Casino—perhaps represents *Trente et Quarante* (she's *Trente*, of course)—consulting whether they can raise enough between them to go back and gamble. What are the odds in their favour? Evidently, Severn to two.

No. 399. In "*A Youth in the Flames of First Love.*" HENRY J. STOCK, R.I., has illustrated the poetry of BURNS. "This way lies madness."

No. 485. By C. W. WYLLIE, who calls it "*Down with the Ebb!*" This sounds revolutionary. On close examination the picture will be found not to bear this construction.

No. 571. By Miss EDITH MARTINEAU. *The Repartee.* A classic and cheerful young Lady



Adoration of Hang-low Saxon Art at the Piccadilly Water-Works.

seated on a cushion; another on a chair. The latter with a Lyre by her side:—*First Classic Maiden* (candidly). Quite right to put it down. You can't play the Lyre a bit. *Second Classic Maiden.* No, —but you can.

No. 610. By GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.I. "*For Men must work, and (some) Women must talk.*" Observe the Talking Woman. She's giving it 'em. "Hoe, indeed!" says she.

No. 806. By JOHN CHARLTON. Hunting man talking with a pretty girl. The Artist calls it "*A Few Minutes to Spare.*" Wrong; it is evidently "*The Meet.*"

No. 823. By Mrs. STILLMAN. Sudden faintness. Lady lifting a curtain and coming out, but not coming out strong.

No. 957. By JAMES HARDY, R.I. "*What's your Little Game?*"

### UNHAPPY THOUGHTS.

(For Nervous Equestrians in London.)

*At Starting.*—The saddle doesn't seem to be quite tightly on. Dare say it is. If saddle slips round, where should I be? Sounds like a riddle. Wish the horse wouldn't look about him so much. Which is the most slippery—the Macadam, the stones, the asphalt, or the wood? If he tumbles down, which way shall I tumble? Remember ASSHETON SMITH attributes his good hunting-seat to his having always ridden in London with his feet out of the stirrups. Should like to try it, if horse could be relied on not to take advantage of the opportunity.

*The Street.*—Hope that baker won't slam the lid of his hand-cart. Where's that beastly bicycle coming? ("Gently—gently then—gent-ly!") Wish bicycles wouldn't come up silently behind, and then pass with a rush. Don't wonder at a horse being frightened. I am. Dogs ought to be always led with a string; at least, when I'm out riding. —I believe Hansom cabs don't care where they go.

*Queries.*—Why isn't tan laid down all round Regent's Park? Why aren't there roads for Equestrians in Kensington Gardens under the beautifully shady trees as there are in the Bois? And another Gate to the Park through Kensington Gardens out on to Bayswater side. What a ride it would be then!

*In a Square.*—Why will butchers drive at such a pace, and come round corners just shaving the pavement! Here! Hi! What's that German band going to do?

*Rotten Row.*—Equestrians are very selfish. They're bad-mannered, too: or ignorant—or both. Why are these two Ladies coming towards me on their wrong side? Who's to give way? Why should I if I'm in the right? Then on that narrow bit of soft stuff round the Park,

intended for Equestrians, why will they—Ladies especially—persist in riding on the wrong side? *Rule.* If you're going slow and they're coming fast, give way to Ladies, scowl at their cavalier, but don't yield an inch to groom. If you're cantering on your right side and they're going slowly on their wrong side, you keep on your way and don't budge an inch. *Consideration.* If we collide, who's to prove I was in the right? *Rule.* Only do it when you are quite in the right, and a Policeman is watching. Wish they wouldn't practise military signalling with flags in Hyde Park.

*In the Street.*—Why can't the Life Guards go from Fulham to Knightsbridge without a band playing? They must know that some horses are nervous: I mean that mine is. If band is necessary, why brass instruments and drums? Why not only fiddles and flutes? Much prettier and far more appropriate in piping times of peace. Rattling carts ought not to be allowed. Wish that organman would stop. He doesn't understand me. What's Italian for "Stop"? He only grins, and touches his cap. Washerwomen's carts that jingle as if they were coming to pieces ought not to follow anyone on horseback (myself in particular) at a slow jog-trot. Most irritating. Hansom cabdrivers, who are generally credited with something of a horsey character, ought to know better than to drive rapidly within two inches of your knee.

*By Cumberland Gate.*—Won't that bus-driver see that I'm holding up my hand for him to stop? Is that cart coming right into my horse's tail? Why don't the Police—Ah!—safe at last!

*On Railway Bridge and near Underground Railways.*—Why isn't there some invention for rendering trains noiseless and smokeless? Why aren't the London streets generally broader, with a good tan-road everywhere for Equestrians?





### A DISENCHANTMENT.

*Grandpapa.* "WHAT! BOB IN LOVE WITH MISS FONTALBA, THE COMIC ACTRESS AT THE PARTHENON?"

*Bob (firing up).* "YES, GRANDPA! AND IF YOU'VE GOT A WORD TO SAY AGAINST THAT LADY, IT HAD BETTER NOT BE SAID IN MY PRESENCE, THAT'S ALL!"

*Grandpapa.* "I SAY A WORD AGAINST HER! WHY, BLESS YOUR HEART, MY DEAR BOY! I WAS HEAD OVER EARS IN LOVE WITH HER MYSELF—WHEN I WAS FOUR AGE!"

### "A HEALTH TO SOUTH KENSINGTON!"

(Being some Rough Notes from the Music of the Opening Ceremony.)

BRAVO, *bravissimo*! Quite the best thing in Exhibitions that has yet been seen. Bravo, the Executive Committee! *Bravissimo*, H.R.H. the Prince of WALES and Mr. SOMERS VINE! The Vine that has so greatly flourished during the last two years—a wag would add, quite what might be expected of a good Vine connected with equally good Somers. But to business—for this is trifling.

To commence then: It was a happy thought of the "Authorities" to usher in the Show with an "Exhibition," kindly supplied by those taking part in the inaugural ceremony, the more especially as the chief actors in that ceremony "entered into the spirit of the thing" with the utmost heartiness.

The season-ticket holders and the specially invited guests were there in their hundreds and thousands. Apparently marshalled into their places by more than half the entire police force of the Metropolis, were all sorts and conditions of men, from the humble and liveried waiter for copy for the evening papers (who accommodated himself with a seat seemingly intended for the Editor of the *Times*) up to Dukes, Marquises, and the great little Sir JOHN BENNETT himself. For a good two hours (the impatient gave the period of time a harsher title) the assembled throng waited for the approaching procession. Occasionally strains of distant music were heard, and it afforded some amusement to those who watched to guess at the tunes to which those strains belonged. It was triumphantly discovered that this bar belonged to "The Lost Chord," and that to the "Turkish Patrol." Then "God Save the Queen!" was played, and some Ladies entered, and took their places on the platform. For a moment, as one of the new-comers was elderly, it was imagined that "the Duke" had arrived; but the rumour was quickly discredited, as it was confidently expected by all present that His Royal Highness would certainly be clothed in his military scarlet, out of compliment to the grand old waxwork figures in the Western Gallery so

nobly standing, ready to create merriment, in the long-discarded uniforms of the British Army of the olden time, and having evidently so much to do with health—uniform health, of course. But the ancient dame was identified with a Grand Duchess with an unpronounceable name, and the excitement subsided. A few minutes later the distant band again played the National Anthem, and the *daïs* was shortly afterwards occupied by the volunteer exhibitors to whom allusion has already been made. As the collection was unique, to render it historical the following details are subjoined:—

<i>Name of Exhibitor.</i>	<i>Nature of Exhibit.</i>
H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.	"Frock-coat suit" (as advertised), bold fancy-bordered handkerchief, and Ribbon of the Garter.
The LORD MAYOR of London	White necktie, fancy tweed trousers, scarlet dressing-gown (superior quality) trimmed with fur, and some massive gold cables.
The Sheriffs.	Evening-dress and scarlet dressing-gown (superior quality), and smaller gold cables.
The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.	Quaint old hat (maker's address, "Greenwich,"—no doubt a relic of some bygone Parliamentary election), rather valuable family umbrella, and collars.
MUSURUS PASHA.	Sad expression, well-worn fez, and "The Masher's Overcoat" (as advertised).
The Rt. Hon. Sir W. HARCOURT.	A very interesting pair of boots.
The Duke of BUCKINGHAM.	National costume—the English undertaker.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—May 17, 1884.



THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



Perhaps the most remarkable personages in the above group were the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs, who looked in their scarlet robes (all the rest of the company wore morning dress) as if they had been vainly attempting to obtain permission to stand as figures in a Chamber of Horrors. They created so much merriment that Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, who was seated immediately beneath them, at once assumed, with his fine feeling of *camaraderie*, a quaint old hat and a white woollen shawl worn across the shoulders to cause a diversion in their favour. The clever *ruse* was most successful, and the venerable and kind-hearted Alderman immediately shared with his colleagues the popular ridicule.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM now read a long Address, composed principally of advertisements and words commencing with the eighth letter of the Alphabet, which his Grace took much trouble to properly aspirate. It is only just to observe that this trouble was nearly invariably rewarded with success. Having finished rather abruptly, he startled the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (who had been going quietly to sleep) into a response. The illustrious Field-Marshal leisurely produced some sheets of foolscap, and commenced reading with apparent difficulty a reply. He was immediately hailed with a distant howl of "Speak up!" to which request he accorded, by practical assent, a more or less gracious reply. His Royal Highness stumbled now and then over the sentences, and on one occasion came to an absolute full stop while he peered, with an expression of "Hang it all! what on earth is this word?" at the mysterious hieroglyphics inscribed on the paper before him. Where at this supreme moment was Mr. SOMERS VINE, or at all events the Superintendent of the Literary Department? However, all difficulties were at length surmounted, and, with a hearty declaration "that the Exhibition was open," the ceremony concluded. Then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM seemingly pointed out to His Royal Highness the beauties of two *employés* of some Photographic Company grouped over a doorway, and the immense throng was once more (like the machinery) in motion. Two hours later the general Public were admitted, and inspection of the other exhibits became impossible. *Au revoir!*

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

### ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

DEAR GEE-GE—I MEAN G. G., GEORGE GROSSMITH,

You can't get away from the Savoy—(but you could if you would, as you are off the Stage for about an hour, and have only to put on an ulster, and cross the road, to "come as you are" to the Globe Theatre)—and so I write to tell you about *Dick*, which has been out for some time. It is a New and Original Comic Opera, at least so say Messrs. MURRAY and JAKOBOWSKI (isn't that a bootiful name? I), its Author and Composer respectively, and I am bound to believe them. So are you. The advertisements announce it as a big success. I went to see *Dick* just to oblige you. How do I like it? Well—how would you like it, if you had seen it? First, you would be immensely pleased with the title *Dick*, as the hero is *Dick Whittington*. You would be charmed with Miss CAMILLE DUBOIS as *Dick*, who is a sort of Prince out of a Gaiety Extravaganza, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles" to make up for any want of strength in vocalisation; though what Miss DUBOIS has to sing she does very nicely, and would do still better, you would say, without this straining after a "chic" style, which results in being more *chic-a-leery* than *chic*.

But what would strike you as novel is the action, and the stage-business of the characters in every chorus. For instance, the girls in the Girls' School are always bobbing, or nodding, or curtsying to one another during the choruses and symphonies. You've never seen this sort of thing at the Savoy or at the Opéra Comique, have you? They wouldn't do that sort of thing there, would they? Then there's a Chorus of Aldermen in their robes. You've never seen anything like that, have you? Not Peers, but Aldermen. What a chance Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN would have, if W. S. GILBERT would only introduce this style of thing now and then, eh?

You would throw bouquets to Mr. SHINE, who is really capital as the Alderman Fitzwarren. When he enters, he comes forward and sings a song, telling the audience how he came to be an Alderman! Ah, my dear GEORGE, isn't this what you would like to do? A proud and happy man would W. S. GILBERT be now, had it only struck him to bring you on, in any one of his pieces, as a celebrity with a comic song, telling them how you had risen to that position! What chances Sir ARTHUR would have had if W. S. G. had only given you one such song as this, telling them how you became a First Lord of the Admiralty, or a Chancellor, or a Judge, as the case might be! But it's no use regretting.

You would have interrupted the Comic Opera for at least two minutes to applaud Mr. CHARLES LYAM as a sort of Pirate, in which character he sings a song with chorus of his followers, also a sort of Pirates, all doing mysterious press-gang action. Isn't this a novelty, eh? Oh, you'd pick up a lot of hints here! You would really enjoy *Dick's* song, the School-girls' Chorus, and Miss ETHEL PRERSON's effective rendering of *Alice's* song. Should you occasionally show an

inclination to nod your approbation of the dialogue, I should have



Kicking up a Shine.

the pleasure of waking you to notice the business of the *finale*, which I have not seen so effectively done since it was tried in a silly Operatic Burlesque, called *The Fresh Waterman*, at the Opéra Comique.

This brings down the Curtain to a hearty *encore*, well-merited by the spirited action of the entire company, led by Mr. SHINE, though I'm afraid you would have had to "cut it" long before this *finale* in order to return in time for your arduous duties as *Prince Poppet*, or whatever it is you are appearing as, at the Savoy; the CARTE would be waiting at the door to take you back again,—and the sooner *Dick's* Author and Composer "cut it" too the better for this First Act. The shorter the Acts the longer the run. This is worth noting.

With the Second Act, whatever your opinion might be on seeing it, I was much pleased. It doesn't drag, it goes briskly, the music, if commonplace (except the cigarette song and chorus, which is very effective and original in every way) is pleasing, and the three Dervishes are amusing, with their dance and gymnastics. You



Cigarette per esser felice.

never saw *Patience*, I suppose? No; well, then, you do not know that in that eccentric Opera three young men (who were they? I forget) became *Æsthetes*, sang a trio, and danced the symphony. It was very good; but oh, if they had only had the advantage of having studied this trio of Dancing Dervishes before they did theirs! Then they would have seen how each one could have sung his verse in the centre and danced to the side, and how the man at the side could dance into the centre to sing his verse, and so on. What a trio that one in *Patience* might have been, had SULLIVAN and GILBERT and their three young men, whose names I cannot remember, only seen the "business" of this trio in *Dick*!

Miss GLADYS HOMFREYS is a magnificent Princess (you haven't got such an aristocratic name at the Savoy as GLADYS HOMFREYS): and if Signor VERDI had only witnessed the performance of the little black boys with drum and dance before he wrote *Aida*, he might have made his ten little nigger boys so much better.

You must put on a cloak, you can easily cover over your *Prince Poppet* or *Fairy Brilliantina's* dress (whatever it is),—and run round to see *Dick*. It will freshen you up—although I know you will say that "the Globe Managers haven't taken the Shine out of your Company." So like you. Bless you. Yours ever. NIBBS.

P.S.—By the way, during the couple of hours you have to spare at night just go and see the Empire. *C'est magnifique*,—but I fancy you won't consider it a very amusing entertainment,—not a "*side-splitting*," as Germans (under certain circumstances) would say. I am told they give M. PAULUS ninety pounds a week for his two or three French songs, and I am also informed that he gets more than this in Paris. If so, why doesn't he stay in Paris? However,—though of course you receive three times as much for singing only half a song, yet if the Empire doesn't do an enormous business, *Petrus*, whoever he may be, will have to suffer in order to pay *Paulus*. Yours again, N.



### THE CELEBRATED SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(As recently played by those Eminent Comedians, Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury.)

Cassius. "DO YOU CONFESS SO MUCH? GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

[And they were "only pretending," after all!

**BONNET-BUILDING.**—The versatile and amusing "MADGE" in *Truth* thus describes the new "Artichoke Bonnet":—

"The whole of the crown is covered with leaves made of moss-coloured silk, exactly like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, and overlapping each other in the same way. . . . Frills of dark moss-coloured velvet cover the brim, and a bunch of buttercups and 'what's-o'-clocks' form the trimming. The strings are of moss-green terry."

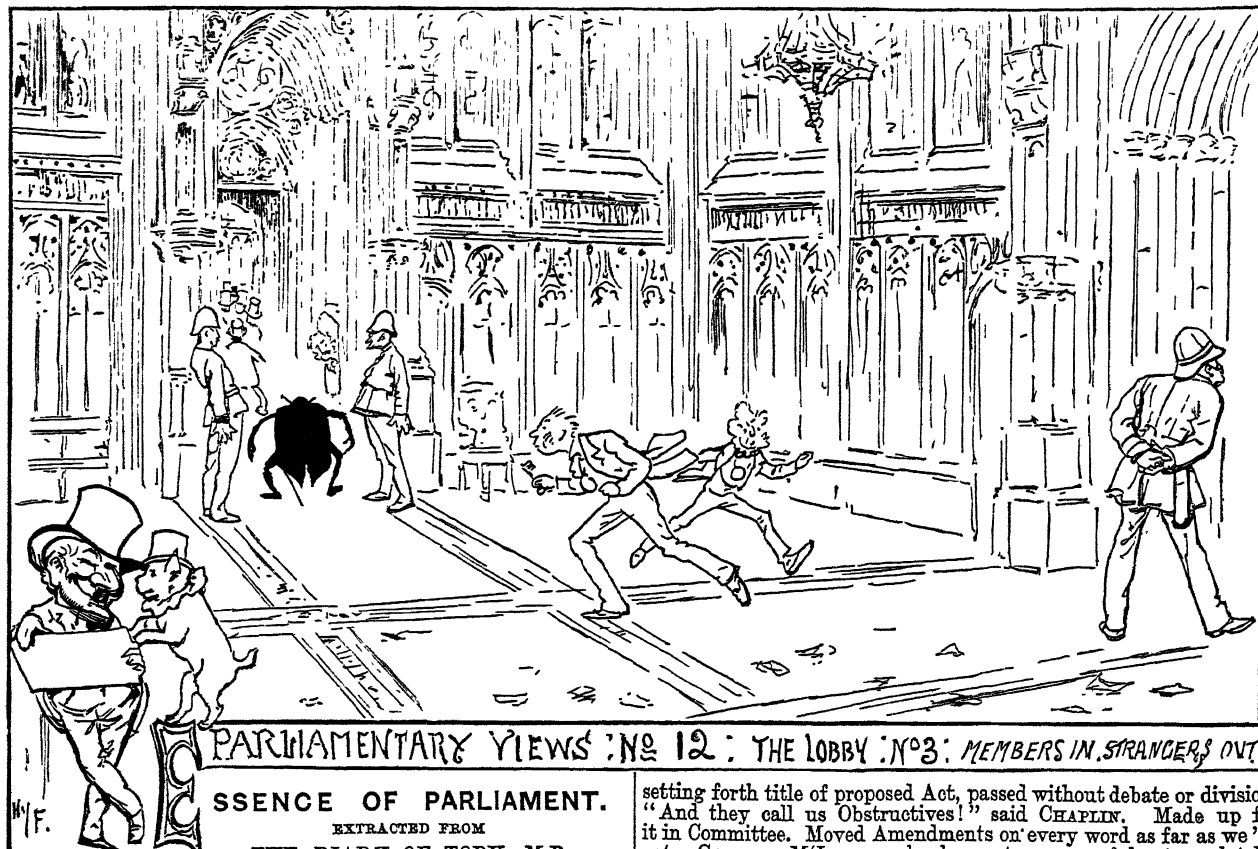
The latter, of course, by kind permission of Mr. EDWARD TERRY of the Gaiety Theatre. (Song, "*Farewell, my Moss-green Terry!*") We saw several of these bonnets in fashionable circles, or rather encircling fashionable heads; the other day, therefore we can assure our fair readers that the above description is not merely a flight of "imagination," but a literal fact. This novel head-dress is now called the "Hearty Joke Bonnet," but it is only the clever Bonneteer—if she gets her bill paid—knows where the laugh comes in.

**A CLOSE TIME FOR WHISKEY.**—In reply to a deputation from Midlothian, the other day, Mr. GLADSTONE said—

"In Scotland the people had long enjoyed the benefits of Sunday closing, and as soon as possible, without doubt or hesitation, the Government would press forward into law the Irish Sunday Closing Bill."

It would be interesting to know whether the severe Sabbatarianism of Scotland has been conducive to sobriety, and if the "whuskey" consumed on that day is less than any other. Possibly these statistics would be difficult to arrive at.

So Mr. BROADHURST's Resolution for the legalisation of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister was carried by a majority of 238 to 127! This is an example of what the House of Commons can do if it likes to exercise its Commons' Sense. Those who are against the Measure argue as if Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister were to be made compulsory! We beg to inform the Lords that this is *not* so.



# SENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.—“So you see, TOBY,” said Sir STAFFORD, “we’ve got rid of RANDOLPH at last. Always sure crisis would come. Often when he’s been standing at the corner there, jibing at me, felt my blood boil. Longed to be at him; all CROSS and SMITH could do to keep me down in seat. Glad now to reflect that I preserved command over myself.”

“Yes,” said W. H. SMITH, rubbing his hands nervously, “always felt we took the right course. ‘Give him rope enough,’ ever my maxim.”

“Quite true,” adds Grand CROSS, pleasantly polishing his spectacles, “though must say that once or twice, looking in after dinner and finding him on his legs, ‘viewing both Front Benches with strict impartiality,’ as he impudently said, I felt inclined to go for him. Could have settled him in single round when my blood was up. But as NORTHGOTE says, best as it is. Might have given me personally a lift, but everything for the Party, say I; no washing of dirty linen on floor of House.”

“I suppose he really is knocked over for good?” I asked.

“Oh, dear me, yes,” says Sir STAFFORD, uneasily glancing over his shoulder and thrusting arms up sleeve.

“Oh dear me, yes,” echoed CROSS and SMITH.

Just then RANDOLPH lounged in communing with moustache. Extraordinary effect upon victorious party. Sir S. NORTHGOTE suddenly grew limp, and brow clouded with look of agonised apprehension. W. H. SMITH, strange pallor stealing over ruddy countenance, looked straight over at opposite wall as if he saw a cockroach crawling up it. Grand CROSS abruptly absorbed in study of Orders.

“It’s all very well for them to talk, you know, TOBY,” Sir STAFFORD tremulously whispered; “but he’s a terrible fellow, and though of course we’ve got him down now, nobody knows what might happen. He might instruct GORST to impeach us; or he might order WOLFF to take me up on his back and carry me clean out of the House. Nice sight that would be—me astride WOLFF’s back, and both of us with our spectacles on! Wish he’d go away somewhere, and leave us in peace.”

*Business done.*—Army Votes in Supply. JOSEPH GILLIS spent very pleasant evening bullying HARTINGTON, and insisting upon replies. Delightful to watch HARTINGTON with hands in pocket on Treasury Bench whilst J. G., with thumb in armhole of waistcoat, judiciously cross-examined him. Give a plateful of chicken bones to have had at that moment HARTINGTON’S opinion of JOSEPH B.

*Tuesday.*—At last in Committee on Franchise Bill. First Clause,

setting forth title of proposed Act, passed without debate or division. “And they call us Obstructives!” said CHAPLIN. Made up for it in Committee. Moved Amendments on every word as far as we’ve got. CHARLES M’LAREN, who has got some useful returns lately, going to move for one showing when Debate will close, supposing there is an Amendment on every word and two Amendments per sitting are disposed of.

“Oh, we’ll have it in plenty of time,” he said, when suggestion offered that Bill would be through before Return printed. “Believe printers have, in consequence of remonstrance, put on another boy; if pressed, could manage short Return like that before end of July.”

CAVENDISH BENTINCK, in his ingenuous way, lets cat out of bag. Grand CROSS and the rest gravely protest passionate desire to see Bill passed. Only want a few Amendments.

“Don’t know what Gentlemen here want,” says CAVENDISH. “What I want is to see the Bill thrown out.”

CAVENDISH seized by coat-tails, and, after violent struggle, pulled back into seat. “Wash matter?” he gasped, giving an extra rumple to his hair. “Haven’t said anything, have I?”

“What with Sir PEEL and TONY LUMPKIN on the Front Bench,” sighed Sir STAFFORD, “and RANDOLPH below the Gangway, the life of Leader of Conservative Opposition not altogether free from anxiety.”

At Evening Sitting, Deceased Wife’s Sister Question on again. BROADBENT’S Motion, declaring relief urgent, carried by rattling majority. Speech of the evening, Pat O’BRIEN’S; characteristically delivered in the morning. BERESFORD HOPE solemnly sawing the air at table, talking stale nonsense; nobody listening; House impatient for Division. Sir PAT quells the turmoil with wave of hand, and proceeds to make “political recantation.” “The first in my life,” he adds, in tone of deep emotion, as if lateness in beginning rather to be regretted. “The religion of which I have the honour of being a humble member,” Sir PAT says, with a gracious wave of his hand. Speech full of historic quotations, personal reminiscences, and topographical references to “the large manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where mills prevail, and masses congregate.” Sir PAT sat down after ten minutes’ oration. No one quite sure from which side he had “recanted,” but quite clear that HENRY THE EIGHTH is at the bottom of opposition to reform of existing Marriage Laws.

*Business done.*—Resolution against prohibition of Marriage with Deceased Wife’s Sister carried by 238 Votes against 127.

*Wednesday.*—“Got a time-table in your pocket, TOBY?” said RANDOLPH; “or do you happen to know what time the train starts for Tusculum?”

“What, are you off?”

“Yes; I’m sick of this little game, and mean to leave them to it for a bit.”





### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"OH, HOW D'YE DO, SIR BRUIN? AND SO YOU'RE LEAVING ENGLAND FOR GOOD, AND WE SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!"

"NOTHING OF THE KIND! WHO SAYS SO?"

"OH, I SAW IT IN ONE OF THE PAPERS. BUT THE PAPERS DON'T ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"

"Going as TARQUIN went, or as CICERO? Is it preparation for war, or leisured peace?"

"It's just weariness. I'm bored to death with the acrimony of SALISBURY, the feebleness of NORTHCOTE, the flabbiness of the Front Bench, and all the miserable little scheming of ambitious mediocrity. I like a game of politics; but let us play up out in the open; say what we mean, and do what we say. This manœuvring and secret letter-writing, this communication of confidential correspondence, and this stabbing in the back all round, sickens me. I'll try Tusculum a bit. Thanks for your kind reference to TARQUIN. I think I'll begin with the other Party. What do you think of my using up my leisure by writing a new Essay, *De Claris Oratoribus*, giving a short account of the eminent orators of the House of Commons, from HICKS-BEACH to ASHMEAD-BARTLETT?"

Sorry to hear RANDOLPH'S going. House won't be the same without him. But he won't be long away. As HARCOURT says, "He's not the first young man who has thought he'd had enough of political life. GLADSTONE retired in '74."

Spent afternoon in discussion of Scotch Liquor Bill. "Tyranny of these fellows makes one's blood boil," says LOVE JONES PARRY. "Here they've Public-houses shut up on Sunday in Scotland, and now want to close them on other days. If they don't mind they'll have Scotland as disturbed as Ireland."

Much ill-feeling occasioned by CAMERON'S bold declaration (after all only a quotation from ORR-EWING) that Dumbarton is the most drunken place in Scotland. "Suppose it's his native place," says RAMSAY, "or he's got some friends there, or he's speculating in property in the town. Mean attempt to play upon Southern ignorance and crack up his own town. I know twenty places that'll drink straight with Dumbarton, and CAMERON will hear from them, too, before the week's out." *Business done.*—Scotch Permissive Bill found not permissible.

*Thursday.*—Down for prayers to-day. HENRY LENNOX let me in for it. "Look here, TOBY," says he, yesterday afternoon; "you know a lot, but you're comparatively a young Member of the House. I'm juvenile myself in appearance. But fact is, between you and me, I've been here some years. Take my advice. If you want a seat to-morrow, you must come down for prayers, and secure it.

Got about that I'm going to deliver speech on Navy Estimates. Shall probably not come on till about Ten or half-past; won't be a seat to be had then if you don't ticket it at Prayer Time. Here, take this and study it. Give you clear notion how Navy's gone down since I was Secretary to Admiralty."

Thrust into my paw paper with rows of figures. Sat up half the night trying to make them out; but howls disturbed neighbourhood, so had to give it up. Came down to-day; got seat without difficulty. "Where's the crowd?" I asked Lord HENRY at Six o'Clock, when W. H. SMITH addressing Seven Members, including Chairman of Committees and myself.

"Oh, it'll be here shortly," said HENRY, turning up his trousers. "Never understand," he continued, "why these demd tailors make one's trousers so long in the leg. Told my man wouldn't have 'em below the ankle, and here they are nearly down to third button of boots. Like to feel the cool air about my ankles, especially when going to make big speech."

Waited on. Things got worse; Six Members worn away to Four. At Half-past Eight collapse imminent. HENRY LENNOX ambling about the House and the Lobbies, delivering slips containing his printed figures, as if they were tracts. "Going to speak presently, you know," he observed with pleasant smile. "Oh, ah! Yes," said Member addressed, and hurried off.

At Half-past Eight Chairman called on Lord HENRY. HENRY wouldn't see him. Going to put the vote; all over in a moment, and opportunity gone. So Lord HENRY, rising and surveying empty benches with ghastly smile (meant to indicate that if he had a preference this was the kind of thing he liked), went on, and in hearing of Five Members showed conclusively why the *Bellerophon's* boiler had burst, or was going to burst; forget which; and how, owing to his (Lord HENRY LENNOX'S) advice being neglected, the gunwale of the *Audacious* was scarcely ever dry.

*Business done.*—Navy Estimates. Long speaking and short voting.

*Friday.*—Got two Bills referred to Grand Committee at Morning Sitting. At Evening Sitting, House promptly Counted Out. Fact is, Conservative Opposition a little off their heads; letting things go anyhow. RANDOLPH has graciously permitted himself to be soothed. SALISBURY gives him at once large slice of demand, promises rest by-and-by. Great meeting of Party to-day. RANDOLPH and STAFFORD publicly kissed each other, and so it's all right.

"Till next week or next month," says CHARLIN, who doesn't like turn things have taken.

### ODE TO THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

*By One of the "Skied."*

RAISE the gallows up on high,  
Make them firm and very strong,  
Standing up against the sky,  
Let the drop be duly long:  
Plant them to-day in the heart of the City,  
And thereon we'll hang up the Hanging Committee.

I've a picture painted well,  
Near the ceiling they've hung me,  
Say, how can a fellow sell,  
When the patron cannot see?  
Raise up the scaffold, then—who would have pity?  
And hang up on high all the Hanging Committee.

I've a friend the Critics praise,  
Who can doubt that they are right?  
Paints far better than R.A.'s,  
He's hung nearly out of sight:  
And dozens will join me in singing this ditty,  
"Go hang up the whole of the Hanging Committee!"

Mr. PUNCH begs to acknowledge the receipt of a box full of the most beautiful Roses from the Nursery Grounds—so they are quite young Roses—of Mr. W. RUMSEY, of Waltham Cross. Mr. PUNCH has presented them to several young Ladies of his acquaintance, and retained some wherewith to deck his classic brow and to wreath the bowl at his symposium.

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

MY DEAR MR. MORTON,

You are so engaged with the Leicester Square Empire, on which the Sun never sets (which is a lucky thing for the Empire),



The Bill of the Alhambra.

*The Beggar Student*, which is about as well acted, as well sung, as well danced, and as brilliantly put on the Stage as anything of this sort can be.

What you, with your fine dramatic instinct, your knowledge of popular taste, and real love of fun (for 'twas you who brought out *Geneviève* with its inimitable *Gendarmes*, and its charming Offenbachian music, wasn't it? at the Philharmonic, eh?) would especially applaud and be enthusiastic about, is the acting of *The Beggar Student* at the Alhambra. The Opera has a good, easily-followed plot (a trifle like the *Lady of Lyons*—but so much the better), and clever Miss FANNY LESLIE, invaluable for such an entertainment, is the hero, and the heroine is that pretty and sweet songster, Miss MARION HOOD. Mr. FRED LESLIE is highly diverting as *General Ollendorf*, a sort of first cousin to *General Boum* of *La Grande Duchesse*, with the same way of taking snuff that runs in the Boum family; while for dash and go you would be really pleased with Miss MARIE WILLIAMS, who gives her lines with great distinctness, — a praiseworthy quality at these big places, where the talk goes for less than it does at most other Theatres.

Fond of Opera as you are, you would, perhaps, after reading in the programme that you were to be treated to the "Celebrated Rosa Troupe" in the Second Act, be at first disappointed at not seeing *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, *Colomba*, *Faust* and *Marguerite*, conducted by Mr. CARL ROSA, — for surely this is the Rosa Troupe *par excellence*, — enter in procession, but your eyes would soon be sparkling with delight, your feet would be moving in sympathetic action with the first-rate ballet-music, composed by our friend Mons. JACOB, and played as only Mons. JACOB'S Orchestra can play it, as you recognise the graceful, sprightly "Little ROSA," with her merry companions, ANNA, KATTIE, and a Master ABRAHAM, who, I shrewdly guess, from his name, must be of Hebraic extraction, though you would not find it out from his make-up, for he is disguised as a Lady of uncertain age, and the lot of 'em are as startling and amusing as they possibly can be, without vulgarity. Then, you would be in ecstasies about Miles. PERTOLDI and PALLADINO, and, in



The Beggar Student engaged with Ollendorf.

fact, you would have so thoroughly enjoyed yourself, that I should have had great difficulty in getting you to return to your duties at the Empire. You would be pleased to notice, too, how cleverly Mr. LESLIE indicates his capability of imitating the squeaks of mechanical dolls, and the twang of a guitar. "It needs no Frenchman," you would exclaim, "to do this sort of thing;" and particularly when it can be worked into the piece naturally, and become part of the eccentric business of the character, just as Mr. E. D. WARD'S accompanying his songs on his own fingers was one of the great attractions in *Guffin's Elopement*, when Mr. TOOLE couldn't catch the Speaker's eye.

It's a "good book" this of Mr. BEATTY-KINGSTON'S, and I hope he'll make as good a one on the Derby, or leave it alone.

The grand Military Ballet-music, which I suppose was written by Mons. JACOB, is an admirable finish to an entertainment which you would especially like, because there is a clear, well-told story, illustrated with sparkling melody and continuous action, which is never once interrupted for the introduction of any element foreign to the nature of the piece, and consequently, as you would emphatically say, [it] never flags—except when they wave them in the Military Ballet—and is never dull.

Doing first-rate at the Empire, eh? Got a new dancer, I hear? Of course, whatever class of visitors may come, Directors cannot complain of wanting *More-ton*.

*Toujours à vous*, as M. JACOB wouldn't say, as he pretends not to understand French. NIBBS.



Keeping 'em Pianissimo or, Three-fingered Jack Obi.

## CALLS TO THE BAR.

THE Bar Convivial is said to be quite as overcrowded a profession as the Bar Legal. But one would hardly think so after reading the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

**BARMAIDS** (two, young, active, about 48) WANTED immediately, for —, Edinburgh. Hours 10-30 A.M. until 11-15 P.M. Board and lodging out. Photo and references, &c.

Possibly in Scotland, where so much "whuskey" is consumed, they require barmaids of gravity and experience. But if this advertiser considers a Hebe of "about 48" to be young, we imagine he would account one of eighty to be middle-aged. It is marvellous, too, to think that women verging on half a century could officiate in a public bar for well nigh thirteen hours daily. But they are a wiry lot in Scotland, and doubtless innumerable Baristresses will apply for the appointment.

## BUSKIN v. RUSKIN.

THE London Correspondent of the *Sussex Daily News* seems to have mixed matters up and puzzled himself. He is angry with Mr. WILSON BARRETT, and says—

"But why does he call his eulogist 'JOHN BUSKIN'? This is the way the name is printed in the *Telegraph* to-day. One might say at once that the mistake was a printer's error, but for the fact that buskin is a theatrical term. Perhaps Mr. RUSKIN'S enthusiasm for *Claudian* may be a little cooled by this abuse of his illustrious name."

This Gentleman evidently does not read his newspapers carefully, or he would have seen that JOHN BUSKIN'S opinion was on *Paw Claudian*, and quoted from the *Mall Pall Gazette*, while JOHN RUSKIN'S opinion was on *Claudian*, and appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Surely both these Gentlemen have a right to their opinions, and should even JOHN BUSKIN wish to say anything on the question, we fail to see that anybody has a right to complain.

APPROPRIATE.—Cornhill, with its network of overhead wires, is now called Birdcage Walk.

## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## CANTO II.

## THE COMING OF CUPID.

How would you have him come, this Protean god?  
Silk bond, steel fetter, rosy chain, or rod,



All are his gifts. JULIA would bid him bring  
Much more than roses, raptures, and a ring.  
No Phœbus-fronted Detrimental gleams  
As lode-star of her unromantic dreams.  
Beauty loves Bullion. JULIA knows its power,  
The willing Danaë of the aureate shower.  
Then, JULIA, waste no dance, no moonlight stroll  
On that soft myth, "affinity of soul."  
Lavish no lash-veiled glance of those keen eyes,  
Shoot, fair toxophilite, for the first prize;  
Get home on the right target, then bend bold  
The bow, draw to the head, and *hit the gold!*  
No interludes of arrowy play to test  
The starched and snowy mail of the male breast.  
Do eagles hawk for butterflies? No doubt,  
In those green days ere JULIA was "out,"  
The lawny level and the sharp-fought "sett"  
Saw more than spheres shoot o'er the tense-drawn net;  
Saw untrained glances, and unguarded smiles,  
Artless inveiglements, and simple wiles.  
Do you remember, JULIA, when the musk  
Of June's glad roses filled the verdant dusk  
Of all that "dear old garden" down in Devon?  
What time a carpet-dance was instant heaven,  
And some mad boating frolic rarer sport  
Than the concentrated glamour of the Court,—  
Do you remember, dare you recollect,  
Ere you had learned to reason, weigh, reflect,  
Like an unmoony shrewd she-*Hamlet*, how  
You pulled the curls upon a boyish brow,  
And swore, sweet girlish gusher, that their gold  
Was more than Midas-touch could make?

But hold!

An *ingénue* of seventeen—so much?—  
Might not appraise the value of that touch.  
Now you know better, nor artillery waste  
In tender thoughtlessness, or amorous haste.  
That "dear old garden"? Pooh! a slow, dull spot,  
Where you so "spooned," and RUPERT talked such "rot"—  
(RUPERT's own word, boys will talk slang.)—absurd!  
When the World-called, you met it "like a bird"—  
(RUPERT again!) And RUPERT? Oh! he's gone  
As—something small and shoppy—to Ceylon;  
And you are angling for a Peer—they say so—  
And listening to the tips of PUNCHIUS NASO.

So Cupid comes to you. That old mad fun  
Was not the work of Aphrodite's son.  
Of course! Methinks I see the urchin now,  
Demure, and meaning business; on his brow  
Close serried lines, and cool eyes, clerkly, clear,  
With—can it be, a pen behind his ear?  
That hints of settlements. Receive him so,  
Fair JULIA; let him take his gleam and glow

To lackadaisical LOUISE. Chide not.  
The goose-quill that signs cheques *sans* halt or blot  
Is better than a feather from his wings,  
That scrawls in violet ink of such vain things,  
As cots and kisses, since, for all bards' pother,  
You can't live in the one nor on the other.  
Hear Cupid's confidences thereabout,  
Cupid the champion, here, of Cent.-per-cent.,  
The sworn appraiser, not of golden locks  
And silvery laughter, but of Shares and Stocks:—

## CUPID'S CONFESSION.

I dwelt in a cottage, a cottage *ornée*,  
With two newly-meshed doves for a year and a day;  
For a year and a day, till the newly-meshed doves  
Stooped from "bliss" to—*Cabañas* and ten-button gloves.  
Aye me, the chill lapse! So a river may run  
To the icy-bound North from the land of the Sun,  
When the fuel that fed the sigh-furnaces failed,  
AMANDUS so cooled, and AMANDA so paled.  
Thy moustache curled as trimly, AMANDUS, but oh!  
With how much less of sweetness the lips curled below.  
AMANDA's blue eyes, still twin amethyst spheres,  
Looked so much less bewitching their lids red with tears.  
I was there. Could I help them with vow or with verse,  
As she drew the last coin from her satin-lined purse,  
Leaving more gold without than within? I was there—  
At the window—when Butcher descended from prayer  
To imperative rude objurcation; and when  
Poor AMANDA first learned that "the sweetest of men"  
Could be bitter of speech! I was there, though outside,  
When AMANDUS first used naughty words to his bride.  
I'd no gold. Could I mend with a rose or a dart  
That terrible fracture, a flaw in the heart?  
Could I bid shallow Passion, once stagnant, flow on,  
When the fountain was choked, and all current was gone?  
Could I help them who floated in rapture's mad round,  
Breast to breast, whilst the footway was flowery, but found,  
When occasion arose to endure or console,  
That he had not a heart, and she had not a soul?  
Could I aid those who Poverty hailed without fear,—  
At a pretty safe distance, but when he drew near,  
And displayed rather more of the wolf than the dove,  
Making calls upon courage as well as mere love,  
Found *not* rosy bliss, but abandonment utter,  
In "Love in a Cottage"—without bread-and-butter?

"All are not Julias," lisps a rosy maid  
To PUNCHIUS prattling in his cedar's shade;  
"Some few of us love Cupid as of old,  
Before he tipped his tiny darts with gold."  
True, watchet-eyed bewilderer of sage brains,  
And PUNCHIUS writes for all. If other gains  
Than golden ones inspire the maiden's breast,  
And lure her through love's labyrinthine quest;  
If—foolish child!—six feet of manhood straight  
And an unwrinkled skin—and heart—have weight  
More than joint bulk of coronet and pocket,  
Linked with a soul that's burning to its socket;—  
Why, then,—dear me!—the ever verdant sage  
Combines the Augustan and Arcadian age  
In his orb-wide experience; yet to teach  
Maxims of Arcady in Mayfair speech  
Seems like attempting with swift steel-cased shot  
To gain admittance to Sabrina's grot.  
Lend *Punch* your pocket-mirror, gay-lipped Grace!  
Ah! lily-fingers seek the well-known place  
With unsophisticated speed. What fun!  
(JULIA would vow she never carried one)  
Now look within. Lips cool and cheeks a-blush!  
Teach those to glow, let these forget to flush  
If you'd compete with JULIA. But, bright elf,  
If you seek love, not lovers, *be yourself*.  
So front the tricky god, so meet his eye  
With radiant hope, too honest to be shy,  
Own you have heard of him, heard, oh! a lot,  
And wish to know him, as what girl would not?  
You'll find the Protean one put off his wig,  
His clerkly airs, his looks austere and big,  
His *chic*, his coolness, and his cynic slang,  
And he the boy whose limpid laughter rang  
In Paphos till e'en frolic Aphrodite  
Would chide the urchin for a flight too flighty.

ART-FULL CARDS.—Most of the Christmas Cards as now produced.



## A VETERAN!

*The Elder Sister.* "WERE YOU EVER IN AN ENGAGEMENT, MAJOR?"

*"Son of Mars."* "WELL, I—AH——"

*Little Ethel ("enfant terrible").* "AH, BUT SISTER LOUIE'S BEEN 'NGAGED MORE 'N SEVEN TIMES!!"

Play; good acting can "make" a bad Play. Advertisement can make something of a Play. As, also, can historically correct costumes, *bric-à-brac*, or a dance. A Play has been sometimes made for a mere song. Everyone went to hear ROBSON sing "*Villikins and his Dinah*" as *The Wandering Minstrel*. We are credibly informed that Mrs. JOHN WOOD's inimitable singing of "*My Heart is true to Poll!*" makes the *Milliner's Bill* at the Court Theatre. This latter song was, we believe, introduced without the sanction of the Author of the piece, who, at all events, did not ask the permission of the Author and Composer of the song. We presume, therefore, that the Author of the piece knew nothing about it. Had we in one of our numerous little pieces wanted to introduce a song written by Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, we should have asked their permission to do so; but if our little *vaudeville* wasn't strong enough in itself, we should not have consented to have had our Play made for us by the work of somebody else.

So much for "How Plays are Made." The Public, in fact, "makes a Play," and a Dramatic Author may say:—

"That this first night  
Will either make it, or undo it quite."

Mr. W. S. GILBERT, with his genius for Topsy-Turvyism, says that he always "writes the Last Act first." Quite so: and then, probably, he puts it first, and so gets it all wrong again. Mr. SIMS is able to say, that, from positive shyness, he has refused six commissions, as the result of having written one Play is absolute "prostration"! Is life worth living, Mr. SIMS? Mr. PINERO, in giving his idea of "How Plays are Made," gives us an insight into the privacy of his dramatic life, and tells us how he finds himself, either in an anguish of tears, or in fits of laughter. He does not tell us how he suffers, or enjoys himself, under the supervision of Mr. BANCROFT of the Playmarket, or how he writhes, or smiles, when "produced under the direction of Mr. HARE," at the St. James's. It was Mr. PINERO who tried to get scent of the Hay-market over the footlights of the St. James's,—he has done some funny things in his short time—and haymaking and playmaking are much the same to Mr. PINERO.

But how are Plays written?—how are they composed? is what the

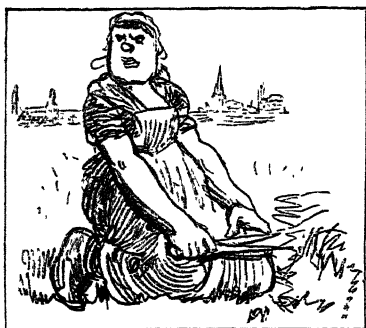
*P. M. G.'s* young and honest inquirer really wants to know, though this is precisely what he doesn't say in so many words.

*Here is Our Own Receipt from our Play-Book:*—First catch your Play; that is, your plot. Settle its locality. This done, go there and imbue yourself with the atmosphere of the place. If at Venice, in the Thirteenth Century, go to Venice, and be a Venetian. Take your costume with you. Dress up as your own character, and walk about,—the night-time is preferable for these operations,—acting the leading situations of your own Drama. If Act the First is in Rome, go to Rome for the local colour. If Act Two is in Yorkshire, go to Yorkshire, and acquire the dialect. If Act Three is in Jericho,—go to Jericho. Messrs. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and PETTIT, who are engaged on a Drama for Drury Lane next season, which is to be all about General GORDON, have already started for Khartoum, and will be soon riding towards that place to the inspiring air of "*The Camels are Coming*." After this, they are going on to the MAHDI, and may make it worth the while of the MAHDI, or OSMAN DIGMA, or both, to return with them for a leading part,—they are accustomed to leading parts,—in the new Drama. This is how to compose a Drama. As for the dialogue, that can be written at Rehearsal. Give the Actors the situations, and let them say what naturally occurs to them. You (as Author) will note it down on the spot, and crystallise it. Then it will sparkle.

To secure an effective finish to each Act, chuck all your characters on at haphazard, arrange and rearrange their positions, as if you were turning a kaleidoscope, until you have got one tableau that strikes you. Fix it: and then try back, and lead up to the particular and telling situation on which your Curtain will descend.

We shan't give any more hints. These are quite enough for beginners, and ample, as satisfying the inquiring mind of the *P. M. G.'s* Young Man, who seems to exclaim, as the *naïve* and gushing Young Lady did on being introduced to the Laureate: "Dear me! I wonder how you manage to think of all these clever things!" Lord Laureate would find it difficult to give a receipt for making a poem; and, to be exact in our language, he has not made his poems, but his poems have made *him*. As to how our own Plays are manufactured,—that is, and will continue to be, a profound secret.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY GUY'D.



No. 20. "The Grass Widow." Quite a *coup-de-grace* this! G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.



No. 96. "Go it, you Cripple!" Sidney H. Hall.



No. 143. Unpleasant effect on the Intelligent Foreigner of having drunk some of that nasty stuff in the glass under the impression it was the best *Chartreuse verte*. L. Alma Tadema, R.A.



No. 117. "Playing at Jumbo." Merry old Granny amusing the children by hiding among the sacks, and then coming out on all fours. N.B.—One of the very best pictures in the G. G. Regard the village in the distance. Charming! Of course it's sold, as it is a Bought'un.



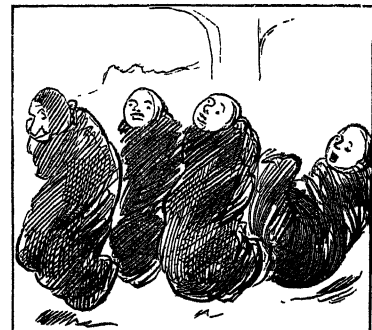
No. 69. "Tit for Tat; er, Sat on." *Medieval Royal Personage (complaining to pallid Maiden)*. "Oh, I say, look here; you've been sitting on my crown." "Yes; and she looks as if she had, too, poor thing!" E. Burne-Jones.



No. 192. Scene in Underground Railway Station. Last train gone. "Which way? This?" she inquired, indicating the direction with a movement of her head. "Ah, then I must walk through the tunnel." If an engine should come along, it's safe to give her a warning by becoming a (J. M'Neile) Whistler.



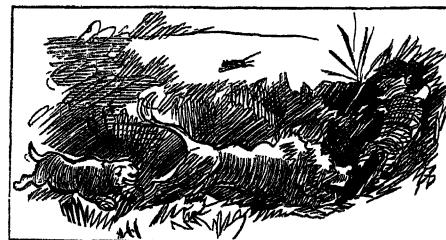
No. 51. "The Floating Nail-brush and departing Soap-Bubble." Girl watching effect. Probably an allegory. W. Padgett.



No. 216. "A Sack Race." A. Legros.



No. 8. "Alma Tadema's Last; or, The Swell Cobbler repairing a very bad Boot." I. Alma Tadema, R.A.



No. 199. "Ratting." J. T. Nettlehip.

No. 2. "Before the Arrival of the Christy Minstrels." Chairs placed for entertainment. HAYNES WILLIAMS.

No. 7. "After letting the Cat out of the Bag." Miss FLORA M. REID.

No. 18. "The Funny Bear." Children.—"Oh, we can't come in, because he won't move from the doorstep." Mrs. ALMA TADEMA.



## EXTRACTS FROM "GETTING ROUND AMERICA."

By *Benedick Hamlet, Esq., of the Lyceum.*

EDITED BY JOSEPH HAT-OFF.

THIS remarkable book, by our most distinguished English Actor, has been anticipated with some curiosity. It will amply repay perusal. Full of deep philosophy, brilliant in logic, unapproached in diction, it will serve to increase the already world-wide fame of its Author, and the takings at the Lyceum. A few extracts will show the nature of this marvellous work. That it is one of the most remarkable books ever published, is seen from the fact that it is supplied with *Two Prefaces*! We give them both. By some error of the Printer, the two are printed at the beginning of the First Volume instead of (as was obviously intended) one for the First Volume and the other for the Second. We trust this oversight will be corrected in subsequent Editions.

*Preface Number One. To the English Public.*—The intense interest and excitement which our American tour caused you, was apparent from the frequent telegrams which I received from England. My impressions of a country never before visited by an European cannot, I trust, fail to increase your interest in me, especially as you know that I have always valued the enormous and wonderful intelligence, &c., &c., of England equally with the boundless hospitality and, &c., &c., of America. Could I say anything nicer? If I could, I would like a shot.

*Preface Number Two. To the American Public.*—My friend, Mr. J. HAT-OFF, tells me you will be flattered to hear how much I valued your unexpected kindness. I therefore say it at once. You are a marvellously intelligent people. Other travellers may have remarked this before, but—as I tell Mr. HAT-OFF—it has never before been remarked by me.

My own share in this work is small. To my friend belongs the credit, and I may add the trouble, of writing it. If anything offends you, put it down to him. Hoping that by a careful attention to business, and the art of saying nothing unpleasant, I may merit a continuance of your kind patronage, I conclude by observing that if this book doesn't sell in America, I shall indeed be surprised.

## MR. B. HAMLET AT HOME.

*Chapters 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.*—Mr. HAMLET's Town-house is close to the Bank. Consequently it is got up with East-end or Oriental luxury. A monastic gloom is cast over the staircase by windows of coloured glass (which cost £50 a square inch). There sits the Celebrated Actor at his jewelled *escritoire*, while letters pour in from every part of the world, demanding his autograph, a lock of his hair, or a bit of his conversation "as supplied to Dukes, Earls, Marquises, and the Aristocracy of England."

In one corner is a collection of costly curios (including Mr. HAMLET's secret recipe for a stage-stride) piled to the ceiling; in another are dramatic treasures, such as the identical burnt cork used by EDMUND KEAN when he played *Othello*. But this is not the only residence of Mr. HAMLET: he has recently purchased a suburban residence at Goose Green. And now, perhaps, we had better really get on to America.

## MY FIRST INTERVIEWER.

*Chapter 10.*—All the Liverpool streets were blocked with dense crowds of admirers when the *Britannic* steamed off. The local Authorities were therefore happily unable to serve Mr. HAMLET with a summons for obstructing the highway. It was pretty some days later to see the New York interviewers, anchored on buoys half way across the Atlantic, as they simultaneously made a dash for the vessel. Several, we regretted to observe, were crushed to death in their efforts to get in at the Port-holes. Still, there was a large crowd in the State Cabin, and the noise of sharpening of pencils was deafening.

Mr. HAMLET entered. With easy *nonchalance* he began laying about him with a large horsewhip, and then sank into a velvet lounge. "Gentlemen," he began; "I am BENEDICK HAMLET! Tell your public that I already admire America immensely. I believe it will heave in sight in three days, but I can tell that it is a magnificent land even now. So are its people. So are *you*! Will that satisfy you? What, more soap? Then I will fetch Miss ELLEN MERRY!" And so saying, the gifted Actor disappeared up the companion hatchway.

"He had no mannerisms!" said one Reporter.

"Oh, none whatever!" sighed a second, as he examined a large wale on his left arm.

"And he can walk straight!" said a third, "and talk like a Christian! *Marvellous*!"

## A WORD-PICTURE.

*Chapter 12. (Extracted from the "New York High-Flyer.")*—This, then, was Miss ELLEN MERRY! A glorious creature! Lustrous azure eyelids combined with an aquiline nose and matchless profile to produce the effect of a concatenation of superb grace and lissom majesty. Not beautiful by ordinary canons, she yet con-

trived to give the impression of a being half Venus de Milo, half Madonna. Her golden hair circled her alabaster brow like an aureole. She was a born Actress!

## MY FIRST NIGHT.

*Chapter 15.*—The theatre was crammed! One hundred individuals, unable to gain admittance, had committed suicide. Seats in the gutter outside the doors were selling at fifty dollars a-piece!

"Do your audiences ever applaud?" said Mr. HAMLET nervously to a Reporter. "Because if they don't"—and he produced a rapier dexterously from the calf of his leg—"I'll let 'em know what I expect!"

The success was grand! As Mr. HAMLET was sitting afterwards in his own room, with all the chief speculators in tickets pouring unnumbered dollars into his lap, he observed, "Your Public is a remarkably intelligent one. It rewards genius heavily. For instance, I should prefer that these dollars were paper. Tell your Public that Miss E. M. and I are quite satisfied with them. Quite!"

And he strolled off to deliver what was universally characterised as a "consummate after-dinner oration" at a "small and early" gathering of some thousands of admirers, at the Lotus Club, Broadway.

## A CANDID CRITICISM.

*Chapter 27.*—"What do you think of our country, Sir?" asked the chief pork-packer of Chicago.

"Magnificent!" said Mr. HAMLET, as he rattled the last night's twenty thousand dollars in his trousers-pocket. "That tornado yesterday was grand. We don't have anything like that in England. Then your manners are so refined. I was in Wall Street the other day. What a sight! Purity and innocence reigned around. Some of the child-like operators were playing at a game which I am told is very like 'Puss in the Corner' in the old country, only you call it 'A Corner in Pork,' I think. You are a superbly and uniquely great people, Sir, a—"

"Wal, that's pretty satisfactory. You've got a tarnation rainy day to-day, Sirree!"

"Rainy!" said Mr. HAMLET. "Is it indeed? I didn't notice it. Even your rain here is superb—it never wets one,—it's far better than our English fine weather. No, I don't mind anything I say being printed—in fact I may add that I intend it."

## NIAGARA.—AN APPRECIATIVE MILLIONNAIRE.

*Chapters 32 and 33.*—We were off to see Niagara. At the railway bookstall Miss E. MERRY noticed a lovely volume, price 500 dollars.

"Oh," said she, "it's too much. Take the nasty book away. I can't afford it." Curiously enough, half-an-hour afterwards she found the very book she coveted placed on her table in the saloon carriage!

Who can describe Niagara? We were standing looking at the scene from the American side.

"This is magnificent!" said Mr. HAMLET. "It is, indeed, as I believe others have remarked before, grand. What a roar! Here is the sublimity of Nature. For the sublimity of Art you must visit the Lyceum—or, at present, the Boston Theatre. This cataract is another crowning proof of the grand intelligence of the American people!"

## LAST WORDS.

*Chapter 156.*—"Yes, I'm coming back"—shouted Mr. HAMLET, with his head protruding from the funnel of the homeward-bound steamer at New York, and speaking through a trumpet to the millions assembled at the wharf,—"Catch me forgetting you! I carry back with me the pleasantest recollections of my trip, and I shall bank a good many of them when I get back to London. Bless you all! Read my book—it will be candid and impartial, but you won't mind that! My impressions of America have been delightful—but may I say that one of the nicest of them is the impression indelibly stamped on your magnificent coinage? *Adieu* and *au revoir*!"

## "Cease, Rude Boreas!"

THE House of Commons evidently thought the Channel Tunnel too much of a bore, so they have taken the proper course with all great bores, and have shut it up. Before the workings are entirely filled in, let us hope Sir EDWARD WATKIN will once more descend, with a bottle of champagne, and drink the health of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

NOT A CASE OF LIGHT PROFITS.—"A LOSER," writing to a contemporary last week, complains that the cause of three fires, occurring within a comparatively short period in the same establishment—an establishment popularly supposed to be capable of providing everything at the shortest notice—had not been promptly discovered. Nowadays, when in nearly every quarter of Town we find houses of business (seemingly Metropolitan adaptations of the little Village All-Sorts Shops) very similar to the one sustaining the disasters referred to, a periodical issue of the Works of Burns should cause no surprise.



## AN INDIGNANT DISCLAIMER.

Mamma. "NOW, BILLY, YOU MUSTN'T BE SHY, YOU KNOW!"

Billy. "I'SE NOT SHY—I'SE RUDE!"

## GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

## No V.

*Vanity.*—It is most true that Vanity is the cause of most of our follies. Vanity is the love of admiration, however it may be expressed. When you have sung, *do not wait for applause*, but at once proceed with another song, and so on until your stock is exhausted. The same rule will apply to recitations, *poses plastiques*, conjuring, imitations of birds, and any other accomplishments with which you may from time to time entertain your friends and acquaintances, according to the advice previously given.

*Parmi les Femmes du Monde.*—Vanity leads men to wish to appear successful among women. Do not make so great an error. Don't "wish;" *be* successful. Then you have a right to appear what you are; it being of the essence of snobbishness to appear what you are not. You know your own powers of fascination? Yes. Then fascinate. And having "mashed" them all round, or as many of them as it will serve you to "mash" for one evening, strut about the drawing-room with your thumbs in the armholes of your waistcoat, or both underneath your coat, flaunting its tails defiantly in the air, as much as to say, "Ha! ha! I am cock of the walk here! *Regardez mon air vainqueur!*" This is legitimate triumph: you, so to speak, annex so many of the fair sex, and assume over them a protectorate which insures them against annoyance or insult. When you enter a room, silently but quietly select your victims, taking them in order. Sit by their side, address them individually as "my darling" or "my angel," adding, "I love you to distraction!" And then hiss in her ear, "You are mine! mine!! mine for ever!!!" And so on with every one of them. *Do not boast of your success afterwards*, but you may walk about the room as above described, to the admiration of all beholders.

*Of Titled Friends.*—If you happen to know (as, of course, you will happen to know) several Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts, Duchesses, and other grades of the aristocracy, neglect no opportunity of *hugging their names and full titles*, if possible, into the conversation.

Mind, it is only the Snob or the Democratic Communistic Radical who can possibly object to hearing you speak of these distinguished persons; while the truly-loyal, the well-bred, and better-informed will be delighted, no matter how frequently you may allude to your distinguished aristocratic circle of friends.

Let your anecdotes invariably commence with "I was talking with SALISBURY—I mean, with the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., the other day, and I was pointing out to him how wrong he was, &c., &c., and old SARUM, I mean Lord SALISBURY, at once replied, 'JOHNIE, old man, you're always right, but you know that,' &c., &c."

Or when with relatives, at a family or friendly gathering, down Hoxton or Camberwell way, you will delight them,—for they will shine with the reflected light that comes through you,—by saying, "I was stopping a few days with the Duke of BLUCOTE at his place down at Castletoff in Toffshire, when the dear Duchess came up to me and asked me if I'd seen JIMMY—that's the second boy, Lord JAMES FITZIRON—and I couldn't help telling her," &c.

Or, if you want to introduce a little variety, so as not to seem proud, by mentioning a commoner, take care that the name be associated with some distinctive place which gives a kind of hereditary aristocratic title, as for example, "I was dining the other night with NED WALLOP—not the Indian WALLOPS of Bawbee, but one of the WALLOPS of Moke, you know—and he told me," &c., &c.

Or, if you have once been invited to some public gathering which was graced by the presence of Royalty, when on your card of invitation was put "To have the honour of meeting H.R.H.," &c., &c., you can say casually to your friends and relatives, "Ah! *à propos* of that affair" (whatever they may be talking about, it doesn't in the least matter), "there's something more than meets the eye—I could tell you, only I am not at liberty to do so,—something,—but it mustn't go beyond this table. Well—the other evening I was talking to—at least it is better to say I was in company with the Pr—I should say a certain Illustrious Personage,—when he happened to ask my opinion, which I gave him and found it was exactly contrary to his. Of course I couldn't retract." This has a smack of true Republican sentiment about it which will raise you



“MRS. MICAWBER.”

Mrs. M. (*hysterically*). “I NEVER WILL DO IT! IT'S OF NO USE ASKING ME! I NEVER WILL DESERT MR. MICAWBER!!”—*David Copperfield*.



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Enter Mr. Chesterfield Grandison Potts.* "HOW D'YE DO, MY DEAR MRS. PETTIFER! I'VE COME TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR PERFORMANCE OF THE LADY OF LYONS, AT MRS. TOMKYN'S. IT WAS SIMPLY PERFECT!"

*Distinguished Lady Amateur.* "OH, FAR FROM PERFECT, I FEAR! TO BE PERFECT, ALAS! THE PART OF PAULINE REQUIRES THAT ONE SHOULD BE YOUNG AND LOVELY, YOU KNOW!"

*Mr. C. G. Potts (who piques himself on his old-fashioned courtesy).* "MY DEAR LADY, YOU ARE A LIVING PROOF TO THE CONTRARY!"

### "TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"SIR CHARLES DILKE, who has been the guest of the QUEEN, left Windsor Castle yesterday morning, upon the conclusion of his visit to the Palace, and returned to London."—*Daily Paper*, November 29.

SCENE—The Interior of Her Majesty's Boudoir for the transaction of Public Business. Desk covered with numberless Official Documents, Despatch-Boxes, &c. Present—The QUEEN and Sir CHARLES DILKE.

*Her Majesty.* It gives me the greatest satisfaction, Sir CHARLES, to repeat to you in person my very hearty thanks for the many visits you have paid to the dwellings of the Poor in London.

*Sir Charles (bowing).* I can assure you, Madam, that had not your Majesty made the suggestion, my own sense of duty would have caused me to undertake the task.

*Her Majesty (smiling).* You know it is a tradition in our family to do our best for the sick and destitute. My children are never so happy as when they are assisting to establish Homes or Hospitals. And now, before you conclude a visit which I trust has been a very pleasant one to both of us—(Sir CHARLES bows low)—let me see if I clearly understand what you have said. It is your opinion that legislation directed to ameliorate the condition of the Poor—(Sir CHARLES bows, and murmurs beneath his breath, "The Proletariat")—is the safest mode of protecting our present Constitution; that, in fact, kindness—charity and real interest—shown to beggars and those who are forced to live with criminals—if not, indeed, to criminals themselves—is the best, if not the only, method of ridding Communism in the bud. Is not this the sense of what you have said to me?

*Sir Charles (in a deprecating tone).* Certainly, Madam; although I scarcely ventured to use the very plain expressions your Majesty has graciously adopted.

*Her Majesty (with a smile).* I thought, Sir CHARLES, you were

fond of plain-speaking. I have a very good memory, and fancy that no one could ever accuse you of not having the courage of your opinions. (*Handing Sir CHARLES a copy of a popular periodical.*) You will see that you have not been forgotten this week by *Mr. Punch*. Let me tell you, Sir CHARLES, that there are not very many of my subjects who can boast of having figured as the hero of an entirely complimentary Cartoon. But I think, as usual, *Mr. Punch* has shown wise discrimination—you deserve the distinction. I suppose you are very conversant with his pages?

*Sir Charles.* I know every line *Mr. Punch* has written by heart, Madam. I see that your Majesty has been studying Volume Sixty-two. (*Looking through the leaves of a book lying on the table.*) Dear me, how time flies; this was actually published eleven years ago!

[Suddenly starting and regarding Cartoon for March 30th, 1872, intently.]

*Her Majesty (smiling).* I can guess the picture that has attracted your attention. It was produced just after a silly thoughtless boy had pointed an empty pistol at my carriage, and *Mr. Punch*, with his customary ingenuity, had turned the incident to account. There was a certain young enthusiast in those days who, full of good intentions, had not quite attained to years of discretion. This young enthusiast, in his zeal for reform, and hatred of shams, attacked good and bad together, without showing much discrimination. *Mr. Punch* pictured this young enthusiast aiming a blow at the Throne itself, and excusing his conduct on the score "that there was nothing in it!" Ah! that picture appeared eleven years ago, and I feel certain that that young enthusiast must have taken the lesson to heart. Yes, I am told by his colleagues, that he is one of the hardest working Ministers of the Crown—able, straightforward, loyal—as much a friend to his Sovereign as to her People! (*Smiling.*) Are you still looking at that Cartoon, which seems so strange to us nowadays?

*Sir Charles (bowing to the ground, with the Volume in his hand).* No, Madam, when I came to that Cartoon, I thought it time to turn over a new leaf! [Scene closes in upon a very pleasant picture.]



in the estimation of your hearers.<sup>1</sup> "But—and this is what I always like in the Pr—I mean, the Illustrious Personage,—so much,—he simply took my hand and said, 'On my word, I never saw it in that light before. I'm very much obliged to you. I'll mention it to the Qu—,'—well, if I say it was telegraphed to Osborne in less than half-an-hour, you'll understand me."

Well stocked with personal anecdotes of this sort, you will never want for a dinner, and will be in the greatest request among those whose lives you will brighten with such simple stories as those of which fair and sufficient examples have just been given.

*Information.*—Be ready with an answer to every inquiry. Take it for granted that no one in the company is better informed than yourself, and though you may not happen to be invariably right, yet you will do well to assume, hypothetically, that you always are, so that if anyone has the boldness to interrupt you, and assert that you are wrong, the *onus probandi* will rest with him, when, if he cannot prove his assertion, he will only have earned for himself the reputation of a meddling fellow who ventures to talk on subjects of which he is ignorant, while you will have gained the respectful sympathy and the esteem of the entire company. Whether it is a question of dates, or facts, or private conversation unknown to the world generally, you must be invariably ready to set them all right.

There are certain things which everyone ought to know: and you should be able to answer at once if applied to,—as, for instance, some Lady interested in Art asks "Who was ANGELICA KAUFFMANN?" "When did FRA ANGELICO live?" "Who was the celebrated Duchess of GAINSBOROUGH?" "Who was GAINSBOROUGH?" "What was the Venus of Medici?" "Who was Medici?" "What was the Venus of Milo?" "Who was Milo?" "When did PRAXITELES live? was he a pupil of APOLLO?" As to ordinary subjects, you must be able to explain what was "the Gordian Knot," who were "Amphitryon," "Nestor," "The Stagyrte," and so forth. In answering any inquiries as to these celebrities, remember that anybody might be able to give a more prosaically correct account of each one, but that the necessity of replying is the mother of invention; and invention belongs to Genius. You will prefer to shine as a Genius. And mind—never hesitate, and never entirely retract.

Then, at the present moment, you must be able, with bread, or oranges, or knives and forks, to describe exactly the position of Baeninh, explain why the French are fighting in Tonquin, point out the situation of the Soudan, Cairo, Khartoum, Berber, the Nile, Constantinople, and the Pyramids. Be ready to explain what is the distinction between Asia Minor and Asia Major. Come out boldly with your information; don't hesitate, or pause; say precisely what the Government ought to do, how many men have been sent, how many ought to be sent, and then clearly expose the policy of Russia in Afghanistan, and state succinctly and lucidly the action of Local Boards, Vestries, and the Board of Works at the present moment. Depend upon it, that if you only answer the questions put to you straightforwardly without hesitation, you will be considered as a wonderfully clearheaded man, probably in the confidence of Government, and you may safely bet that in any ordinary society there will not be anyone better informed on the subjects above mentioned than yourself, or if there should be such a one present, he will begin to doubt his own accuracy, and after one sharp rebuff, which you will administer to him straight, he will not dare to pit his knowledge against your assertion. Should he do so, and insist on his being right and you wrong, stick to what you have said, nail your colours to the mast, unless you discover, by an *adroit question* as to his sources of information, what position he holds, as, should he be the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the Lord Chief Justice, Colonel BURNABY, or Lord WOLSELEY, you will only have to withdraw one or two of your statements, under cover of an attack on something or somebody else, and yield, with graceful deference,—but still with skilfully-implied doubt of his facts,—to one who in his superior official capacity ought to know—but who, as you may convey to your audience by a side wink, or well-judged nod, evidently does not. In a word, when you meet a notable antagonist on any ground with which you have professed yourself entirely familiar,—merely, out of kindness to your company, and *causa conversationis*,—act upon the Government motto, "Rescue and Retire."

*Authorities, Explanations, Instruction in Conversation.*—There is an admirable little book called *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*. Keep this on your dressing-table: tear out the leaves carefully, and carry them about with you: study them on every opportunity during the day. (Note.—Somebody might profitably bring out *The Old Boy's Guide to Knowledge; or, the Middle-aged Man's Reminder*. Most useful.) Learn at least one question and answer *per diem*: this, with the good story and repartee, will occupy you sufficiently, and within six weeks you will pass for one of the most learned and the wittiest men of your time. I will guarantee it.

Assume safely that the majority are ignorant. Try them everywhere at haphazard. You have a dish of almonds and raisins before you. Ask anyone what is an almond, where do they come from, and for any information about bitter almonds. If they go in for high Art and crockery, ask them how china is made? what is biscuit china, what is porcelain, and what is delf? If you can tell them at once all about raisins and give dates, explain the process of painting, of engraving, and the manufacture of cotton, you will be considered an exceptionally well-informed person.

*Note.*—What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and what everybody knows, Nobody knows.

THE Health Exhibition is already a great attraction. This makes the Road very crowded, and, in consequence, there are several unattractive Exhibitions of Temper.

## INTERNATIONAL "GOOD HEALTH" EXHIBITION

Made of Himself by Our Special Commissioner.



"Good Health!"



"Your Health, Stranger!"



"Santé, M'sieur!"



"Prosit, mein Herr!"



"Sanità, Signore!"



"Sanidad, Señor!"



"—, —, —!"



"Goo'-bye!"

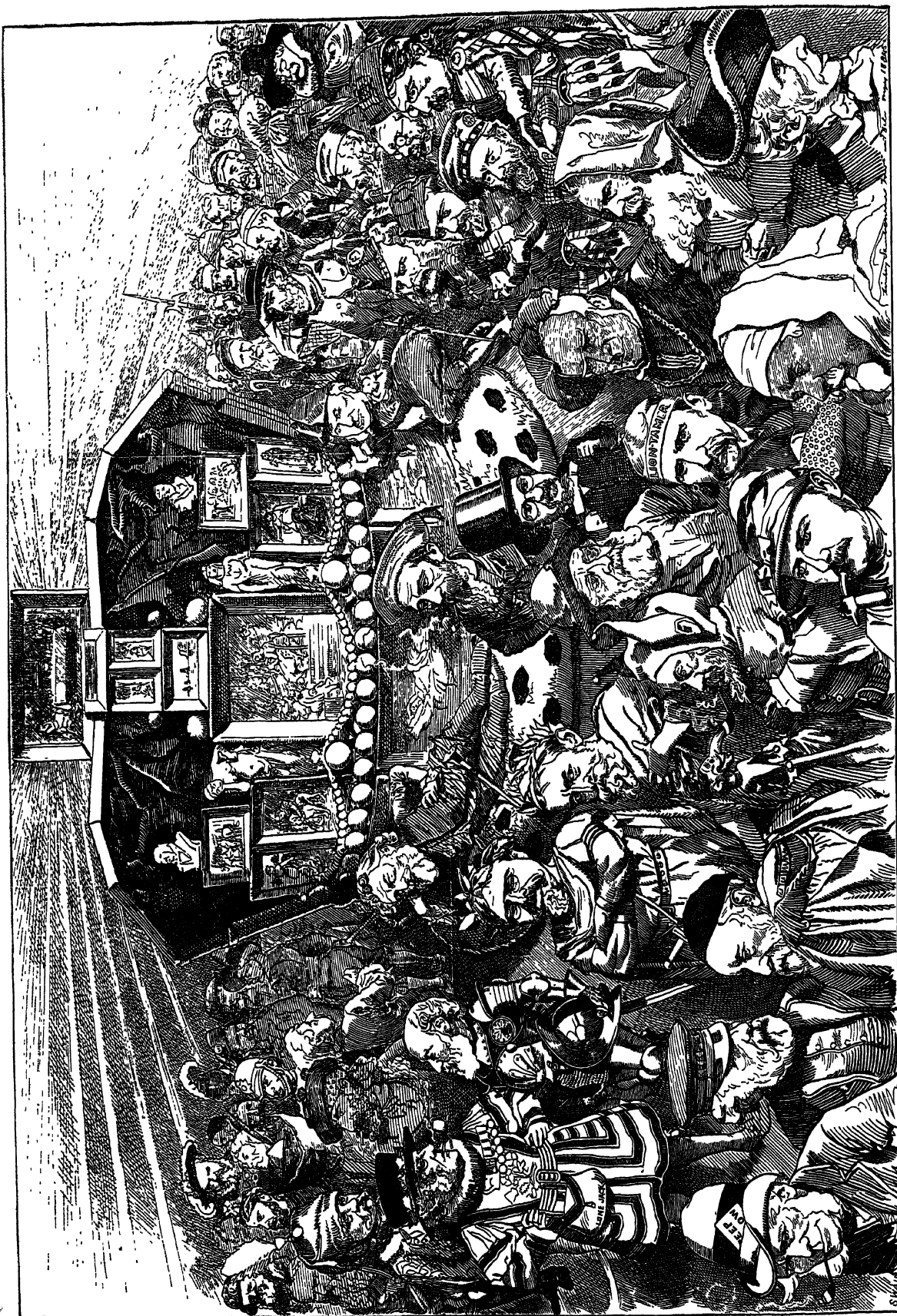
\* Our S. C. speaks Russian fluently under ordinary circumstances, but at the moment found a difficulty in expressing his sentiments in that language.

"SIR HENRY IRVING"—this was the startling heading to a paragraph in the *Times* last week, which went on thus:—"Among the passengers, &c., &c., was Sir HENRY IRVING, Governor of British Guiana." Capital sell! We certainly thought Our Only Tragedian had been knighted on his return from the Great Republic.

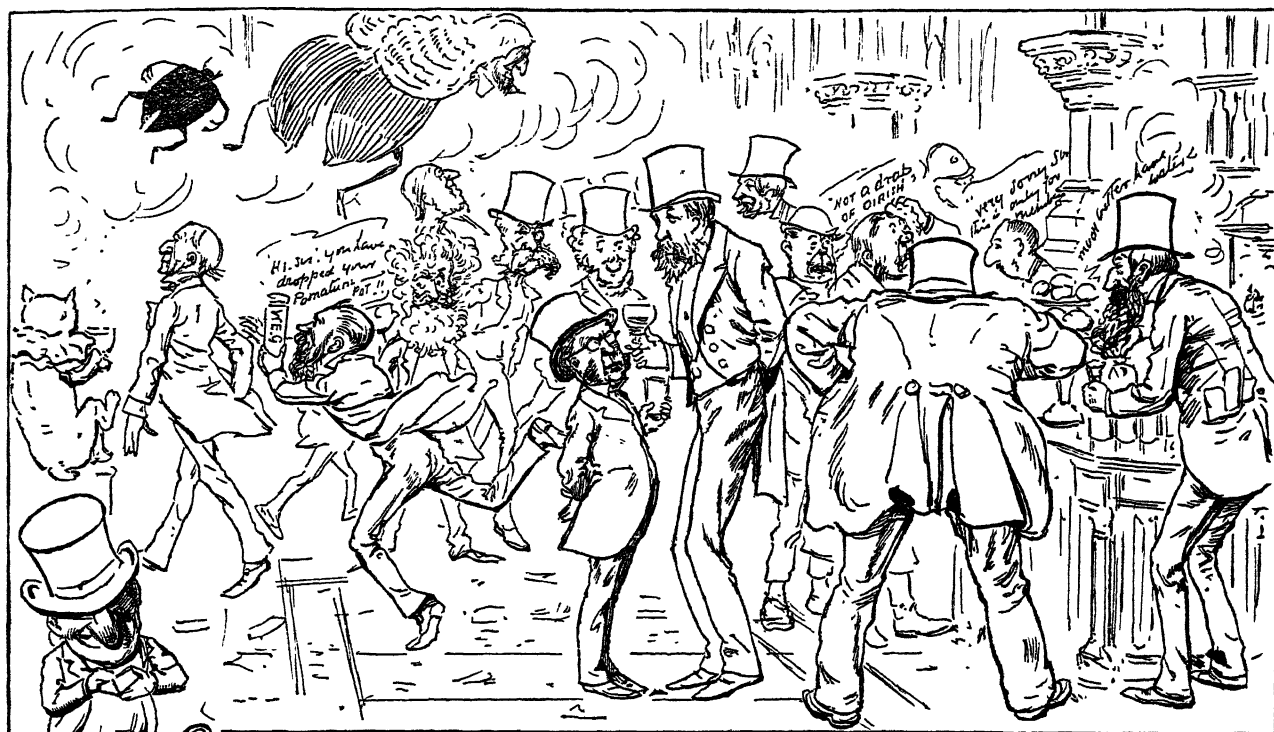
HIP! HIP! R.A.!—The next thing that Sir ROBERT PEEL proposes will doubtless be a Commission to inquire into the conduct of the Royal Academy of Arts, and what becomes of the stream of silver shillings that flows into their coffers every day from morn to night.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 24, 1884.



FANCY DRESS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY; OR, MEN OF MARK IN COSTUMES FROM THEIR OWN DESIGNS.



## PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 13: THE LOBBY No. 4: FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12.—“No spectacle in the world equal to House of Commons on a big night,” says Captain GOSSET, looking round at Five o’Clock. “I’ve seen a few of ’em, but not many to beat this.”

Not a vacant place anywhere—even the Gangway used as seats. Side-galleries crowded. Speaker’s Gallery and Strangers’ Gallery filled with throng beaming with satisfaction at recollection of crowd outside that couldn’t get in. For once Distinguished Strangers’ Gallery—usually occupied by friends and relations of HARRINGTON, REDMOND, and T. P. O’CONNOR—put to proper use.

“A splendid House,” I said to Sir MICHAEL BEACH.

“Yes,” said he; “very gratifying, very gratifying indeed. RANDOLPH says I’m prosy; remarks made in other quarters about lugubrious manner and sing-song intonation. These prejudices I know generally lead to House clearing out when I rise; but acknowledgment at last made, and very handsomely, too. Good thing for GLADSTONE that he follows me. I expect many will remain to hear him.” Sir MICHAEL, rising at Half-past Five, plodded on for hour and twenty minutes. At Six o’Clock, Sir GEORGE BALFOUR and Mr. Alderman LAWRENCE discovered sleeping side by side behind the Treasury Bench, right in face of impassioned orator.

“Just like Babes in the Wood,” says CAINE. “Let’s cover ’em with leaves. Plenty of Blue-Books about, will tear up easily.”

Presently, LAWRENCE woke with a start. Been dreaming he was at first banquet of new Corporation. Baron of beef served up. Thought there was something familiar in aspect. New LORD MAYOR jocularly announced it was “the Last of the Aldermen.” Shout of execration at barbarity woke Alderman—to discover Conservatives vociferously cheering as HICKS-BEACH, pointing across table to GLADSTONE, quoted GORDON’s words about “leaving to you the indelible disgrace” of abandoning the garrisons.

GLADSTONE unmistakably riled. Generally when at white heat of passion delivers his best speech; witness Thursday night before Easter Recess, when he demolished STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Opposition, and their Motion for the Adjournment. To-night his speech disappointing. Did not seem to get grip of subject. Certainly, had not his usual hold on audience. FORSTER and GOSCHEN whispering together during speech. Fancy FORSTER means mischief. Has a candid look about his face, and an extra wrinkle in the back of his coat, that invariably presage an attack on a Ministry that has presumed for two years to get on without him.

Business done.—Vote of Censure Number Two moved.

Tuesday.—Wasn’t wrong about the wrinkle in FORSTER’s coat noted yesterday. Came down in good time this afternoon, but waited till Four o’Clock to speak. That being the most prized opportunity of the day, FORSTER calmly collared it, just as he shoulders Dr. LYONS out of his corner seat. Government case looking little worse than usual. FORSTER more venomous. Attacked GLADSTONE personally; more than hinted that he said and affected to believe anything that suited his purpose; sneered at consciences of Gentlemen below Gangway. Honest HARTINGTON couldn’t stand this. Went for candid friend, hit out straight from shoulder, whilst Liberals uproariously cheered and Conservatives sat ominously silent.

“Hang it!” said NEWDEGATE, a fine old-fashioned English gentleman, “FORSTER useful to our fellows. Puts case in stronger way than most of them, and should be encouraged. But don’t like to see a fellow bite at hand of old friend and Leader, because old friend and Leader manages to carry on Government without him.”

GOSCHEN made it worse still for FORSTER, speaking an hour or two later with equal force against Government policy, but no small back-biting at old colleagues. Contrast a little hard on FORSTER.

Newcastle-on-Tyne contributed two best speeches in Debate. JOSEPH (not JOEY B., but J. C.), rolled out, with his deep Northumbrian burr, a string of perfectly-constructed sentences in antique style of Cloth-of-Gold oratory. Regarded as a sustained effort of high eloquence, this rarely been equalled. Quite in accordance with dramatic turn of Debate to have JOHN MORLEY following him. Moved by excitement of moment, crowded House, the great issue dependent, and strong antagonism to colleague’s views, JOHN at last succeeded in throwing off feeling of restraint. Delivered dashing speech, full of epigram, point, and argument. Having once broken the ice, JOHN MORLEY will fall into Parliamentary manner, and be a leader in Debate.

Wednesday Morning.—Division taken at Two o’Clock. Irish Members prepared little surprise. Gave out were going to vote for Government. Conservatives in despair. Had hoped otherwise. With Parnellite Vote might even defeat Government, or reduce Majority to dangerous point. When House cleared for Division, Irish Members remained seated, compact and highly respectable body, some thirty strong. Other Members lingered in Doorway to see what would happen. At last moment, PARNELL rose, all the boys with him. Stepped down Gangway, and turned sharply off to the right, heading for Opposition Lobby.

“A twopenny dramatic effect we could have very well done without,” growled ROWLAND WYNN. “Glad of their vote, of course. But why couldn’t they have given it in ordinary way, without conspirator meetings at midnight, deliberately spreading lying reports of their intention, and then this hanging about till last moment.”



## DELIGHTS OF THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY. No. 2.

THE PLOUGHING-MACHINE.

Smells like a trick, as Sir PEEL would say, and won't do us any good."

"Capital!" I said to PARNELL, as we walked across Palace Yard together. "Exquisite Irish humour! So really funny!"

"Think so?" said PARNELL. "Can't claim authorship, and perhaps therefore don't see it."

"A little dangerous, wasn't it? Might have upset the Government, and then what would become of the Reform Bill you are so anxious for, you know?"

"Now that is a joke," said PARNELL. "That's real humour. Always heard you were a funny dog. Yes, I'm most anxious for Franchise Bill to pass. Haven't I said so? You see, haven't got enough to deal with now, with the thirty boys. Want a score or so more representing the Agricultural Labourer. Make it so pleasant to have them squabbling with Farmers' representatives, leading to revolts, cabals, and finally upsetting of my authority. Oh! yes, most anxious for passing of Reform Bill. That's why we played this trick on the Government to-night." *Business done.*—Second Vote of Censure rejected by 303 votes against 275.

"That fetches 'em down a peg, doesn't it, TOBY?" said RANDOLPH.

"Several. Heard a good deal of the Kilmainham Compact. Could you tell me anything of the Treaty on the Terrace?"

"I could, but I won't," he said, looking, for so amiable a nobleman, really angry.

*Thursday.*—RANDOLPH away to-night. Room for TOOTS MACIVER, Esq., M.P. Toots has recently confined his letters to himself to matters relating to finance, more especially in respect of foreign duties. Sees clearly CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER's hopelessly wrong and determined to put him straight. Toots was not at Dr. BLIMBER's for nothing. No use telling him that two and two don't make five, nor in disputing the truth of the axiom "Seven from nine you cannot, so carry one." Began at Question Time with our commercial negotiations with Spain, also in perilous condition; passed over to Egypt; inquired into affairs in the Soudan; gave notice to move rejection of Merchant Shipping Bill; had an Amendment to himself on question of duties on foreign importation; and, popping up quite unexpectedly when House finally got into Committee, made over again speech delivered three hours earlier.

"Terrible fellow is TOOTS when once he starts. And yet no one to look at him would imagine his head carried so much information,"

I said to CHILDERS, who was beginning to fret under the perpetual incursion of the irrepressible Member for Birkenhead.

"Yes, there's a good deal there," CHILDERS agreed. "But don't you think it gets a little mixed and seems a trifle incomprehensible when turned out?"

Naturally with TOOTS in possession House empty. Nothing particular going on. GLADSTONE might have had quiet evening at home. Did in truth go out to dinner, but could not resist temptation to come back and make speech on Budget affairs. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE also dropped in in same casual way, and between them they had a good time for a hour or so, during which business was further delayed. Mr. TOOTS proposed to arbitrate on differences, but House really couldn't stand any more of him, and howled so angrily that he abruptly sat down.

"Tell you, what Toby," says he. "I'm not the person to be bullied. If they go on in this way I shall bring down my old friend, the GAME CHICKEN. With him waiting outside in the Lobby they'll think twice before they howl at me."

*Business done.*—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

*Friday.*—A sad dull day, lighted up only at close by appearance of Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES bringing in Bill to amend Acts of Parliament relating to Oysters, Crabs, Lobsters, Cockles, and Periwinkles. At Morning Sitting, Franchise Bill, but no progress. In the evening the Irish Members brought up case of some distinguished patriots whose arrangements for shooting a few of their neighbours were interfered with by arrest. Case tried over again before jury of twelve Members of the House of Commons, most of them asleep.

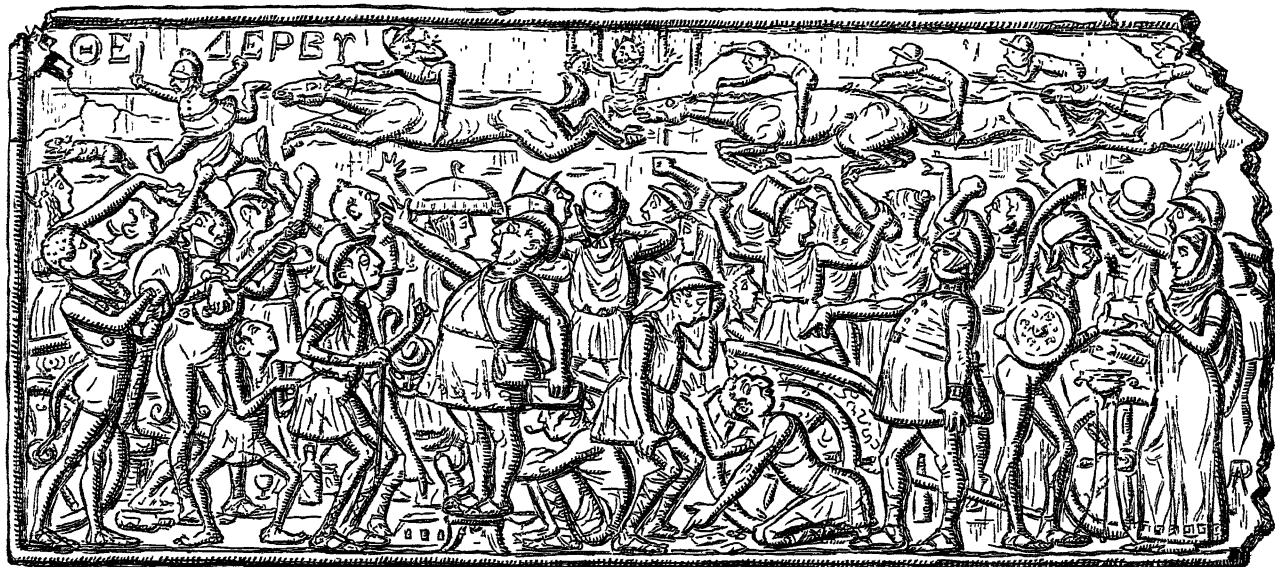
*Business done.*—None.

## FIGURES OF FUN.

How resembles Art-healing the Caricature?  
In design by distortion producing a Cure.

MUDGUILTINESS.—The neglect of the London streets in wet weather by the Authorities.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.—The Gentleman who waived his right now waves his left.



FRAGMENT OF BAS-RELIEF RECENTLY UNEARTHED BY DR. SLYMAN.

SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE OLYMPIC GAMES, CIRCA 1890.

## HIGHLY SUGGESTIVE.

THAT what Lord TENNYSON gracefully describes as Mr. S. E. DAWSON'S "able and thoughtful essay on *The Princess*," should have brought down a fairly sharp rejoinder from the noble Poet, has afforded much keen satisfaction to his many ardent admirers, and his letter, published by a contemporary last week, has naturally been hailed in certain quarters with something like positive enthusiasm. Under the circumstances, the following *postscriptum*, apparently written at a subsequent date, as a sort of supplementary afterthought, but not published at the time, may be now read with interest.

DEAR SIR,

Farringford, April 1.

A FEW words more on the subject of plagiarism and suggestion in poetic composition. The more I think of it the more I apprehend the full and complete force of the unfairness of the charge. Let me repeat it—I have not got my best lines by poring, as implied, over back numbers of sixpenny magazines; no: nor by continually ransacking the "Poet's Corners" in obscure provincial papers. HOMER, or even SHELLEY, with whom I am less familiar, may have done this,—not I.

But let one give some still further instances, culled haphazard from that observant period of my life, in which I was in the habit, as I have already stated, of chronicling, in four or five dozen words or more, whatever came home to me, with the full force of my own natural experience.

I quote at random; but this from *The Lotos Eaters* to begin:—

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

*Suggestion*.—Bathing, and getting out of my depth, with a party of congenial friends at Margate, when Margate was quite the wildest spot in England, some years ago. None of us could swim; the wave was really *mounting*, and so I made the remark by way of encouragement to my struggling companions.

Or take this again, from the same poem:—

"Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

*Suggestion*.—An extremely rough and disagreeable passage I had between Dover and Calais. I positively experienced myself that there *was* no sort of peace in the process whatever, and I think the very question, as it now appears in *The Lotos Eaters*, I addressed once or twice, at the time, to the steward.

To turn to a favourite theme—the Moon:—

"At midnight the moon cometh,  
And looketh down alone."

*Suggestion*.—Opening my window late to see if the front gate is all right. I have often, when doing this, seen the moon "looking down," and, what is more strange, "looking down alone." Sometimes I have seen a policeman too looking down the area, but I have naturally suppressed him as not necessary to the context.

But here is a natural image got from an unexpected source:—

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows."

*Suggestion*.—Nothing more or less than an after-dinner skate with my dress-coat tightly buttoned! *I tried this on my own pond*, and saw with *my own eyes*, as I gloomed and glanced, my own "swallows" skimming behind me!

But I will not bore you with a thousand other instances that spring to my mind, ready with a flash to prove that the Poet, as far as I know him, does not go to books for his fancies.

Why, even the line "There's many a black, black eye," occurred to me as, when quite a young man, I happened to pass a party of roughs returning from a famous prizefight; while the simple phrase, "And with no language but a cry," was brought home to me, through his daily but plaintive announcement of his presence, by the local milkman. Yet when I printed this, some critic informed me that language that was "a cry" was peculiar to certain wild beasts at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, and graciously added that "Mr. T. should not go to Nature, but to his tradesmen, for his suggestions." And I had gone to my tradesman! After this, dear Sir, what can I say more but that I am

Yours, &amp;c.,

TENNYSON.

## DITTY ON A DRAG.

THE roadside gardens blowing Are flush with flowers of May; Apace the grass is growing: Let horses hope for hay.	Like gold and silver braid And buttons, deck the scenery.  Their hues delight your eye And charm your idealities; Jokes whilst your friends let fly, With playful personality.
The Gents, each other chaffing, Their sides look like to split, So loudly they are laughing At one another's wit.	But dull to you and drear Is their liveliest inanity; You're a fellow without an ear For the music of Gents' hu- manity.
With buttercups inlaid, Daisies upon the greenery,	

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From Our Own City Sporting Prophet.)

I HEAR that a Junior Clerk in a large ready-money City establishment, having luckily got a very straight tip from the first cousin of a celebrated jockey, whose name begins with an A, has borrowed a considerable sum of money from his employers' till, which he fully intends to return out of his large winnings directly he receives them.

My Own Prophecy is based upon a casual remark of the Secretary for the Colonies—who ought to know something about the Derby, if anybody does—to the effect that it required a man to be very Wide-awake to spot the Winner. From this I draw the natural conclusion that he will be found in your H. A. T. *Verbum sap.*

CAPEL COURTEOUS.



## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## CANTO III.

## THE MEN.

"THE Men." All-comprehensive term, most wide  
Of generalisations, in the tide



Of female prattle ever bobbing up,  
Like mimic icebergs in a claret cup,  
Or "I's" in EGOMET's smart social "pars."  
The Men! A galaxy of twin-orbed stars  
Gleams round great PUNCHIUS as he nibs his pen  
To sparkle to the Sparklers on "the Men."

The subject, to the softer sex's view,  
Is zenith, nadir, and horizon too.  
These be the Greeks, to be or crushed or charmed,  
'Gainst whom our Amazons would fain be armed.  
Odd fish, the modern males, of greed not great  
For Matrimony's old and simple bait:  
A sigh and a soft hand, a dimply smile,  
A sleeve-worn heart, a naïvely obvious wile,  
A lip-curve tremulous, or a tearful look,  
Will scarce avail to lure them near the hook.  
So Lalages and Bonnibels might win,  
But souls susceptible to *chic* and "tin"  
Not so are taken. When soft OVID sang  
*Æsthetic argot* and athletic slang  
Were strange to female lips. Men had not heard  
That *Atalanta* "romped in like a bird;"  
We are not told that "burning SAPPHO's" talk  
Was crammed with idioms fit for Cheyne Walk;  
No plunger yet had taught the bard's *Corinna*  
To "put the pot on" or to "spot a winnah."  
Nor yet had any green and girlish reader  
Learned barrack slang and club-room chaff from "WEEDER."

Well, *tempora mutantur*. Now, as then,  
The female problem's how to "fetch" the men.  
The fisherman who, armed with net or rod,  
Laid the same bait for gudgeon as for cod,  
Might miss his finny spoil. What would you catch,  
Arch Anglers? Would you make the Season's match  
Or take a social "Lion" by the mane?  
Well then, remember this—*All men are vain*.  
The mightiest often most so. Here's firm ground  
Amidst the quicksands, shifting and unsound,  
Of the male nature. CLARE, your corn-flower eyes,  
Without much wisdom may bewitch the wise,  
By worshipping their wisdom—in sweet show.  
(The genuine cult might be *too* hard, you know)—  
Not as NEEL does it; NEEL's so prompt to gush,  
The readiest vanity, constrained to blush  
By overt adulation, may fight shy;  
But oh, the adoring lift of a soft eye  
Suffused with silent homage! So, be sure,  
Looked simple *Desdemona* on the Moor;  
And every clever or heroic fellow  
Is, doubt not, more or less of an *Othello*  
In this regard. Say he's a soldier-star,  
Back from big conduct in a little war.

He takes you down to dinner. As you hook  
Your arm in his that rapt adoring look  
Comes to your finer orbs which one may mark  
In MARY ANNER sauntering in the Park  
With her six foot of scarlet. Or suppose  
The brightest light that ever sudden rose  
On Science's horizon asks your hand  
For the first dance. With smile most sagely bland  
He'll sidewise bend his massive brow which store  
Of Tyndall "twisters" and Darwinian lore  
Freights to top-heaviness, to catch the shy  
Low query from your lips. How lights his eye  
With smile complacent when your lips let fall  
In polysyllables their little all  
Of *Times*-learnt terminology. You lift  
Arch eyes. "Those hunters of the river-drift,—  
Pray have you *seen* their bones?"—a shudder small—  
"And do they *really* topsy-turvy all  
Chronology completely, and upset  
Mosaic myth? Sounds wicked; yes,—and yet  
I *should* so like to know. They cramp us girls"—  
A sigh—"in crude conventions." Science twirls  
A dubious moustache. He "fears to bore,"  
"But if you *really* care." "Oh! you *adore*  
All—all that sort of thing. Bathybius, now  
What *does* it mean, exactly?"

Solemn brow  
Of Science, tangled mop of modish Art  
Cover alike conceit. 'Tis girlhood's part  
To move that master-passion in its lair  
'Neath the bald pate or the full flowing hair.  
Ask Eros else. The urchin-god will smile,  
And sing a bantering ballad, in this style:  
*His* version of the text seers are so sweet on,  
The old *Mataiotēs Mataioteton!*

## CUPID'S CAROL.

We, I and Venus, sway all things between us,  
Rule both the hearts and the heads of humanity.  
Some, though, have neither. How hold *them* in tether?  
With thine invisible bridle, oh Vanity!  
Hearts? Though no few men, and some among women,  
Bear valves of leather in bosoms of granite, I  
Know how to tickle the cold, hard, or fickle;  
All will respond to thy feather-touch, Vanity!  
Heads? There is many a vacuous zany  
Lacks enough brain e'en to suffer insanity;  
Yet me will follow. A cranium hollow  
Forms fitting home for thy vapours, O Vanity!  
Ask you the motive of offerings votive,  
From Coldness to me, Cynic's gush, Pride's urbanity?  
Why Churl and Stupid alike cringe to Cupid,  
Fawn upon Venus? 'Tis Vanity, Vanity!

Pity's akin to love, the proverb says:  
Less closely than the well-gorged greed of praise.  
Known by that name? Nay, Sirens, not at all,  
"Yearning for sympathy" the wise it call,  
And you are wise. The cynic club-trained youth,  
Who mocks at sentiment and yawns at truth,  
Is a shy fish, and little apt to rise  
To tremulous lips or soft appealing eyes.  
You will not wick *him* with a pretty pose,  
Twitterings by moonlight, twaddlings o'er a rose;  
No *Romeo* he, his coldly critic sneer  
Appraises passion like an auctioneer.  
And yet beneath that *morgue*—preserved perchance  
Like fish in ice,—for all his sceptic glance,  
And keen self-conscious wariness of mien,  
Vanity lives and thrives, as quick and green  
As in the soldier's or the *savant's* soul;  
He's bound, by devious ways, to the same goal.  
Nay, tell it not in Clubdom's Gath, his heart—  
If he'll permit one so to name that part—  
Hangs obvious on his sleeve in such plain sort  
As makes it quarry clear for Cupid's sport.  
Vain of his knowingness, the verdant sage,  
Read by keen SYLVIA like an open page  
Is caught by *chic* and coolness, and the veiled  
Suggestion of the fire that never failed  
To soften save when flaunted. "SYLVIA? Oh!  
A jolly girl; no nonsense, don't you know,  
And understands a fellow,"—synonym  
For the warm gusher's "sympathy," with him;  
And this deep fount of "sympathy" once tapped,  
The wariest bird is safely lured and trapped.





## A DANGEROUS "CONFERENCE."

## SARAH MAC-BERNHARDT.

THE Parisian Correspondent of the *Times*, or one of its Correspondents, who evidently flatters himself on knowing a thing or two about the Drama, sent a glowing account, last Thursday, of SARAH MAC-BERNHARDT's *Lady Macbeth* in M. MARCHEPIN's version of SHAKESPEARE'S Play. Of course she can do the Sleep-walking Scene; *cela va sans dire*, in fact, the less said the better. RISTORI was immense when she played that scene alone, but a failure, here, when the entire Drama was performed. The fact is, if the whole Play is given, there is very little for *Lady Macbeth* to do, and if the piece is produced for the sake of the heroine, it ought to conclude with her Sleep-walking Scene, and when she has gone off, after making the most of her stertorous breathing, and her gasping and guggling, and her turning up her eyes till nothing but the ghastly whites are visible (a very clever, but monotonous trick of Madame SARAH'S), then ought to rush on *Macbeth* (for whom no one will care twopence), who, before he can utter two words, must be encountered by the Physician and distraught Gentlewoman, who will at once exclaim, "*Mourante! elle est mourante!*" and before poor *Monsieur Macbeth* can slap his forehead twice, and exclaim "*Mon Dieu! mourante! Ma femme!*" Lady SARAH MAC-BERNHARDT should stagger in, give one last convulsive struggle, one last good turn which doesn't deserve another, and then fall down—whop—with her head to the footlights and her toes up the Stage. This is what *our* French version would be, and, on second thoughts, we will have ours ready and out next week, just to show what ought to be done, and give Mr. MARCHEPIN l'auteur de "*Blasphèmes*" a lesson in adapting our own

Immortal WILLIAM. Who over here at all events wants SHAKESPEARE in French? And if we don't happen to have a *Lady Macbeth* by us just at the moment, we will be quite content to wait till we get one in English. Let SARAH B. take a few Ollendorffian lessons, and play *Lady Macbeth* in the English as he is spoke.

## TURFISH ATROCITIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I GRIEVE to see a paragraph, too frequently, in the papers, headed "Horses struck out of their Engagements." Now, I can imagine a horse in his engagement requires occasionally, for the sake of discipline, to be struck. But a man who would lift his hand to a horse out of his engagement, save in the way of kindness, is not worthy of the name of British Trainer. I trust you will use your unbounded influence with the Jockey Club and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to hinder a repetition of this barbarous brutality.

Mildmilk Park.

Yours sorrowfully,

SENSITIVE PLANT.

KHARTOUM COMPETITION.—There is a rush to get the MAHDI over here. This, says Mr. COOK, of COOK'S Excursionists, is the way to relieve GORDON. Mr. GAZE is on to it. Madame TUSSAUD would take him in wax at so much a pound. BARNUM and FARINI have started *incog.* to secure him, and both hope for success if Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has not already nobbled him. A real prophet at Drury Lane—spelt of course differently. By the way, No one must trust any tip for the Derby from the MAHDI.



### ON THE HILL-SIDE. A DERBY PUZZLE.

PUZZLE FOR THE LONELY ONE WHO CAME DOWN "ON THE CHANCE"—TO FIND A FRIEND WHO'LL STAND HIM LUNCHEON.

### THERE AND BACK.

THERE are very few things managed better in France than in England nowadays. Among them are the open places for public recreation, the simple cab-fares, the feeding generally, and the Railway buffets particularly. Nothing can be better for travellers than the buffet at Calais and Amiens, nothing much worse than the buffet at Dover,—or at any other Station with which we are acquainted, except Carlisle, for breakfast, and that other Station where the "Flying Scotchman" stops to take luncheon. But even these are not served in the same dainty and appetising fashion as are the buffets of Calais and Amiens.

With the out-of-door life of Paris London is gradually attempting to compete; and the Healthier (late Fisheries) Evening Exhibition, with its bands, dinners, and *à fresco* coffee and cigars, and "sitting out" up to ten or eleven o'clock, is some slight approach to the enjoyments of Ledoyen's and the Café des Ambassadeurs.

But in the construction of their theatres the Parisians have still much to forget and a very great deal to learn. As to the Palais Royal, the sooner it is pulled down and reconstructed for the comfort of the audience, the better. Dirty, tawdry, and stuffy, it is insupportable just now; and the piece, *Le Train de Plaisir*, is about the most stupid thing I've seen for some time. The *mise-en-scène* would disgrace a barn, and the acting of the popular favourites is about as bad as it can be,—at least so it was the night I was there, when their performance seemed to amuse themselves far more than it did anybody else, as far as I could see. But it was a very warm night, and a scant attendance.

I saw in some of the bookshop-windows the advertisement of a work by a M. MARCHEPIN, the title of which, *Blasphèmes*, is quite enough to attract attention. The binding of this book, like Charity, in one sense "covers a multitude of sins." It is, I believe, an *édition de luxe*, and so may be said to be bound to obtain a certain success.

The Salon this year is exceptionally good. Considering the quantity, the quality is excellent, and, taken as a whole, our little Royal Academy doesn't come within touch of the big Republican Salon. If some of even the less important pictures were in Burlington House, and signed with the names of LEIGHTON, LONG, or MILLAIS, there would be barriers erected, and Police stationed to

keep off the crowd of admirers, the Critics would be in ecstasies, and the price would be thousands, in pounds instead of francs, and the Painters all Millais-onaires.

One of the great merits of the pictures in the Salon is that they mostly tell their own story. No need to turn to the Catalogue to ascertain their meaning, as a rule. There is some rubbish, but not much, in proportion to the stuff in the Piccadilly Show. There is somewhat too great a display of the unnecessary nude, and of what Mr. GLADSTONE might term "bloodguiltiness" on many of the canvasses, which leaves a night-mareish impression after a first visit; but, on a second, you know what to avoid.

And what is Hyde Park, for riding and driving, compared with the Bois? Something might be done by including Kensington Gardens, and mapping it out into *sentiers* with a point of *rendezvous*, somewhere by the old Palace. Here a first-class restaurant might be established, and a military band could play at certain hours. Fancy what our meet of Four-in-hands would be at the Cascade, and what a real show they'd make in the Bois, to break off right and left and go to their different stables after passing under the Arc de Triomphe.

Wood pavement is being laid down everywhere. But though stones make formidable barricades, they don't catch fire, and another revolution may see the cremation of Paris with her own pavement.

The crossings are as dangerous and as badly guarded as ever. The police are conspicuous by their absence. This we manage incomparably better in London, at the West End at all events. After all, there's no place like Paris for a holiday, when weather is just such as we've been having lately.

### THE AUSTRALIANS v. M.C.C. MAY 22.

To Dr. GRACE, *Grace à lui* and the first-rate team, we owe the recent triumph at Lord's. "But 'twas a splendid victory"—and we drop into verse, singing:—

The Australians came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And MURDOCK and SPORFORTH, they batted and bowled,—  
But the M.C.C. met 'em,—their story is told.

Some attribute the non-success of the Australians, on this occasion, to the absence of MIDWINTER, and the presence of the splendid early Summer. There is something in this, but not everything.







## THE "PRELIMINARY CANTER."

NORTHCOTE  
ON  
"OLD TRUE BLUE"

CHURCHILL  
ON  
"DEMOCRATIC TORY" (Horse of a very uncertain Temper).

SALISBURY  
ON  
"JINGO."







### A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"I HEAR YOUR MASTER EXTRACTS TEETH WITHOUT PAIN!"  
 "WITHOUT PAYIN'? OH NO, SIR! HIS CHARGE IS FIVE SHILLINGS!"

### A WONDERFUL WINDOW AT ROYAT.

THE Prince of WALES is having a good time of it at Royat. He has a military band sent every day,—the *Daily News* told us last week,—“to play under his windows”—and to stop when ordered, we hope. His Royal Highness is there for fresh air, not fresh airs from wind-instruments. Nothing like peace and quiet; and of course a real good military brass band playing all day under his windows, is just the thing for anyone in search of rest and refreshment. From his windows—His Royal Highness is supposed to be always at his windows apparently, or heir-apparently—he can “command a view of Clermont.”

Hooray for Royalty! He was born to “command,” and why not “command” views? But then why only stand at his window, and limit himself to commanding a view of Clermont? He could, of course, command a regular Panorama, and from the window at Royat His Royal Highness could command views of Clermont, Richmond, Oxford, Portsmouth, Calais, Biarritz, Vienna, Constantinople, the Overland Route to India and Back by Petersburg, &c., &c., &c., while the military band below should play appropriate airs for every change of scene. What a delightful time! *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre* was nothing to these possible views which the Prince can “command” from his window at Royat. And when all’s done, when he has commanded all he wants to see, he dines at six, smokes the fragrant Havanna, and is in bed (the *Daily News* says) at ten.

“Early to bed, and early to rise,  
 Bless us! how quickly the pleasant time flies!”

“The Doctor,” says the *Daily News*, “insists on early hours,” and, of course, His Royal Highness at this window can command the Doctor to change his views too. There’s another thing the Prince can see from this wonderful window at Royat, and that is “the Mountains rising.” This sounds revolutionary, and our Prince won’t like it. We are sure that his presence will immediately stop any rising of these Mountains,—some relation to “the Mountain” of the first Revolution perhaps,—and that while His Royal Highness is there, perfect tranquillity will be the order of the day and night.

### OUR DERBY SELECTION.

(By a Prophet never at a Loss.)

HAVING been desired to approach the great subject of declaring the Absolute Winner of “the Blue Ribbon of the Turf” with a “perfectly virgin mind,” I have much pleasure in complying with the request. I can honestly say that I am quite unprejudiced. Until this moment, I have never read the names of the Probable Starters, although, of course, rumours (not always from a very trustworthy source) have reached me from time to time of the doings of the “Epsom cracks.” Thus, it may be fairly said (as no doubt some, if not all, of these rumours were absolutely false) that I have no special knowledge qualifying me for announcing the name of the horse that will be first to pass the winning-post on the 28th of May. This being the case, I must put entire reliance upon my powers of prophecy, although, as I have hinted, I have received some assistance in giving the pedigrees and performances of the horses at the hands of good-natured friends.

To commence: Looking at the Betting List, I come upon *Harvester*. I am not a sporting man, but I fancy that this clever cob was placed for the St. Leger a few years ago, and I am told has been improving ever since. His enemies declare him a “roarer” from the form of his running in the “Grand Prix” of 1881, but then it must be remembered he had scarcely recovered from the voyage between London and Boulogne, which has, when all is said and done, as much sea in it as river. However, *Harvester* has certainly a chance.

The friends of *Queen Adelaide* must have had great interest to cause the rule forbidding fillies over seven years old entering for the Derby being relaxed in her favour. No doubt the mare is as pretty a bit of flesh and bone as has been seen for many a long year, and could we but forget her performance in the Cambridgeshire, when she finished in rear of *Blue Gown*, *Silvio*, and *Hermit*, we might augur well for her success on Wednesday. As it is, she has a chance, but only a chance.

Next we come to *Talisman*, the representative of the House of ROTHSCHILD. If all I hear about him be true, this magnificent specimen of horseflesh is already the sire of four Derby winners. Surely what the descendants have done so frequently the ancestor should have no difficulty in performing? And yet, remembering what clever animals will be coloured in “Dorling’s Correct Card,” one can only spare to *Talisman* a chance.

No doubt *St. Médard* and *St. Gatien* (each in her respective line) are grand creatures. As stable companions they must have often been tried the one against the other, and probably those at “Head Quarters” could tell us which was the better mare. I understand that *St. Médard* has frequently won the Criterion Stakes, and it is an open secret that *St. Gatien* has had nearly every Selling Handicap at disposal. This may or may not be true; but, admitting its accuracy, on account of the uncertainty to which I have already referred, it is impossible to credit either of the above mares with more than a chance.

Had not *Richmond* won the Waterloo Plate in 1880, I should feel disposed to consider his likelihood of “starring” at Epsom a small one. But remembering the magnificent finish of that brilliant event, when he gallantly beat *Harrow* by three sets to two, it is impossible to ignore entirely his prospects of success. He then, too, has a chance.

I now come to *Lock Ranza*, the hero of the Elcho Challenge Vase at Wimbeldon for no less than seven seasons. It is reported that the gallant steed is over-trained, but those who know the wisdom of Mr. Justice CHITTY in all his preparations, will feel certain that the horse has not been sacrificed to any Putney fad. My confidence is only shaken by the fact that when they met at the Westminster Aquarium, *Lock Ranza* was easily beaten both by COOK and ROBERTS. For all this, the grand old steeplechaser must be honoured with at least a chance.

Lastly, I come to *Borneo* and *Bedouin*, who together have done wonders, I am informed, at Henley and elsewhere. The first, it will be remembered, won easily against Surrey in a single innings at Lord’s, and the latter, it will not be forgotten, was equally successful against *I Zingari* at the Oval. Still, what may be done with impunity in London cannot always be easily repeated on the Epsom Downs. Besides, *Borneo* has never quite succeeded in getting over the dead calm that years ago stayed her progress when she was rounding the Needles off the Isle of Wight. And yet, to be quite fair, a chance must be accorded to each of them.

And now, having noted the prospects of success of the favourites in detail, I deal with them in the aggregate. It will be seen that I am not prepared to give an adverse vote in a single instance. The race will go to the best horse, and the best horse is sure to be found in

THE FIELD,

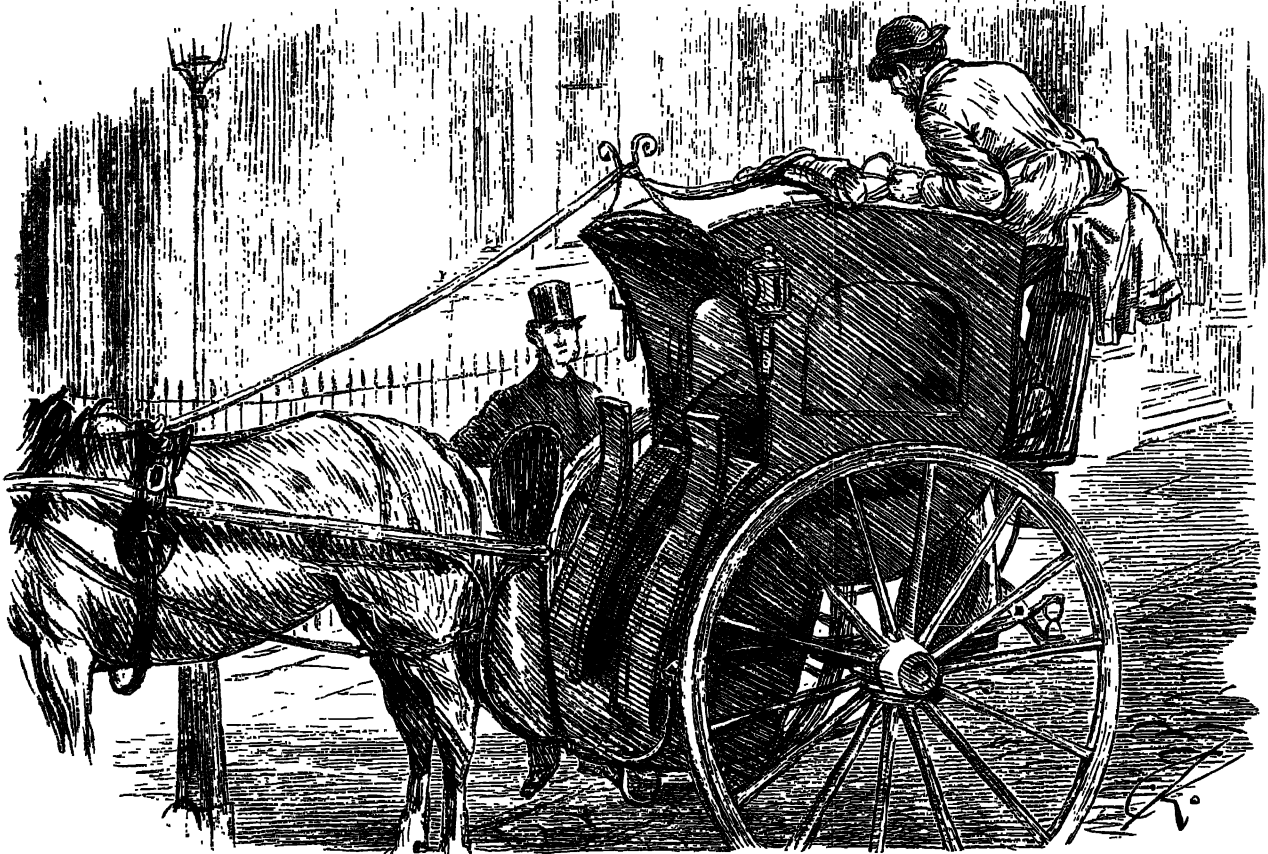
for which I therefore plump with the greatest possible heartiness.

Epsom,

The Eve of the Derby, 1884.

(Signed)

SIMPLICITY.



## RECIPROCAL.

*Clerical Gent (alighting).* "MY FRIEND, HOW MUCH SHALL I—"

*Cabby.* "WELL, SIR, MY BARE FARE'S EIGHTEENPENCE. BUT AS IT'S 'FRIENDS'—WHAT SHALL WE SAY?—HALF-A-CROWN!?"

## THE MAY MARTYR.

*A Lay of the Art Season.*

I NEVER was artistic, and I often used to boast,  
That I knew no more of pictures and of sculpture than a post;  
But it happens that the Lady who has stolen all my heart,  
Is remarkable for Culture, and especially for Art.

And she visits us in London in this merry month of May,  
When the Galleries are open, and she takes me round all day,  
Till my head and eyes are weary, and I'd like to lay my bones—  
Where I nevermore might listen to her raptures on BURNES-JONES.

I have tried to be artistic, for she thought me quite a brute,  
When I fled to get refreshment, from that weary Institute;  
And I'm picking up their jargon, you can learn it all in time,  
Though I caught it hot for saying Mr. FRITH was "quite sublime."

Then she bade me worship WHISTLER, which was really quite absurd,  
Though I found him when I met him an amusing sort of bird;  
But his picture at the Grosvenor, that *did* stagger me a bit,  
For it looked just like the phantom of a Lady in a fit.

Then I muddle up the Painters in so terrible a way,  
And attribute cows by COOPER to the efforts of MILLAIS;  
While I hate myself for speaking when I hear her gentle groan,  
As I vow that "*Ruth at Meal-time*" is the work of MARCUS STONE.

Then she wished I was an Artist, and I said of course I'd try,  
Which avowal made her frantic, though I'm sure I don't know why;  
I must learn some Art to please her, why to win her I'd be willing—  
To take photographic portraits; case included, price one shilling!

THE BARD FOR THE BOOKMAKERS.—A second PINDAR? No!  
Another OSSIAN.

THE PLAGUE OF ALL PARTIES.—Late hours.

## AMBITIOUS GREENWICH.

GREENWICH wants a Corporation all to itself, and "Why should Greenwich wait?"

Her claims are various and irresistible. In the first place, Greenwich contributes more than any other portion of the Metropolis, always excepting the hospitable City, to the Corporations of Londoners in general. She offers to the gaze of astonished mankind a splendid three-decked "Ship," safely anchored on *terra firma*, and yet with the steam always up, and her victualling department well supplied, and her various courses, whether hard a-port or changed from East India produce to West India sherry, always approved of. She can also show to country cousins and inquiring foreigners all that is left of NELSON's immortal victory, namely the "Trafalgar," and if any seafaring landsman wants a well-found "Yacht" for a few hours, there he will always find one, with a beautiful view of the river at high, and a lovely view of the mud at low, water.

It also boasts of two Parliamentary Representatives perhaps unequalled in the whole House for usefulness. The consequence is that Greenwich is never troubled with de Worms nor Bored with its spirited distiller.

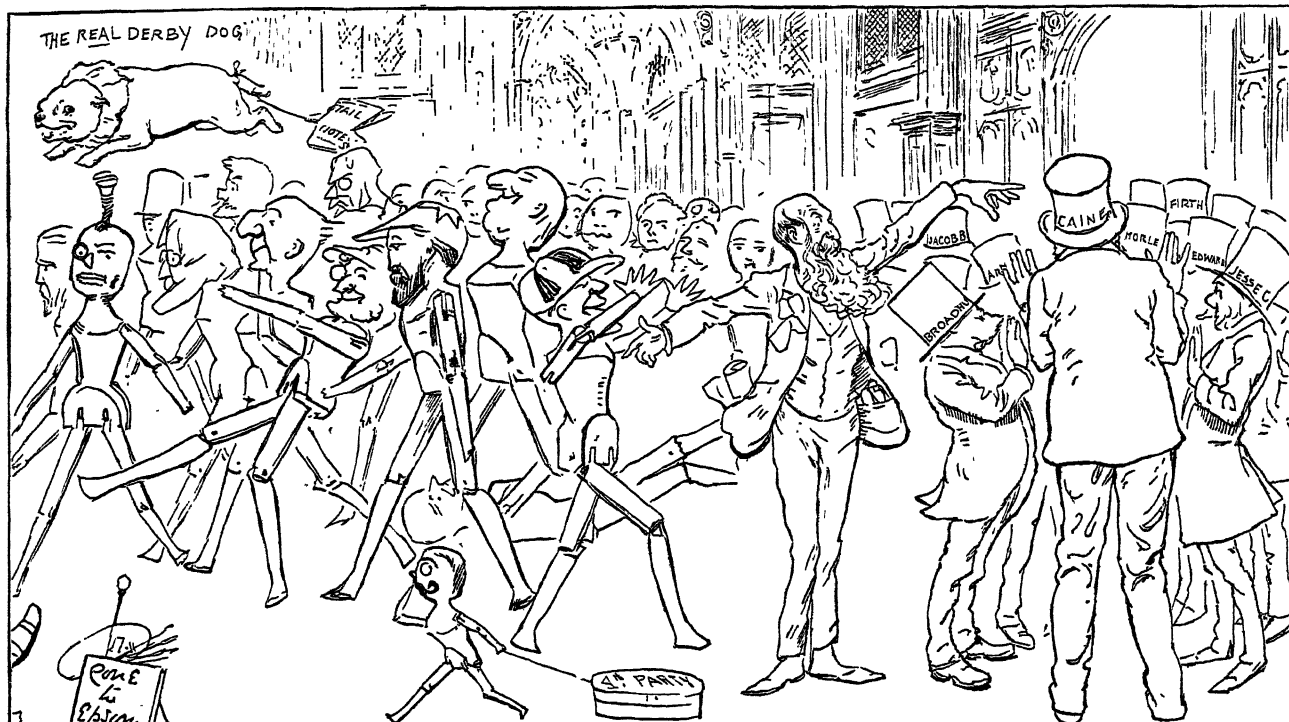
Greenwich also supplies Gentlemen and Ladies with the finest fish dinners in the world. The courses begin at any hour you like to mention, and are continued until exhausted Nature cries "Hold, enough!" "Custom cannot stale their infinite variety," and all for the small charge of thirty shillings, including sparkling Polly Naris.

With such claims, Greenwich repeats the question, "Why should Greenwich wait?" and pauses in vain for a reply.

If Greenwich succeed in her ambitious desire, it is said that her first Mayor will be C. C. WOODBACON, Esq., one of the best-known literary men in the City of London.

## PRESERVATION OF SIGHT.

THE sight of a Statesman between seventy and eighty continues so keen that he can see without the help of spectacles, sufficiently well to split the smallest hairs.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: NO 74: THE DIVISION LOBBY: ON DERBY DAY, ACCORDING TO SIR. W. LAWSON'S (WATER COLOUR) PICTURE

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 19.—“I have been attacked!” The O'BRIEN shrieked just now, “and surely two words of explanation might be permitted me.”

This is too delicious. Makes me doubt TREVELYAN's judgment that “PARNELL's boys have among them less humour than any twenty Irishmen taken at hazard.” The O'BRIEN proposed to place on Paper notice for “a Select Committee to inquire into alleged prevalence of felonious practices amongst certain officials in Ireland.” A good many officials in Ireland. This would smite at them all. Motion needn't necessarily come on; might stand on Paper for weeks. Officials in Ireland indignant; but what of that? Clerk, however, refused to accept Motion, so The O'BRIEN brought grievance under notice of the Assembly he is constantly insulting. Incidentally, in course of prolix speech, accused Sir THOMAS MAY of being in collusion with other Members to his (The O'BRIEN's) disadvantage. GLADSTONE interposed, amid general cheering; appealed to the House to protect Clerk, who could not answer for himself.

This was the “attack” of which The O'BRIEN, in voice trembling with emotion and amid indignant cheers from his countrymen, complained of.

CHAMBERLAIN had sitting pretty well to himself, with most prodigious speech of modern times. Began quietly at Six o'clock. Unsuspecting Members remained seated till Seven. Half-past Seven, began to wonder whether they would get any dinner. At Eight, certain they wouldn't. At quarter-past Eight, CHAMBERLAIN genially observed, “And now, after these few preliminary remarks, I will proceed to address myself to the Bill.” At half-past Eight, NORWOOD carried out and laid on two chairs in Library. PALMER got out his pocket-handkerchief, and, secretly wetting it in tumbler of water EUSTACE SMITH had provided himself with in anticipation of making speech, tied it tightly round his brows, set his teeth, squared his elbows, and prepared for more. At a quarter to Nine, Mr. TOORS MACIVER (with whom softening of brain had been going on visibly with accelerated force since Seven o'clock) began to smile with increased feebleness and to chatter to himself. At ten minutes past Nine, PALMER led out behind the SPEAKER's Chair. At half-past Nine, JESSE COLLINGS, whose personal friendship for President of the Board of Trade has been tried in many climes, crawled out on hands and knees, so that his retreat might not be discovered through an eyeglass. At twenty minutes to Ten, PALMER, who had been rubbed down with brandy, brought in again to move “That this speech be now adjourned.” Quarter to Ten, speech finished.

“Not because I was tired, TOBY,” CHAMBERLAIN said. “Fact is, I could have gone on for another hour. Rather fancy I discovered signs of desire that I should do so. But it's well not to spoil a good thing. Always leave off when you find your audience wants more. That's my maxim.”

Business done.—Second Reading Merchant Shipping Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Grand Cross in a bad way. Persistently and successfully shouldered out of political power by RANDOLPH, hopelessly beaten in other fields of distinction by LOVE JONES PARRY, Sir PAT O'BRIEN has now excelled his most famous phrase.

“I hear an Honourable Member smile,” Grand Cross said one night.

“I hear a twinkle,” said Sir PAT, this afternoon, cocking his left ear by way of warning. This beats Grand Cross by subtle distinction easier to feel than to explain. There is a notion of vibration about a twinkle; can imagine a supernaturally delicate organisation conscious of faintest sound. It is pretty, romantic, fairylike. Bottom doubtless heard the twinkle of the blue bells moved by the wind as he sat with *Titania* among the wood violets and primroses. Whereas Grand Cross's remark simply fatuous. All the difference between what RANDOLPH calls “a bourgeois placeman” and a rollicking Irish gentleman.

One charm about Sir PAT is that he always has two speeches on any given subject. One is carefully prepared before he rises, and has some connection with the subject-matter of debate. The other occurs when on his legs and has nothing whatever to do with it. Always delivers the latter. Course of remarks generally directed by interruptions. “Order! order!” someone cried, when Sir PAT, supposed to be discussing franchise in Ireland, wandered away to “Chicago and adjacent parts.”

“Order!” cried the good Baronet, turning towards interrupters with face blazing with indignation, “I am *not* in order.”

Sir PAT when blood once up will concede nothing; contradicts everybody. Wealth of illustration illimitable; drawn from all sources, including natural history.

“I have my oie on the young sea-serpent from County Clare,” he exclaimed in warning tones, when KENNY uneasily tittered at references to subscriptions for the maintenance of Irish Members coming from “Chicago and adjacent parts.”

“Well, I did me best,” Sir PAT modestly said, when I congratulated him on his speech. “I'm one of the Old Guard. I'm the Father of the Irish Members, and a nice lot of boys I've got—you know what I mean? What was wanted when I rose was someone able to put the whole case in a nutshell, and,—pardon me,—I think I did it. Ye'll notice that having given two sittings to Amendment, as soon as I sat down House went to Division. Nothing like

keeping to the point, TOBY. Take a word of advice from one of the Old Guard. Secret of Parliamentary success is,—pardon me—first master your subject, then discuss it briefly—you know what I mean? Don't be drawn aside by temptation to digress."

*Business done.*—Fresh split in Conservative Camp. Government Majority run up to nearly 200.

*Wednesday.*—"As RANDOLPH didn't go away, I think I shall," Sir EDWARD WATKIN said this afternoon. "Tired of this narrow-minded cramped little speck of an island. Wanted to link it to a Continent. Wouldn't have it. Proposed to make an underground roadway between North and South of London. Throw the Bill in my teeth. 'A benefactor,' as it is written in Ecclesiasticus, 'receives no benediction in his own country.' Have only one desire, to benefit my countrymen, and I've done something that way in course of busy life. Comes a time when one's tired of it, and it's come to me. CHAMBERLAIN's at bottom of the whole business. But he doesn't make public responsibility the less. Should like to have had RANDOLPH's company if he'd been going, but must put up with my own."

House discussing and dividing on Motion that Select Committee meet to-morrow at Two instead of Twelve. Fact is, CAVENTISH-BENTON, HENRY LENNOX, TOM COLLINS, and a score of others want to go to Church, it being Ascension Day. ARTHUR ARNOLD suggests they might get up at Six in morning and go. Suggestion treated with contempt. On a Division, Church opportunities decided for by 93 votes against 37. LABBY going to move for a return showing how many Members avail themselves of opportunity.

Irish Members last year got Bill authorising large advances from Treasury to build houses for labourers. This year come to ask for more. TREVELYAN gently points out that it's a little early. Better wait and see how Act works. Whereupon he is immediately surrounded by the Boys, headed by PARNELL himself, and kicked, cuffed, and abused—all in a Parliamentary sense, of course. PARNELL openly threatens obstruction by way of reprisal; and WILLIAM SHAW, a born humorist, threatens that "on next Vote of Censure Irish Members will consider their course."

*Business done.*—Irish Labourers' Act (Amendment) Bill rejected.

*Thursday.*—House met to-night to pass Vote on Account of Civil Service Estimates. Spent a long night; much talking, but no reference to Civil Service Estimates. DE WORMS brought on a quite new subject, to wit, policy of England in Egypt. Sir PEEL, really useful for once, suggested that Committee "should ignore the noble Baron." Noble Baron dissented. Subsequently, nearly eaten up by Wrathful GLADSTONE.

Afterwards we had Charity Commissioners introduced by JESSE COLLINGS; Russia's designs on India, of which ASHMEAD-BARTLETT has full knowledge; story of Crew of *Nisero*, told by Mr. STOREY chiefly to his own credit; City of Cork Police; Limerick Police; Irish Land Commission; and then the Vote on Account.

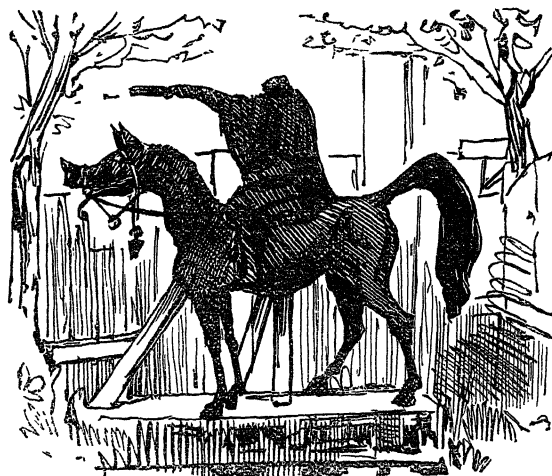
*Friday.*—Met STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL (two single gentlemen rolled into one—plenty of room for more) coming from Lords' Cloaking-room. Cloaked himself, brow bent in deep thought, and walking, with ghostly tread, on tip-toes. Instinctively looked at right hand for dagger, but saw it not.

"Beshrew me, my Lord, whither away, marry come up!" I said, naturally falling into Shakspearian language.

"Ha! ha! TOBY, is it thou?" said his Lordship, halting suddenly on his toes, where my interruption had caught him, or where, as I might say, he had marry-come-up'd. "I was going to take a turn in Westminster Abbey to round off few sentences about this Government. Can't get rid of them anyhow. On Monday I carried Vote against them on Wellington Statue. Expected they would resign. Sent in note at once to SALISBURY to say was ready to serve under him, if preference of Sovereign fell upon him. But GRANVILLE only smiles. Expected Resignation last night, expected it to-day, but nothing comes of it. Mighty heart of people stirred on this Statue question. Have letter from Working Man, in which he says his way to daily labour lay by Hyde Park Corner, but rather than pass it and witness spoliation, walks round by Primrose Hill. Asks me to send him nine-and-sixpence to buy pair of boots. Scores of other letters equally touching. Government must either submit or resign. They have ME to reckon with!"

*Business done.*—Franchise Bill taken in Committee of House of Commons.

Bow-Wow.—M. PASTEUR, of Paris, officially announces himself to have just discovered an infallible cure for hydrophobia. "This treatment consists of three successive inoculations of the hydrophobic virus immediately after the bite." Let us trust this intelligence is not too good to be true. May we—can we—hope that it is not a hoax, and will not prove to have been one of those *canards* that occasionally fly across the Channel? His method of inoculation for hydrophobia seems uncommonly like the old "morning-after" remedy, when the chippy one who could "strike matches on his tongue" was recommended to take "a hair of the dog that bit him." We have heard that it was an infallible recipe for the cure of *that* sort of phobia.



THE ORDER OF THE GOVERNMENT WAS "OFF WITH HIS HEAD! SO MUCH FOR WELLINGTON!" AND THIS IS HOW OUR ARTIST LAST SAW THE STATUE, THURSDAY, MAY 22.

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

*About Other People's Business. To Mr. Augustus Harris, en voyage.*

DEAR AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS,

WHEREVER you may be, whether on the back of a camel or on your own back in a gondola, this will meet your Managerial, Auctorial, and Actorial eye. I promised I'd let you know what was going on while you were away. Well—it's too hot to go to any theatre that's at all crowded, and so I shall wait till the Public generally is of my opinion, when I shall be able to have the place all to myself, and report to you about the *lever du rideau* called *Chatterton*, by Messrs. BEAUMONT JONES and FLETCHER HERMAN at the Princess's, in which our dear WILSON BARRETT plays the leading part, and I shall also take the first cool opportunity of seeing CAR and TRAMWAY'S—no, CARB and CONWAY'S—new Melodrama entitled *Called Back*, at the Prince's. Those are the novelties, and the revivals are *Fourteen Days* at the Criterion, and BYRON'S *Upper Crust* at Toole's.

Perhaps JOHN LAWRENCE BARRETT TOOLE will produce a little light opening piece called *Talkerton*, just to keep pace with *Chatterton*. Of this latter piece I know nothing, except that CHATTERTON, who preceded you in the management of Drury Lane, is memorable in theatrical annals for the saying, which appeared in a letter to the *Times*, that "SHAKESPEARE spelt bankruptcy." If he didn't originate this, Mr. DION BOTICHAULT did it for him. I am credibly informed, however, that it is "not Launcelot, but Another," whose adventures form the subject of the laughable little piece at the Princess's, which is performed before *Claudian*. A well-informed person tells me that this *Chatterton*, played by Mr. WILSON BARRETT, was a Poet who killed himself because he had a row with his landlady, in consequence of being unable to defray his microscopical washing-bill. He didn't intend to kill himself, of course, but only meant to frighten his landlady. You, with your store of dramatic knowledge, will call to mind that this is not a new plot for a Farce, and is not unlike the *Blighted Being*, in which ROBSON was so immense, but I dare say that, with his easy light-comedy eccentric touch-and-go manner, Mr. WILSON BARRETT rattles through the part with great success, and finishes before the audience has time to think. But, as I have said, I have not yet seen it, and it may be a little different from what I have imagined.

The other BARRETT, LAWRENCE the American, can't have had a very high time of it at the Lyceum. You see our people didn't know so much about him as his people did of our Mr. IRVING. Who cares for Kemble-like reproductions of *Richelieu* and *Hamlets* and so forth? Very few. By the way, our dear WILSON BARRETT's (what a lot of BARRETTs there are about!) rhetorical style is a retrograde movement towards that tie-wig and stilted period which modern sensationalism and the natural acting of farcical comedy had, I thought, so effectively banished from our boards. Will write when I've seen these novelties. How's your new Drama with PERTITT getting on? Is the MAHDI in it?—Yours sincerely, NIBBS.

THE PROVOSTSHIP OF ETON.—Strange that no one has yet thought of offering this dignity to Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL. How very odd. We're quite beginning to miss him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



## SHAKSPEARE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(A Legend of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.)

THE Note-taker stood in the centre of the Royal Albert Hall. It was nearly the last day of May—to be quite accurate, the 29th—and three o'clock in the afternoon. There was a flourish of trumpets, and a rather retiring person made a little deprecatory speech, and declared "the Show open." Then a Procession was organised, which included representatives of Science, Literature, and Art. The Procession passed by several Stalls in which the scene-painter and the fancy-bazaar furnisher had apparently striven for mastery. The titles of eleven of SHAKSPEARE'S Plays were written up above these Stalls. The Note-taker followed the Procession. It was then that he observed that a Gentleman wearing the costume of the Elizabethan era, was walking beside him. He was rather surprised at this, but, on consideration, came to the conclusion that the masquerader must have arrived too late to get into the group allotted to him.

"Very pretty sight," observed the Note-taker, courteously.

"Methinks it is grotesque," was the reply.

The Note-taker felt a trifle annoyed that his companion should attempt to adopt the phraseology of the ancient time. The quaint expressions sounded like verbal puzzles. Still, he could not but confess that his companion seemed quite at home amongst them.

"This is not so bad," said the Note-taker, as the Procession stopped before a Stall devoted to *Hamlet* and other fancy articles.

"I like not *Ophelia*. Seemingly, she hath been drowned," was the rather surly response.

A *tableau* devoted to the *Merchant of Venice*, followed. The Note-taker glanced at the programme, and found that six of the characters were represented by persons rejoicing in the honoured name of Cox.

"Quite a nice little party, the talented Cox Family," he observed, with a kindly smile.

"'Twere better spelt they their name with the 'e' final. Nay, stay—here is one goodly Gentleman—he who plays the part of *Salario*—set down as 'PHILIP COXE, Esq.,' with the additional vowel." And then the Individual in Costume asked if *Nerissa* was really wearing spectacles?

"No, I think not," replied the Note-taker. "She may possibly possess a 'pinch-nose' (to translate French into English), but nothing more. But what do you think of *Shylock*?"

"Feeble," was the not too complimentary answer.

The Procession passed on, and paused before a representation of the *Winter's Tale* and *Measure for Measure*. In the first, the *Hermione* of Mrs. COGHLAN MCHARDY caused some amusement; and in the last, Miss LEYLAND, by the choice of her costume, testified to her thorough capability of distinguishing the Beautiful in Art—everywhere.

And now the Note-taker and his companion came to a Stall representing a Scene from *King John*, and both gave way to uncontrollable fits of laughter. They certainly had some cause for their merriment. The *Archduke of Austria*, wearing his armour and leopard's skin, had not neglected to provide himself with an eyeglass; and a herald in the foreground was also extremely funny. The wigs and false moustaches of the Actors were again no doubt intended to promote amusement. But perhaps the gem of the quaint collection was an extremely genial "tragedy queen" (intended either to represent *Eleanor* or *Constance*), who sat in the centre of the group, beaming with the greatest possible amiability. In the background, serving as an admirable foil to the "tragedy queen's" evident good-nature, stood a truculent-looking Cardinal, cursing from the very bottom of his heart the world in general, and the characters in that especial group in particular. In the *tableau* representing a scene from *Richard the Third*, a "tragedy queen" also smiled, and nodded with much cordiality.

"O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?" was all the Individual in Costume had to say when the Procession paused in front of a group containing several individuals in early Italian dresses.

"I am not surprised to observe now that I have seen their exponents," added the Note-taker, sententiously, "that the parts of *Friar Laurence* and *Juliet* are filled by a Gentleman and his wife."

The Procession now hastily passed by scenes from *Macbeth*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *As You Like It*, remarkable for incompleteness of detail, and then the Audience and the Masqueraders mingled together.

"What hast thou in thy hand?" asked the Individual in Costume.

"The *Shakspearean Show-Book*," replied the Note-taker, handing a handsome-looking oblong volume (for which he had paid half-a-crown) to his companion.

"A goodly tome," said the Elizabethan, turning over the leaves. "The pictures please me much. But what is this?" And he pointed, with much contempt, to some lines printed in such a manner as to suggest that they were to be taken for poetry.

"Oh, beautiful star with the crimson mouth!" read the Note-taker. "Suppose that the heavenly orb must have been eating black-currant jam—very quaint! And here again—'O ship that shakes

on the desolate sea! O ship with the wet white sail put in, put in to the port to me, For my love and I would go to the land where the daffodils blow!' What an extremely injudicious choice of a conveyance! What a bad passage they will have on a ship that shakes so terribly that even its sails can't escape a ducking!"

"And here," said the Individual in Costume, "'O rapturous bird with the low sweet note, O bird that sits on the spray.' Methinks the rapturous and vulgar or low bird—for hath he not a 'low note'—might find a more convenient resting-place! I see the name of the writer is one OSCAR WILDE—who is he?"

"I do not know," replied the Note-taker.

And then the two companions wandered hither and thither. They listened to Shakspearian music, and visited a Shakspearian Museum. The relics in the latter seemed to give the Individual in Costume much pleasure, and he had a good deal to say about many of them.

"Fear not," said the Elizabethan at last, "but I am going to fade away."

"Fade away!" exclaimed the Note-taker.

"Yes. But, before I go, I would say that I do not think that my name has been taken in vain if it has benefited that most excellent charity, the Chelsea Hospital for Women."

"Your name?" echoed the Note-taker, surprised at his companion suddenly abandoning his old style of phraseology.

"Yes; I speak in plain English, because I wish to be clearly understood. Cheques may be sent to the Hospital Account at the London and County Bank, Victoria Street. As I said more than three hundred years ago, 'Twere good you do so much for charity.'"

"Three hundred years ago!" gasped the Note-taker. "Why, who are you?"

There was an empty space where the Elizabethan had been standing. But from every quarter of the Hall, as it comes from every quarter of the globe, came the answer,—

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From Our Own City Sporting Prophet.)

THAT the prophecy I sent to you last week should have turned out to be the correct card, of course astonished nobody, as it does so happen that I have always been right since I first received my present lucrative appointment; but the singular fact that I am the only Prophet who was right, or nearly right, is so extraordinary, that I may perhaps be pardoned for alluding to it.

No one Prophet, except Mr. Punch's own infallible Prophet, spotted *Harvester*. What cared I that he was said to have gone all wrong, when I knew full well, by my unerring deduction, that he would go all right. No, confident in my own unwavering judgment, I quietly booked just a few hundreds of places for my selected three, *Harvester*, *Adelaide*, and *Talisman*—the H. A. T. of my prophecy—and just one quiet monkey, at 20 to 1, about *Harvester*, and returned to Town with the calm conscience of a man who feels that he has tried hard to befriend his race, while at the same time not forgetting what is due to his own unerring sagacity.

If there be any gratitude in men, and especially in sporting men, the largesse sent to 85, Fleet Street, on this occasion, will probably be larger than usual. CAPEL COURTEOUS.



A Dark Event at the Races.

## PERILOUS PICNICS.

THE head of a picnic party of nineteen persons complains, in a letter to the *Times*, of a somewhat arbitrary rule existing in Bushey Park. He says, that just as they were about to enjoy their luncheon, a stalwart Policeman appeared on the scene, and informed them that "no picnic party was allowed to consist of more than ten persons, and that they must either divide or break up entirely." This, which might be an admirable regulation in the House of Commons, is scarcely in harmony with picnicular enjoyment. One would like to know how far the parties of ten must be divided. Whether a party of ten might dispose themselves under each tree, whether only ten picnickers are allowed in the Park at a time? Especially we should like to know if the Policeman in question was a practical joker, and whether the Complainant offered him anything to drink?

PLEASED PUZZLE FOR CERTAIN SUITORS WHO ATTENDED THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE ON THE DERBY DAY.—Question.—Where were two of Her Majesty's Judges on the 28th of May, 1884? Answer.—At Epsom.

WHAT THE DYNAMITARDS GET FOR THEIR PAINS.—Broken Glass!



## TRUE MODESTY.

*Mr. Spinks.* "I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT, MISS BRIGGS! I THOUGHT I WAS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN—"

*Miss Briggs (with simplicity).* "AND DID EVE APPEAR AS SHE IS GENERALLY REPRESENTED, MR. SPINKS?"

*Mr. Spinks.* "I—I—I—I DIDN'T LOOK!"

## SWAINS AND SPARROWS.

"The Farmers' Club of Wirral has just indulged in a caprice which deserves the early notice not only of all lovers of birds, but of every person confessing to any feelings of humanity. It is reported to have issued a notice, intended to be posted throughout the district which has the honour to be within its jurisdiction, offering a farthing each, or, rather, threepence a dozen, for sparrows and sparrows' eggs presented before the end of next September."

TALK there is as touching Egypt—there may be a trifle more.  
In the land of Egypt wonders, ye may know, were worked of yore.  
Wot ye of the plagues of Egypt?—Well, a word, then, to the wise.  
Mind you on the land ye live in lest you bring a plague of flies!

Swarms of noxious winged things, and insects into them that turn,  
Which the small birds feed their chicks on—as ye've got e'en yet to learn.  
Therefore you the boys encourage useful sparrows to destroy.  
Donkeys, for your own undoing so those urchins you employ!

Now, too, in the time of breeding, clowns combined in "sparrow-clubs;"  
When the little birds are busiest, working off the worms and grubs.  
Friends to you, and benefactors, if you must exterminate,  
Would you not be rather wiser if till harvest-time you'd wait?

Know that, whilst the crop is growing, sparrows can't consume your wheat,  
Have but little else than *larvæ* and the like meanwhile to eat,  
Tarry until the grain has ripened and the corn in ear is brown,  
So long ere you bid young bumpkins snare and stone and shoot them down.

## "WHY SHOULD GORDON WAIT?"

"THE Government going to employ an Expedition to relieve GORDON?" said a prominent Opposition Statesman to Our Own Lobby Loafer. "Why, Expedition is exactly the thing they won't employ!"

## GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

## No. VI.

*Punctuality.*—Time was made for slaves. Only the slave is tied to time. Britons never shall be slaves; *ergo*, Britons shall never be tied to time. You are a Briton, and therefore are not tied to time. Your fellow-Britons forget this. They will be the better subjects, the better citizens, the more loyal, the more companionable for being reminded of their freedom. Not by words, but by the force of your example.

*The Hour and the Man.*—When you are bidden to a dinner at the absurd hour of six or half-past six, teach your host, what he ought to have known already, that this is not the hour when the Upper Ten dine; not the hour, in fact, at which you have been accustomed to take your evening repast. Give him this useful and admirable Society-lesson in good manners by arriving at from three-quarters to an hour late, and all the company will thank you, if not publicly, at least they will be silently grateful to you, you having constituted yourself the champion of their fashionable *status*, and for having made this dignified protest against the barbarism of a man who will ask his guests to dine at 6:30, when *le beau monde* doesn't sit down to dinner till quite two hours afterwards. To be before the time at dinner is to be behind your age; to be behind your age is to be out of the world; to be out of the world is to be dead and buried.

In the best Society when asked to dinner at 8:30, you need not arrive till nine. In this case you will have taken a substantial meal about four o'clock, and thus provisioned, you may defy the assaults of the enemy. Should you be the host, take for granted that all your guests have dined before coming to your hospitable entertainment. This view, as resulting in a slight repast of one soup, one fish, one joint, a *plat* of vegetables, a sweet, and cheese, with champagne (handed round occasionally and poured into small glasses), and St. Galmier water (handed round every five minutes and poured into tumblers), will conduce towards economy and the preservation of health. During dinner you can lecture on Sir HENRY THOMPSON'S admirable book on *Food and Feeding*, and strongly recommend your toast-and-water, which may have been three hours in bottle and have got quite a crust on it—or in it. Your guests will all agree with you, and your dinner will agree with your guests. It will only last a short time, and with the last mouthful of cheese, you, having discarded the old toting fashion of port and claret with dessert, will at once have coffee and cigarettes handed round, and, these finished, you will give your company to understand that they have had as much as is good for them, and that there is an end of the entertainment. This will have lasted from say 8:30 (you, as host, must sit down punctually to the moment, to show you are a *gourmet* to whom one minute makes a difference in the cooking of the fish or joint) to 10:0 at the latest, and your house will be cleared by 10:30, and you in bed by eleven, as your guests may also be if they follow your wise example. Thus may hospitality and sociability be enlisted in the service of health; for *without health there is no true enjoyment of life*. Were my rules carefully observed, mankind generally would be happier.

*Rules.*—Learn cards early in life. In choosing a profession, elect to become a Professional Whist, *Piquet*, and *Ecarté* player. Men of other professions may make a large income, but they will not make it with such ease and in such pleasant surroundings as will the Professional Whist-player. I select the Whist-playing profession as being the top of the tree. *It is one of the few Secret Professions in existence.* The Barrister, the Lawyer, the Clergyman, the Doctor, the Soldier, the Sailor, must advertise themselves; *i.e.*, must wear a distinctive dress, and be much before the Public. The Professional Musician must have his instrument, the Physician his consulting-room, the Actor his Theatre, the Singer his engagement, and so forth. But the Anonymous Journalist and the Whist-player belong to two secret professions, in which they may enjoy a lucrative practice for many years, nay, even for a lifetime, without anyone discovering what are the "means by which they live." Give the Journalist pen and paper, give the Professional Whist-player his pack of cards, and both are furnished for their flight.



MAY MERRIMENTS.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY GUY'D.



No. 42. "I've got a pain here," he said, indicating to the Physician the suffering locality. H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.



No. 200. "Timid Tommy." The two girls had put him up on the pedestal, and then left him there to stand alone. E. M. HALE.



No. 37. "Dear me! Somebody else must have sat for my legs!" W. B. RICHMOND.



No. 38. The only view we could get of Mr. Philip Calderon's Picture, which is called "Aphrodite." No place like foam! She is dreaming of foam!

No. 10. "Fine View from the Roof." G. COSTA.

No. 35. "Jobbing her in the Eye." Painful. J. R. REID.

No. 62. "Sitting Out." "This is a pleasant party. 'No partners, and no one to take me in to supper.'" J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 79. *Old Gent (much hurt).* "He shan't tread on my big toe again. Won't give him the chance." (*Trucks his leg under him, and in this attitude is taken*) by H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.

No. 113. Who is this? Somebody trying to look like MARY ANDERSON, and failing. Quite right to gibbet such an impostor in public by hanging her in the Grosvenor. C. E. HALLÉ.

No. 133. "A Faded Beauty." G. F. WATTS, R.A.

No. 145. "I won't eat any more damsons, I'll smash 'em all over the wall!"—and so he did. R. MACGREGOR, A.R.S.A.

No. 170. "Coal Service at Sea." The picture which, we are informed, was rejected by the Royal Academy. There are many worse than this on the walls of Burlington House. The service is taking place in Mac'allum Bay! HAMILTON MACALLUM.



No. 248. "Waiting to be Pulled Along." The whole Landing-stage moves when tugged by that rope. Mrs. Louise Jopling.



No. 92. "Portrait of a Gentleman," by a Lady, who has made quite an Ass of him. —Countess Feodora Gleichen.



No. 104. Look! who is this? Oh, with your leaves and by your leaves, this must be Mrs. Beerbohme Tree.

No. 185. "Gulling the Public." W. HUGHES.

No. 205. Collapsing Helmet for Evening Parties. Patented. W. B. RICHMOND.

No. 207. "View of an Eminence." This is not a Landscape. JULIAN STORY.

No. 211. "In the Maze." Man up behind hedge directing the visitors, "First to left, second to right," &c. Poor girl, unhappy at being lost in the labyrinth: the other "knows her way about," and only smiles. R. SPENCER STANHOPE.

No. 212. "Αισάνου τι γελούου." "I-soap-ow!"—another soap Advt. They do look very clean, but a lightly-clad lot, considering their ages. Observe central figure. He seems to be lecturing on the true method of taking snuff, and saying, "You hold your hands like this," &c. JULIAN STORY.

No. 222. "After the Bath." Companion to 38. Her sister, clothed, turns away, saying, "Well, I am ashamed of you!" Mrs. JOHN COLLIER.

No. 226. "Real Sport." "Blown 'em all to bits!" A. STUART-WORTLEY.



## MOORE MODERNISED.

AIR—"Thee, thee, only thee!"



THE dawn of morn, the day-  
light's sinking,  
Five's cosy hour shall find me  
drinking  
Of Tea, Tea, only Tea!  
When friends are met, and  
cups go round,

And scandals fresh have all enchanted,  
When buttered toast is bravely browned,  
My soul, like *Stiggins's*, is haunted  
By Tea, Tea, only Tea!

When crisply curls the breakfast bacon,  
Coffee by me shall be forsaken  
For Tea, Tea, only Tea!

Like Ocean, which by light or dark  
Gulps down the rivers, resting never,  
The cup that cheers when cares do cark  
I sip or sing of, doting ever  
On Tea, Tea, only Tea!

I have no joy but of its bringing,  
And "nerves" themselves seem nice when springing  
From Tea, Tea, only Tea!

Tea's spell there's nought on earth can break  
(Though tea-cups *can*, alas! be broken);

Bohea the toper's scorn may wake,  
By me for aye the praise be spoken  
Of Tea, Tea, only Tea!

## A CITY CIRCULAR.

(Picked up near to Chapel Court.)

MESSRS. BUNKUM, JINGO & Co., according to their custom, beg to present their Clients with their opinion upon affairs in general and the foreign policy of the Government in particular.

The Money Market is much disturbed, thus offering an excellent opportunity to investors to operate to advantage. Enclosed in the wrapper containing this paper will be found a list of excellent securities.

Messrs. BUNKUM, JINGO & Co. particularly recommend the shares of the Mexican and Dismal Swamp Junction Railway Company, the Bank of England North Pole Gold Mines, and the Herne Bay Residential Club and Champagne and Coffee Palace Chambers. All these investments are now at an unprecedented low price, and must ultimately yield large returns.

As to the Foreign Policy of the Government, interest centres exclusively in Egypt. There is no doubt that had the Cabinet shown more decision, the Daira would have been at a far higher rate than their present price. Consequently, Messrs. BUNKUM, JINGO & Co. feel it their duty to point out the course the Government should

pursue, and having pointed it out, call upon every true patriot to insist upon its adoption.

The British Army of Occupation should be immediately augmented by 20,000 men. Half of this force should be stationed at Cairo, a quarter at Alexandria, and the remainder sent to quell the disturbances in the Soudan. The British Officials recently recalled should be sent back to their offices, and every Egyptian *employé* should be removed. His Royal Highness the Duke of CONNAUGHT should be invited to accept the first Vice-Royalty on the occasion of the declaration of a British Protectorate on the 1st of July. All negotiations about a Conference should cease, and, of course, no arrangement can possibly be entered into with France. All the above, although excellent, are not absolutely essentials; and any one, if not every one of them, might be easily dispensed with. But on one point every patriot must be firm. The importance is so great, that a fresh paragraph must be devoted to its declaration.

For the sake of all that is Right and Good and Just, to protect the Honour of Hearth and Home, Country, Fatherland, and all that is Sacred in the Grandest Empire in the World, to advance the Interests of Civilisation and Morality and all that is Best in Poor Humanity—in a word, to crown themselves with a Garland of Immortal Glory, and to escape Indelible Disgrace, the Government must, must, must Guarantee the Egyptian Debt. And when they have guaranteed that Debt, Messrs. BUNKUM, JINGO & Co., as holders of large parcels of the Stocks indicated, will once more confidently recommend to their clients the great advantage to be obtained by the purchase, at a considerably advanced price, of Prefs. and Unified.

## A TRILL FOR TENNIS.

Now Lawn Tennis is beginning, and we'll set the balls a-spinning,  
O'er the net and on the greensward with a very careful aim;

You must work, as I'm a sinner, if you  
wish to prove a winner,  
For we're getting scientific at this  
fascinating game.

You must know when it is folly to  
attempt a clever "volley,"  
Or to give the ball when "serving"  
it an aggravating twist;  
Though a neatly-made backhand may  
arouse a rival's dander,  
You'll remember when you try it  
that it's very often missed.

Though your play thrown in the shade  
is by the prowess of the Ladies,  
You must take your beating kindly  
with a smile upon your face;  
And 'twill often be the duty of some  
Tennis-playing beauty,  
To console you by remarking that  
defeat is not disgrace.

For you doubtless find flirtation at this pleasant occupation  
Is as easy as at Croquet; when you're "serving" by *her* side,  
You can hint your tender feeling, all your state of mind revealing,  
And, when winning "sets" together, you may find you've won a  
bride.

So we'll don the flannel jacket, and take out the trusty racket,  
And though other folks slay pigeons, we'll forswear that cruel  
sport,

And through Summer seek a haven on the sward so smoothly shaven,  
With the whitened lines *en règle* for a neat Lawn Tennis Court.



All for Lawn!

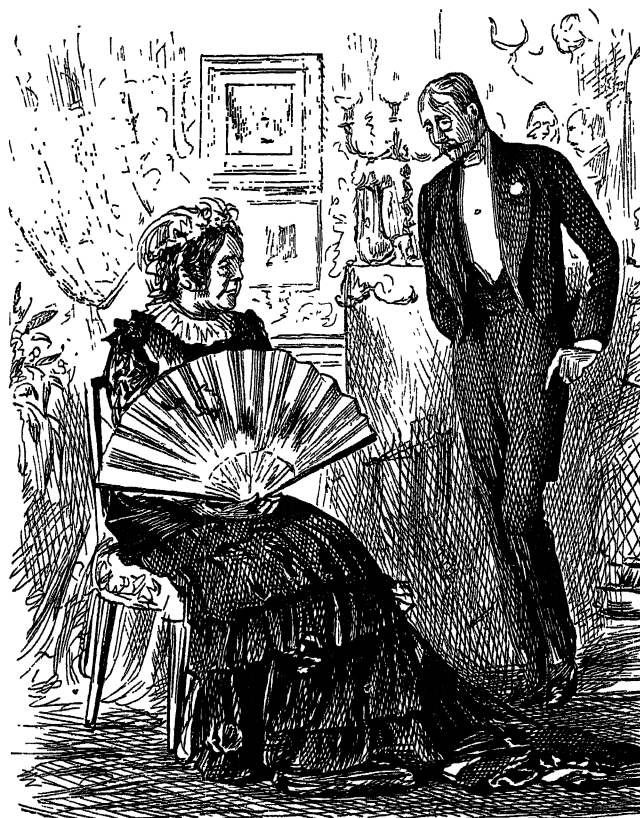
## Our Insanitary Guide to the Exhibition.

(By an Invalid in Search of Health.)

ACCORDING to your instructions, my dear Editor, I have been to the Grand Establishment at South Kensington, to "recruit" my failing energies. I have tasted everything—biscuits, cups of coffee, new milk from the cow, and Indian tea. I have tried the Vegetarian Dinner, and the meal *à la Duval*. But I must reserve details until next week, as I am at present too hopelessly ill to write anything further!

A POLITICAL CATECHISM.—Q. Will the Lords really throw out the Bill?—A. Probably. Q. Why should they do so?—A. To justify their existence before the country. Q. But have they not already amply justified their existence by wise and beneficent legislative work recently accomplished?—A. Assuredly, for they have rejected the "Prevention of Cruelty to Pigeons Bill" and the "Iron Duke Nuisance Removal" resolution. Q. Is not this glory enough for one Session?—A. Apparently not.





### "DON'T!"

#### ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T TALK ABOUT "YOUR FRIEND THE DUCHESS" TO JOHN SHODD RADSON, ESQ., M.P., WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANY DUCHESSSES, AND PRETENDS HE DOESN'T WANT TO. HE WILL AFFECT TO YAWN IN THE MIDST OF YOUR NARRATIVE—OR EVEN WHISTLE—AND FINALLY TURN HIS BACK.

DON'T FORGET TO MENTION HER GRACE TO MRS. RADSON. SHE WILL TRY TO YAWN TOO, BUT FEEBLY. PERSEVERE, AND SHE WILL INVITE YOU TO HER WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS (MUSIC, &C.) DON'T GO. SHE WILL END SOME DAY BY ASKING YOU TO DINNER—AND THERE YOU ARE! [N.B.—Any Duchess will do.

### SARAH'S MACBETH.

#### Real Sarcey Criticisms.

THIS is indeed a triumph of French Art. The rugged British Bard has long needed this interpretation, this rehabilitation, may I say? Old Drury (the historic house, where the Comedy of Verona was first played before Queen ELIZABETH, and where M. BARRETT-IRVING now revives WILLIAMS with signal success)—Old Drury is a wretched ruin without the Porte St. Martin to lean against. Last night's triumph has conclusively proved that SHAKESPEARE is only perfect in a French dress.

To begin with: The Poet's compatriots are accustomed to make the scenes in which the action takes place simple rough mountainous landscapes. We have made the Witches' Heath as much like the Plaine de Saint Denis as possible, and we allowed Scotland scarcely any mountains at all, which ought to please her, as it will prevent tourists from rushing to disturb her in her eternal contemplation of Bien Lhomond—so called after the French grammarian. Then the idea of making the Castle Court a kind of a reduction of the Place du Carrousel is distinctly a progress in intelligent realism such as would never have occurred to M. BARRETT-IRVING; while the Moorish style of the Palace Chambers is entirely suited to a representation of Scotland in the eleventh century. Besides, if it isn't, it is a good deal prettier than their bare stone walls, their rush-covered floors, and hard naked settees. Seeing them, people would have said we hadn't a sou to spend on the *mise-en-scène*.

As for the costumes, no English Management has ever approached them for magnificent originality. There has been an English SARAH, we believe, some SEMBLE, or KIDDONS, but she played *Milady Macbeth* in simple black velvet, while our SARAH bids her husband *barbouille de sang les valets endormis*, in a white jersey with flannel epaulettes. Then she had a girdle, and her hair down—and her hair is really Scotch at any rate. Then she had a yellow jersey

for the banquet, with blue lozenges. But it is perhaps a pity that she abandoned her original intention of appearing in the national kilt: SARAH in a kilt would have eclipsed Mr. IRVING in one once and for all time. M. MARAIS and the men showed, too, a wise discretion in rejecting the barbarous costume of the Heeglandes and appearing in elegant raiment, after the fashion of FRANCIS THE FIRST: eminently suited for a cold climate and people who are in the habit of associating with witches. MM. JOLLET, JÉGU, and MAGNIEU, as the Witches, by the bye, were perfection. No English Witches were ever half so polished and clean.

The acting is all SARAH'S. It always is. She reads the letter like a Greek Sappho, and she somnambulises like a Hindu serpent-charmer. She isn't precisely a Scotch murderess of the Middle Ages, but then she is SARAH, and that's enough for anybody not savage enough to prefer—truth.

### THE LAST OF THE MAY MEETINGS.

A LONG-POSTPONED meeting between Mr. Justice LOCKEMUP and Mr. CHARLES BATES at the Old Bailey.

Meeting of Irish Nationalists to invite Lord RANDOLPH to stand for Cork, as a Home-Ruler, together with Mr. PARNELL.

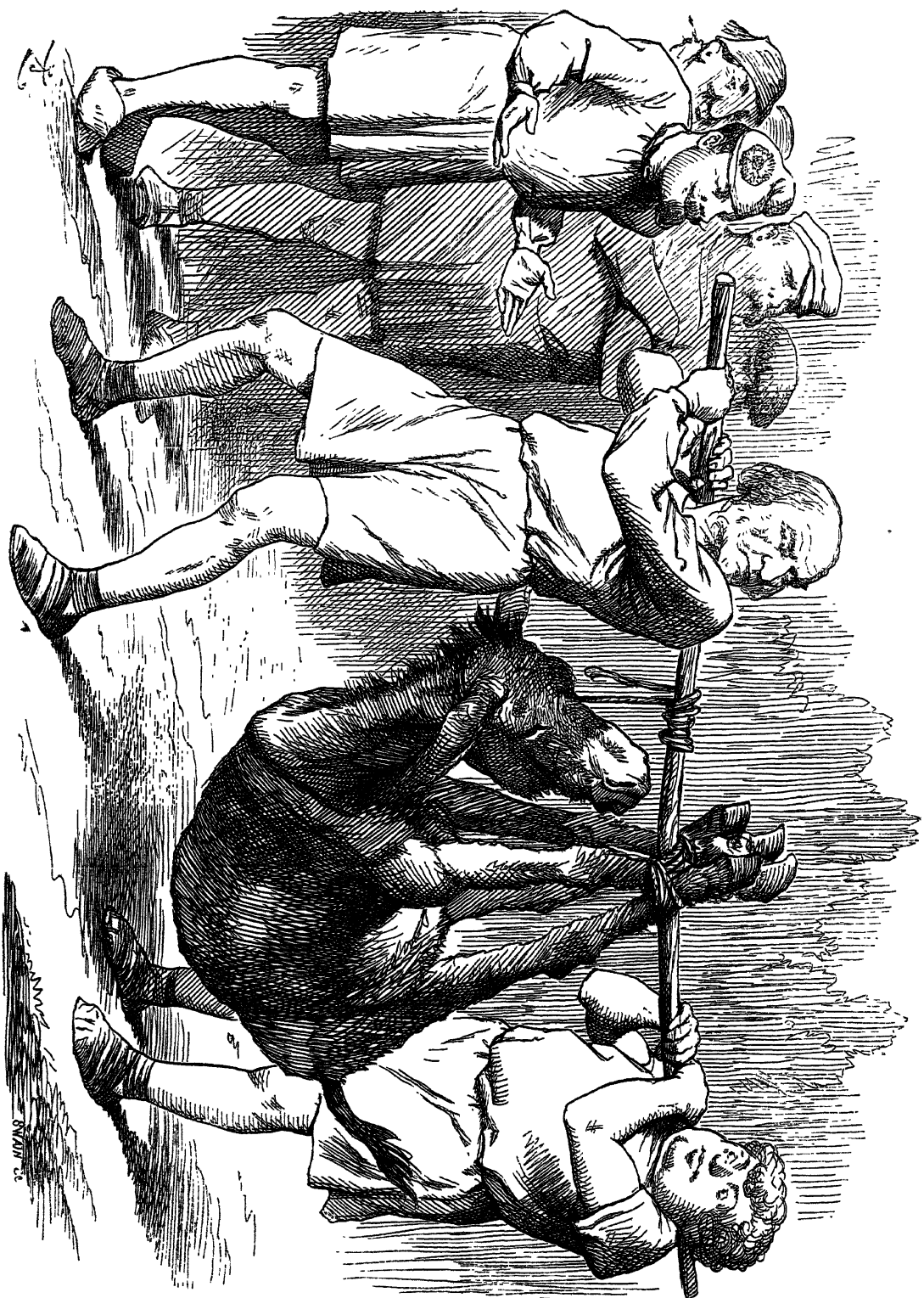
Meeting of the "Derby Winner" with the Derby Loser.

Meeting of the Head of the Fourth Party with Mr. FAWCETT'S *Elementary Manual of Political Economy*.

Gathering of the "Dandelion Duffers" and the "Buttercup Buffers" with a view to amalgamation with the "Primrose Patriots."

And, finally—best and most improbable of all—meeting of General GORDON and his rescuers in the citadel of KHARTOUM. (Only, if the MAHDI has his way, this seems likely to be a *Mayn't* Meeting.)

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.—Storm and Tempest, Frost and Snow, Thunder, Lightning, Hail and Rain, Earthquakes, Aërolites.



## THE EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

(AN OLD FABLE REVIVED.)

JOHNNY BULL, "HOLD ON, GUV'NOR.—DON'T MIND WHAT *THEY* SAY!!!"



## OUR ADVERTISERS.

(DOMESTIC AND GENERAL.)

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER is a Marvel of Stagnation.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER renders the Cistern quite unnecessary.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER gives a flavour to the purest water.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER is not meant to be cleansed.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER repays no attention.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER. A Country Clergyman writes:—"I have now had your deadly Filter in use in my Family for three whole days. We are all of us down. I have never been so ill in my life."

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER is now fixed at the following Public Establishments, and is giving every possible satisfaction.

**T**HE HIPPOPOTAMUS TANK at the Zoological Gardens.

**T**HE WAPPING IDIOTS' ASYLUM.

**T**HE ROYAL PALACE, Teheran.

**T**HE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' Drinking Fountain Association.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER. To be had in all Sizes, according to the members of the household to be disposed of.

**C**HERTING'S INSUPPORTABLE FILTER. Accounts settled by Arrangement with Purchaser's Executors.

**K**ANGAROO TEA of paralysing quality.

**K**ANGAROO TEA. Messrs. CHOPPER & Co. beg to announce to their Friends and Patrons that, in order to keep pace with the increasing demands for their celebrated Kangaroo Tea, they have already received the whole of the Spring Crop of the year after next, and are now offering in the Market the following splendid Samples at ridiculously low prices.

**I**MPERIAL DUSTINGS from the *Choek-ing* Plantation. An excellent family beverage, highly recommended where no questions are asked and flavour is no object.

**K**OOLING CONGER. This rare and choice mixture, which is the result of a careful selection of the finest overgrown plants, passed under a mowing-machine, roots and all, and judiciously blended with the oldest garden-brooms on the Estate, has a peculiar flavour of its own which once experienced by the connoisseur is never forgotten.

**K**ANGAROO TEA. *Finest Quality.*

**O**RANGE PEEL CARAVAN. This rare and splendid compound, as drunk on the door-steps of the Caucasus, is now being offered by Messrs. CHOPPER & Co. to their most favoured customers in half-ton sacks at any price they like to offer.

**K**ANGAROO TEA. Orders to Messrs. CHOPPER & Co. promptly attended to. Address, Birchington Lane, City. E.C.

**S**LIPOLEON. A new, highly-polished, glassy, tough, indestructible, and practically everlasting Floor-cloth.

**S**LIPOLEON defies use.

**S**LIPOLEON wears out the Purchaser.

**S**LIPOLEON when once put down can never be taken up.

**S**LIPOLEON when once taken up can never be put down.

**S**LIPOLEON turns the Hall into a Skating-Rink.

**S**LIPOLEON transforms the Staircase into a Coal-Shoot.

**S**LIPOLEON gives the Aged continual exercise.

**S**LIPOLEON affords the Young unceasing merriment.

**S**LIPOLEON may be used as blotting-paper.

**S**LIPOLEON cuts up into paving-stones.

**S**LIPOLEON is a recognised substitute for iron-plating.

**S**LIPOLEON—the best material for Christmas Cards.

**S**LIPOLEON makes an excellent Dog biscuit.

**S**LIPOLEON is a novel wedding present.

**S**LIPOLEON.—Order it at once from your Undertaker. Manufactured by the Slipoleon Company at their central Works, Batterside, Trippem, Flint.

**P**IANOS.—Three shillings a fortnight, on the Ten-years hire system. Messrs. KNOCKEMOP & Co. are prepared to offer intending customers the above easy and advantageous terms for the purchase of their light, showy, and airy instruments.

**T**HE KNOCKEMOP PIANO.—The payments being small, and by instalment, there is no cheque action.

**T**HE KNOCKEMOP PIANO is a most remarkable and convenient instrument. Comes to pieces at once with equal facility in any climate.

**T**HE KNOCKEMOP PIANO.—A child can put it out of tune.

**T**HE KNOCKEMOP PIANO.—Opinions of the Press: "We rather like it."—*The Weekly Lyre.*

**T**HE KNOCKEMOP PIANO.—A boon to Musicians. Herr VON JABLOWSKI writes:—"I never played on any instrument that surprised me so much. It transposes as you proceed. I am heartily recommending it to all my professional rivals."

**T**HE KNOCKEMOP PIANO.—What is left of it at the end of ten years becomes the property of the hirer.

**P**IANO FOR SALE.—Great Bargain. A genuine GRUNTHIER. One of these unique and costly instruments (the property of a deaf Duke, who, in consequence of a severe family bereavement, is giving up learning thorough bass), to be disposed of by private arrangement. Having been slightly overstrung by the treatment of its late owner, and left out in the rain by mistake during a slight thunderstorm at a garden-party, a reasonable offer would be entertained. N.B.—Might be used as a musical pickle-cupboard.

**T**HE GREEN CURRANT WINE COMPANY.

**S**OURJLING.—The Green Currant Wine Company, having secured the whole of the last ten years' growth of this fine and quite remarkable wine, are now prepared to offer it to their patrons and customers at a very heavy loss.

**S**OURJLING is the produce of the vast Brushwood Estates of a Scandinavian Arch Duke, and is pronounced by the first *connoisseurs* to have a character that, while recalling a high-class European Cough Mixture, is nevertheless peculiarly its own.

**S**OURJLING can frequently at a children's party be mistaken for Claret.

**S**OURJLING has been known, with age, to resemble Malt Vinegar.

**S**OURJLING is sometimes confounded with HARVEY'S Sauce.

**S**OURJLING.—A surprising Wine. Ferments when least expected.

**S**OURJLING.—Still and sparkling from the same bottle.

**S**OURJLING.—No Medicine Chest is complete without it.

**S**OURJLING.—"A PUBLIC ANALYST" writes:—"I have examined the dozen samples you sent me, and am thankful to say, though still unable to move except in a Bath chair, I am now recovering. No Medical Man, anxious to extend his practice, should hesitate to recommend its use as a family beverage."

**S**OURJLING. An Invalid's Wine. Every bottle guaranteed thoroughly corked.

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD. Opinions of the Press:—"Each teaspoonful contains the essential principle of Soup, Fish, a Cut off the Joint, two Entrées, with Vegetables, Bread and Cheese and Pickles, and a Pint of Stout."—*Free Lancet.*

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD. A Mother writes:—"I have given a bottle to my little baby, aged three months, with the worst results. Don't send me another."

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD produces instant apoplexy.

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD rapidly destroys Rats.

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD establishes perpetual Nightmare.

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD never satisfies anybody.

**B**LINKER'S OVER-SATISFYING FOOD.—Order at once of your Horse-dealer.—In bottles at 1s. 9d., 5s. 11d., 15s. 3d., and £2 13s. 1d.

**M**ONGOLIAN CHAMPAGNE. A full-bodied, sweet, creaming, terrible Wine, rich in acid.

**M**ONGOLIAN CHAMPAGNE for Funerals.

**M**ONGOLIAN CHAMPAGNE for Meetings of Creditors.

**M**ONGOLIAN CHAMPAGNE for Family Gatherings.

**M**ONGOLIAN CHAMPAGNE for Men in Possession.

**M**ONGOLIAN CHAMPAGNE for Burglars.



## OBVIOUS!

*Visitor (at our Sunday School). "WHAT IS THE OUTWARD AND VISIBLE FORM IN BAPTISM?"*  
*Pupil (tentatively, after a long pause at this poser). "PLEASE, TEACHER, THE BABY!!"*

## HOW PLAYS ARE PLACED.

*(By Some of Those who have Managed it.)*

THE frank but somewhat indiscreet revelations as to the method and manner of making and writing plays, that have recently found a place in the pages of our spirited contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, can scarcely have failed to have produced one inevitable result. With such a handbook of construction before them, many hesitating but aspiring Dramatists must have instantly set to work to flood the theatrical market, and it is more than probable that, at the present moment, dozens of high-class comedies, burlesques, five-act dramas, and miscellaneous pieces in anything from one to fifteen *tableaux*, are nearing completion.

For, with so many veteran adepts and experts to direct and guide him, the untried if ambitious Dramatist can scarcely go wrong. Indeed, now that the whole secret is out, it cannot be a matter of any difficulty either to make or to write a Play.

But this is only half the battle. It is one thing to write a play—another to get it produced. And if it is a first play into the bargain, the matter, without a certain technical knowledge acquired at the Stage-door, becomes practically impossible.

A good deal of disappointment must therefore be in store for the coming flock of Authors, unless, having mastered the art of "construction," they also manage to familiarise themselves with the even more important art, the art of "production."

With a view to helping them in the latter difficulty, the following communications, furnished, on solicitation, by several leading Dramatic Authors, who have briefly set down their own first experiences in the matter, will be found not only useful but encouraging. It is needless to point out that, for obvious reasons, names are suppressed:—

*From \*.*

You ask me to tell your readers briefly how I managed to get my first Play accepted. It is not an easy task to do this in a few words. The process was neither swift nor simple. But I set to work in this way. Having sent my Play (a carefully-written tragic work, in a

Prologue and four or five Acts, with some slight comic interest introduced) to the Manager of a noted West-End Theatre, naming my terms, and saying that I should expect an answer the following day, on hearing nothing from him for nearly a week, I called at the Stage-door for an explanation. Getting none, I had to continue my inquiries, with the same result, daily for nine months, when I was finally, as matters had now come nearly to a crisis with the door-keeper, felled with a blow from my own manuscript, a heavy and dangerous weapon when used aggressively. After a couple of cross-summonses at a police-court, which cost me £2 15s. 6d., I tried several other metropolitan Theatres with a somewhat similar result, eventually getting my really first satisfactory Managerial interview, quite by a lucky chance, with the proprietor of a Circus, who, through some mistake, understood that I had called about the purchase of an invalid elephant, unable, owing to an attack of cataract, any longer to walk carefully over a dinner-service for eighteen with a beer-barrel on his back. By making a sort of offer for this creature, I succeeded in getting the proprietor to hear enough of my piece to warrant him in saying he wanted "something new," and though he just remembered at that moment he had an appointment, he would like to read it, as he thought he "could do something with it." I left it with him, and after a good deal of negotiation, and, I am bound to admit, some little unpleasantness, I had the ultimate satisfaction of seeing my work "accepted."

There were some alterations and cuts, such as all the blank verse being suppressed, and the characters appearing in succession on horseback in a "Marvellous Change Feat," while a few selected portions of the comic dialogue were divided between the French Clown and the Circus-Master, but I believe it went well in the Provinces. I have, however, never since attempted to "place" anything else. It is a difficult matter.

*From \*.*

How did I get a hearing? I will soon tell you. A little experience—and I quickly learned that nothing could be done without artifice and force. Seizing my opportunity, I got past the Stage-door,—I will not mention the Theatre,—and, hiding under the Manager's table, anxiously awaited his arrival. As soon as he was





## RIVER BANK-HOLIDAY PUZZLE.

WANTED, AT HAMPTON COURT, MORTLAKE, RICHMOND, AND TWICKENHAM, RIVER-POLICEMEN. PUZZLE—WHERE TO FIND ONE?

[Dedicated to Sir CHARLES DILKE, who said, "There were no real Police on the river to enforce the law. The river was a sort of savage place," &c.—*Times Report*, May 20.]

fairly settled over his letters, I darted up, and stupefied him with a bottle of chloroform. Then I bound him hand and foot in his chair, carefully gagging him, and locking the door. As soon as he came to, I read him my piece, a *Pantomime* on an entirely new principle, twice over, and was about to begin it a third time, when I understood by his gestures that he accepted it then and there. I have never got anything listened to or accepted in any other way. The grand secret is to *get past the Stage-door*. That done—your piece is safe. I don't think I can add anything to this.

From \*\*\*.

THERE are many ways, I believe, of getting a dramatic work thankfully and cheerfully accepted by an enterprising and intelligent *Entrepreneur*; but, to any struggling Author, I can only with any confidence recommend the simple course I was induced to pursue myself. Airing myself in the very best circles for years, and earning for myself a reputation at my Club, one of the most exclusive in Town, as a distinguished Social Lion, I eventually suffered myself to be introduced to one or two of the most *distingué* West-End Managers. Selecting, after careful study of his character, the most fitting of these for my purpose, I asked him no less than seventy-eight successive Sundays to dinner, to meet, "in a quiet, friendly way," as I put it, a few Peers who happened to be taking pot-luck with me at the "Star and Garter" at Richmond. After the seventy-eighth dinner and some Dry Monopole of '65 in magnums, driving home on a drag with two Dukes on the box, and calling him "Old Boy," I suddenly sprang my mine by proposing to him that he should accept my piece—a *Farce*, the very existence of which I had never mentioned or even hinted at before. There was no refusing, and the business was done. I have brought out three farces in this way, and I have a fourth on the stocks.

From \*\*\*\*.

You ask me how I get my pieces produced. I have always pursued one plan. When my Play is ready, I look out for any Theatre that happens to be in the market, and with the financial assistance of a friend, who happens at the same time to be a patron of the Drama,

I take it. The run is short, but at the end of it we both go through the Bankruptcy Court. I have produced fifteen pieces in this fashion, and always with the same result. There is no other method. But with a little spirit, this is infallible.

## THE QUESTION SOLVED.

"WHAT shall we do with our boys?" What? Why, make Directors of them, to be sure. No good? Isn't it! Well, just read the following advertisement which appears in the *Athenæum*:—

**DIRECTORS REQUIRED.**—To Gentlemen of position and influence, substantial Fees will be paid.

*Mr. Punch* has just withdrawn three sons who were marvellously successful—and costing him five hundred a year a-piece—from the professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, and is going to forthwith convert them into Directors. He hopes they will succeed in collaring the "substantial fees."

## Intimidation in Vain.

THE theory of the dynamite ringleaders who arrange explosions in cloak-rooms, railway tunnels, club areas, and public buildings, is supposed to be that they hope by those outrages to frighten JOHN BULL into concession of their demands. Now, JOHN BULL is not to be frightened by any such scares, and even if he were, it would be of no use for him to make any such concessions. No concession that he could possibly make would ever appease the irreconcilable dynamiters. Concede whatever he might, they would consider his national existence a *casus belli*; unless, indeed, he conceded them a satisfactory subsidy. That is to say, a subsidy exceeding the amount of revenue they derive from the subscriptions of their dupes.

**RIDING THE HIGH HORSE.**—It is said that the PREMIER has started a new "G."—in the *Fortnightly*!

## 'ROBERT' AFTER THE DERBY.

HAVING no perfeshnal engagement for the great Darby day, gents being all too jolly tired when they gits to Town to think much of dining out, me and BROWN made up our minds to have a reel grand outing down to Hepsom and back. We had both herd of the undoutful sort of company as one sumtimes meats on these great ocasions, so, like sensibel chaps as we is, we fust made our finanshal calkerlations, and found as we could have all the fun of the fare for about a pound a piece, and this we changed, and distributed in our wariuous pockets in case of accidence. We went fust-class as they was all alike, but only single fare, as we might pick up a frend on the road back. Our cumpany could scarcely be called mixt, as they was all much alike, and torked to us quite familiar on our way down, and kindly made us most temting offers against all the favouirites, but BROWN said, as cool as a cowcumber, that our Books was both made up, and nothink wouldn't induce us not to open 'em again. One gent, who looked like a innocent countryman, then perduced a pack of cards, and wanted us to try the 3 card trick, but we both larfed and said, No thank! wen he got quite cross, and asked weather we dowted him, to which we replied suttently not, no more we did, we hadn't no dout at all about him.

Wen we got on to the Coarse, the wind and the dust was so preshus cold and blinding, that we took refuse in an harf-crown stand, and there we could see everything excep the horses, for the peepel in front wood keep there hats on. As we was both determined to go the hole animal as reel Sporting Gents, we bet upon every one of the five races, that is, I bet BROWN a shilling on each event, and, strange to say, lost 'em all, excep on the dead eat, wen I was so fortunate as not to lose nuffin. How they could call it a dead eat estonished me, for one of the two horses was ever so far in front of the other when they stopt. But, lor, there's no understanding all as you sees on a race-coarse, unless you was born there. For instance now, why should there be such a bitter prejudice against Welshmen? We saw a poor fellow being nocked about most shameful, and all because he was a Welshman! As my own lawful Mother was a Welshman, I wanted to go to his rescue, but BROWN sed I had better not, for the British Public doesn't like to be hinterfered with in their little harmless gratificashuns.

After the Darby was run, but not wun, we both felt wunderful hungry, so we rushed off to CARELESSSES to get sum dinner, and if that wasn't a site to estonish two hed Waiters, I never seed one yet. Fancy about 10,000 hungry people all wanting dinner at wunoe, and all a wanting it fust. It was a bitter cold day for everybody else, but dredful hot for the pore Waiters a perspiring at every pore. I felt harf inclined to off with my best coat and go and elp 'em, but BROWN said no, we must keep up our character, and so we did, for we was waitin for nearly a hole our before we got nothink. I never complanes of charges myself, it would not be perfeshonal, but 3s. 6d. for a bit of cold beef and a tator and a pint of bitter, ain't so bad, Mr. CARELESS, but still, it's a long ways to bring 'em, and it's only wunoe a year, and it was wunderful good of its kind, and I was told, arter I'd gorged myself with beef, that I might have had all the dellycassies of the season if I'd only a asked for 'em.

Arter the racing was all over we strolled up to the Corner, to see the fun at crossing the Coarse. And a grand treat it was. Weather it was the bitter cold weather, or the freezing East Wind, or the storm of Dust, of course I don't know, but so many werry fresh young Coach Men and old Post Boys I never seed afore, and the crashing, and the smashing, and the screaming, and the swearing, was somethink quite lovely! How we lookers on did all enjoy it!

It was a good deal past six when we got to the stashun, and if there wasn't a crowd there, well, I never seed one, that's all. We learnt that by waiting a little we could get up to Town for 1s. 6d. each, so we waited. How it was ever done I can't think, but while I was a paying my fair, some one burglariously robbed me of 3s. 6d. I can't for one moment think as it was the werry frendly person who so kindly warned me against thimble-riggers and card-sharkers, becuz if ever I seed a pictur of simple onesty I seed it in him, and he kep so close to me and took such care of me that he was quite like a brother-in-law to me.

When we got to London Bridge, I took stock of my finances, and found myself with just one shilling left, so I treated myself to a glass of ale, and took the Bus homewards, and arrived at my 'Rhode of Bliss with just sixpence left. And of all the hundreds of thousands who wisited Hepsom on that memorerabbable day, I wonder how many can say, as I can, that he went down fust class, hoooccupied a stand, had a good holesome dinner, lost his money on all the races but wun, had his pocket picked, travelled to town, had more refreshment, and more travelling, and took home change out of a Sovereign. I quite bleeve as I can say, "Alone I did it!"

ROBERT.

A BRITISH MAHDI (Definition by a Gentleman who did not win by the Derby).—The Prophet of your Sporting Paper!

## CABINET COUNCIL EXTRAORDINARY.

ON Monday last every member of the Administration of a certain rank received an invitation to meet the PREMIER at his country residence. There was a good attendance.

"My dear friends," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "it occurred to me, while felling the last few trees that still are to be found in the neighbourhood of Hawarden, that perhaps, if you had nothing better to do, you would like to finish the Whitsuntide vacation by considering the London Government Bill."

"Charmed!" "Delighted!" "Too glad!" was heard on all sides. The PREMIER said he was much pleased to see the unusual amount of unanimity that prevailed among them all, and which he trusted would continue while discussing the details of this very important, but, he feared, not very popular measure. There seemed to be a large amount of opposition to it. Could the HOME SECRETARY explain?

The HOME SECRETARY had not heard of any opposition worth speaking of. Of course the old Corporation, and the young Board of Works, and the Vestries, opposed it; but who cared for the Vestries, while they were supported by the whole of the Municipal Reform League, including his three intimate friends, Messrs. AYRTON, FIRTH, and BEAT, and all the Democratic Clubs of Chelsea.

The PREMIER asked how about the Rate-payers? The HOME SECRETARY said the fact seemed to be, that because his grand scheme would probably increase the beggarly rates some fifty per cent., these poor spiritless fellows were beginning to grumble. How can you have great change without great expense?

PREMIER: Well, personally, I don't much care for this sweeping change; but of course I shall adopt that particular course, out of the three that occur to me, that my colleagues prefer. So pray speak freely.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY said that, with the greatest possible respect for the HOME SECRETARY, and for the result of his Herculean labours, he was bound to say that there was a very strong prejudice against the Bill in the House of Lords, as the abolition of an ancient and popular Institution that has existed as long as the House of Lords itself, might possibly be taken as a precedent.

The PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD said that perhaps that might be considered, by philosophical Radicals like himself, rather an argument in its favour, but he confessed that he, personally, detested one huge cast-iron system for the local self-government of four millions of people, much preferring variety of administration, which produced a healthy feeling of rivalry, such as they generally witnessed in their own divided Councils.

The SECRETARY for WAR said, of course he had not read a line of the Monster Bill, as he had heard it called, and he sincerely pitied any poor devil who was compelled to do so, as it must be an awful bore, but he had been informed that it contained a good deal of confiscation, and he confessed that, as the heir to a Dukedom with rather a decent rent-roll, he never heard that awful word without a shudder.

The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE said that he did not share the noble Lord's fears so far as Land was concerned, as the Laws relating to Land were so infamously bad, that any alteration must necessarily be an improvement—"Oh!"—but his experience at Birmingham had taught him that one huge Municipality, such as now proposed, must necessarily be a huge failure for Municipal purposes; of course it would offer a splendid opportunity for establishing a most magnificent political Caucus.

The LORD CHANCELLOR shared very largely in the fears expressed by the SECRETARY for WAR, for what with this Bill, which confiscated the property of the Corporation, and what with the Bill about to be introduced by the SECRETARY for the COLONIES, for confiscating the property of the Livery Companies, confiscation would soon be rife in the City, and it was scarcely likely it would stop there.

The SECRETARY for the COLONIES said that he had no such cowardly fears, since he had demonstrated that a poor Agricultural Labourer could buy a square yard of freehold land for the price of a pot of beer, so all that important class of the community now had to do, was to give up beer and buy land, and so become, in time, large landed proprietors, and then who would talk of confiscation?

The HOME SECRETARY said that every argument, or what he supposed was intended for argument, used concerning his magnificent plan, was so thoroughly irrelevant, or so exquisitely absurd, that he would not waste either their or his own time in demolishing them, further than saying, in the kindest and most conciliatory manner, that if his Bill were as great a muddle as their Egyptian Policy, as insulting as their Shipping Bill, as silly as their depreciation of the Coinage, or as cowardly as their treatment of GORDON, he would withdraw it at once!

The Council broke up in great disorder.

"SMALL BY DEGREES, BUT (NOT) BEAUTIFULLY LESS."—The Duke's Statue at Hyde Park Corner.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

## OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

### PART I.—THE SOUTH GALLERY.

BEFORE commencing a handbook, which I hope may be of as much real service to the healthiest subject as the greatest invalid, it will be as well to point out the best way of reaching the Institution to which it is hoped it will prove a faithful guide. To the truly economical, walking to South Kensington can be confidently recommended. Exercise is the very essence of health, and a stroll, say from Gravesend to Brompton, should bring the roses into the palest cheeks. To those who are willing to experiment upon their bodies in the cause of Science, the Underground Railway offers unusual advantages. A journey from Moorgate Street to the Gloucester Road, on a nice hot day, when an ample supply of sulphur can be obtained in the tunnels close to Portland Place, is calculated to render the heartiest of passengers capable of improvement from a sanitary point of view. The omnibuses remain to those who are fond of working out that painfullest of problems—how to compress the *maximum* of matter into the *minimum* of space.

But say that the Health-seeker has arrived pretty safe and fairly sound at the Main Entrance of the International. He will have already passed some scores of itinerant vendors of sanitary wares in the shapes of cork mice, tin mechanical alligators, and penny china dolls, who will have prepared him for the many hygienic articles he will find within the walls. Thus, he will not be surprised to discover that photographs are essential to a healthy body. The first stall is devoted more or less to pictures of Mr. HENRY IRVING, the PREMIER, MISS ELLEN TERRY, SIR CUNLIFFE OWEN, and the heroine of the Garmoyle Breach of Promise Case. No doubt this galaxy of beauty is intended to please the eye already dilating with wonder at an equestrian statue of the Prince of WALES, produced to colossal dimensions, which boldly challenges, nay, defies criticism, in the Entrance Hall. Having derived benefit from this first exhibit, he turns round, and faces a newspaper-stall, and calms his nerves by purchasing an evening journal, which conveys to him the pleasing intelligence that he has been half ruined by the sudden and unexpected collapse of some favourite security, in which are invested the savings of nine-tenths of a lifetime. Thus prepared, he inspects—

“Class I. Selected Displays of Unprepared Animal and Vegetable Substances used as Food in various Countries.” Noticing that the specimens of this Division, which, according to the Catalogue, are devoted to “Health,” are not confined to his native land, he regards that admirable food, “stuffed heads of Bison, Antelope, and Deer” (2) without astonishment, thinking, no doubt, that the delicacy is thoroughly enjoyed by the inhabitants of the North Pole, or perhaps the Equator. He next turns his attention to some clever theatrical “properties,” which at first sight he imagines must have been supplied by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS as a reminiscence of a “rally” in the comic part of the last Drury Lane Pantomime (Cases 10 and 8), but which turn out to be contributions from Messrs. WEBB AND SONS, and the Family SUTTON. He is admiring these huge presentments of Vegetables, when a large painting on the wall, somewhat resembling the gigantic canvasses that once were wont to adorn the outsides of booths at a country-fair, attracts his attention. The picture represents a fat ox labelled with the prices to be charged for his joints and limbs. Adding up the various sums to be charged—7½d. for a leg, and so on—he finds that a whole ox can be secured for about eleven shillings! Passing the realms devoted to “cuttings from the joint,” he comes to “Class II.,” which consists of “Prepared Vegetables used as Food, including Tinned, Compressed, and Preserved Fruits and Vegetables, Bread, Butter, and Biscuits of all kinds, and Tobacco.” Here he can gloat for a good ten minutes upon all sorts of good things, from the simple acidulated drop up to the loftiest types of the idealised lollipop. On his left, noble specimens of wedding-cakes suggest that, after all, something may be said in favour of matrimony; while, on his right, he finds all sorts and conditions of biscuits. And here he is attracted to a little crowd of spectators, who seem to be hanging on the words of a gentleman who appears to be addressing them in a tone of the most fervid eloquence. The Health-seeker approaches the group, and catches a phrase now and then to the effect that something or other is “most digestible,” and that “one hundred go to the pound.” The attentive auditors follow with their glistening eyes the hand of this gentleman, which holds a plate. After a long harangue, the speaker distributes morsels of biscuit amongst his listeners, who thereupon immediately hurry away!

By this time the Health-seeker is ravenous. Still, as he has no right to test the culinary capabilities of the Exhibition at so early a period of his initial visit, he should take steps to assuage his hunger by some mode other than by consuming food. Fortunately, the means are at hand. All he has to do is to put his head into “89, Vegetarian Society” and regard the dinners being served to the revellers, and he will find a sensible diminution in his appetite. Coming to “Class IV.” the Health-seeker is provided with “beverages of all

kinds—(A) Alcoholic, (B) Non-alcoholic, (C) Infusions (tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, &c.).” Naturally he will not take any particular interest in the last section of this Class. As for the aerated waters, he will presume that they are one and all better than each other, and, if he believes their respective proprietors, he will be right. However, he will be much struck with one alcove which serves as the haunt of a Lady and some soda-water bottles. The Lady and her sparkling attendants rest under a shield bearing the simple but satisfactory legend “Purity.” Leaving the dairies and their occupants for another visit, and disregarding the seductive charms of non-alcoholic beverages such as Aromatic Ginger Ale (135), *Spécialité* Lime Juice (136), and the Original Sparkling Tonic Hedozone (138), he should turn his serious attention to the alcoholic drinks. He can scarcely do better than take the following doses in the cause of health, which may be aptly called—

#### LIQUOR PROGRAMME FOR A CONFIRMED INVALID.

(Compiled from the Sanitary Exhibits at South Kensington.)

1. A glass of IND, COOPE & Co.'s ale and stout mixed (123) to begin with.
2. A half-bottle of LIMA ET FILS champagne (128) just to get the palate into proper order.
3. A goblet of the pure wine of Amontillado (145) to appreciate its nutty quality.
4. Two or three specimens of the Eucalyptus Preparations by the Trappist Friars at the Tre Fontane, near Rome (147), as an experiment.
5. A pint of PEREGIAUX ET CIE. Champagne, “Grand Vin de Cabinet,” extra quality (151), a most admirable thirst-quencher.
6. And, to top up with—a bottle of “Original Plymouth Gin” (156).

Having consumed these excellent products of the Health Exhibition of 1884, the Invalid will be quite in a fit condition—“to go home to tea!”

*Useful Note to the Visitor.*—Wherever you see anything eatable being made,—say confectionery or cakes, or butter, or bread, and so forth, you have only to stand opposite the man who is making it, whatever it is, and stare at him, with your mouth open, and, if you only remain there long enough, you are sure to get a taste of it, or perhaps get it all. The man can't help it, he becomes quite mesmerised, and is forced to pop whatever edible he is concocting into your mouth. This is worth knowing, and has, perhaps, something to do with thought-reading.

#### THE WHITSUNTIDE RECESS.

(By a Town Mouse.)

FRIENDS asked me out of Town; they said the woodlands looked so fair,

And there was nothing half so good as healthful country air;

I weakly yielded—hard it is when folks politely press—

Oh, would that I had never known this Whitsuntide Recess!

I went into the Country, there the woods were green, no doubt,

But still a nasty nipping wind blew keenly in and out;

And what's the charm of leafy aisles, and Summer clouds of green,

With North-East winds to aggravate your liver and your spleen.

It was an old baronial hall at which I went to stay,

The sort of place that's full of draughts in quite the ancient way:

I felt inclined to wear my furs when up the stairs I'd tread,

With cyclones from each corridor careering round my head.

And then the garden full of flowers, and hay-scent on the breeze,

That brought just as a pleasant change the snuffle and the sneeze;

The while I read MACKENZIE'S page, and all the good it brings

Is nothing cures hay-fever like avoidance of such things.

We visited the village near, but nobody explained,

The picturesque abodes we saw were not too deeply drained;

The rivulet that rolled hard by looked ominously brown;

I thought, “I'll see what JENNER says when I get back to Town.”

Then home I fled, and talk no more of country life in June—

Give me the snug Club window through each changeful afternoon:

To long for more than London gives is imbecile and silly;

There's not a spot upon the earth so fair as Piccadilly.

THE *Fortnightly* has a fine musical organ, and has developed a capacity for vocalisation. There is no doubt about the tone of its “G” this month. At first there was some uncertainty as to whether it was the “Upper G” or not. One thing is certain, that “G” is not the initial letter of “Jingo.”

“And BISHOP draws us with a single wire!”—POPE, edited by Canon Harford.



### “À PROPOS!”

*Sententious Old Bachelor (in the course of conversation). “AS THE ‘OLD SAW’ HAS IT, MY DEAR MADAM, ‘MAN PROPOSES, BUT——’”*  
*Widow (promptly). “YES; BUT THAT’S JUST WHAT HE DOESN’T DO!”* [Tableau!]

### NOTHING IF NOT PRACTICAL;

OR, WHAT, NO DOUBT, IT WILL COME TO.

In the great reading-room of the British Museum, which was again yesterday afternoon, as on a previous occasion, forcibly seized for the purpose, Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN gave some further illustrations of the process now generally known as Happy Thought reading. It will be remembered that, some years since, two gentlemen foreshadowed, but only by some trivial and fruitless experiments, the great development that has taken place in the manifestation of this useful power to-day. The area in front of the Museum, as indeed every nook and cranny of the vast interior, was crowded with a surging and seething mass of the representatives of law, literature, science, calisthenics, art, wire-pulling, medicine, tight-rope dancing, steeple-chasing, and other kindred callings interested in the new discovery.

At the request of Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN, a Committee of Management was soon formed. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Messrs. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, the Proprietor of the Canterbury Hall, the Archbishop of YORK, the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade, and several other distinguished personages, who, having never seen or heard of the performer before, were above all suspicion of collusion, politely but eagerly volunteered for the office. Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN, having briefly explained that his system, which was conducted entirely by the sinews, the larger bones, and the aid of a vein or two, *could* only succeed when there was some practical purpose to serve, the first experiment, the hiding of a red-hot poker among a pile of mediæval manuscripts, was tried to the entire satisfaction of all present,—though Professor COLVIN, who happened to come in at the moment, and had not helped to place the article himself, was a little sceptical on the subject. He was, however, speedily, but good-humouredly, howled down. Some of the next essays were similar to those attempted on the previous day, though one of the subjects proved impracticable. The experimentalist having requested that some one might be selected to go out into Little George Street and fall the first policeman he met with a coal-hammer, and the choice of the Committee falling on the Lord Chief Justice, he showed no sign

of moving, and the matter came to a standstill. The medium being unable therefore to detect the crime, the commission of which was thus “unsympathetically” frustrated, a similar result followed with a Royal Duke, who declined to get into a Bayswater omnibus and leave it without paying after stealing a fellow passenger’s umbrella. The refusals led to some protest on the part of the principal, who remarked hotly once or twice, waving his arms about as if in deep grief, “If these gentlemen go against me in this fashion, I cannot possibly do it. I have no effect on stones.” A third trial was however made, and with marked success. The Proprietor of a Travelling Circus, who subsequently requested his name might be suppressed, proved more “sympathetic.” For relieving one of the Committee suddenly of his watch, purse, and handkerchief, without any warning, he was quickly detected by the experimenter, and given into custody on the spot, amidst the vociferous cheers of the audience.

But now came the chief experiment of the day. The trial which excited the greatest interest, though in its ultimate results not so satisfactory as many of the others, was the discovery of half-a-hundredweight of dynamite within a radius of five miles of the Museum. It was agreed that the LORD CHANCELLOR, being a good subject, should secrete the explosive, Professor HOLDERNESS and a well-known Conservative Member of Parliament accompanying him, rather reluctantly, as witnesses. On their return, which occasioned some surprise and a good deal of merriment, a coal-sack was put over the head of Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN, and he was forthwith attached to the LORD CHANCELLOR—who, to lend *éclat* and respectability to this curious manifestation, kindly consented to put on his official robes—by a hundred and fifty yards of one-inch steel-rope. With a sudden and almost frightening rapidity of movement, that at first several times repeatedly pulled the LORD CHANCELLOR off his legs, the experimenter made a dash straight in the direction of New Oxford Street, followed by the whole of the scientific assemblage, yelling with delight, and in his course catching the legs and tripping up the casual wayfarers, who seemed too astonished at the novel proceeding to call a policeman to their assistance.

But now the most exciting part of the proceedings had arrived; for, tearing down Regent Street in the direction of the House of Commons, the entangling coils of the steel-rope, seriously at





"THE ANGEL IN 'THE HOUSE;'" OR, THE RESULT OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

(A Troubled Dream of the Future.)

times interfering with the omnibus and cab traffic, and causing some ugly, though not unamusing accidents at sudden turns and corners, Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN dragged after him the now perspiring Chancellor more furiously than ever. The scene down Parliament Street, owing to the presence of a strong force of mounted police, called out by the Authorities for the purpose of keeping the uproarious spirits of the Representative Committee somewhat in check, was quite remarkable. A brisk discussion, too, arose opposite the Treasury, at which point several Members of the Government, returning from a Cabinet Council, were inadvertently caught in the steel-rope, and hurried along, helplessly protesting, and with the loss of their hats, in the direction of Palace Yard.

At this moment, a tremendous explosion, which appeared to come from the House itself, arrested the progress of the party; Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN simultaneously removing the coal-sack from his head, and saying that he feared something had gone wrong with the conditions, inquired of the LORD CHANCELLOR where he had

deposited the object to be concealed. The prompt reply, "Under the Woolsack" was the signal for a shout of laughter; but when it transpired, as it subsequently did, by the immediate rush of eight-and-twenty fire-engines, that, owing to the carelessness of an Official, the dynamite had gone off rather earlier than was expected, there were some signs of disappointment. The Horse Guards having now turned out, and cleared the street as far as Charing Cross with the flat side of their sabres, Mr. NORTHUMBERLAND DEAN acknowledged that, with some persons, it was absolutely impossible to divine their thoughts or their motives.

As a last experiment, to illustrate the detection of crime, the Chairman of the North-Eastern Banking Company was held, against his will, under water in one of the fountains by several members of the Representative Committee, but the experimenter, who expressed himself as much overstrung and fatigued, declined either to look for him, or even to assist in pulling him out.

The proceedings then terminated.



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

On "Called Back" at the Prince's.

DEAR KENDAL,

LOVE TO HARE—I should say FAIRS—but as your senior partner is just now free to go about and see everything, I don't write to him. You have to stay at the theatre, and do the "Ironmongering" business, which, I hear, is producing eminently satisfactory results. My compliments to your, talented wife, on her admirable impersonation of real presence of mind, when those dastardly Dynamitards caused such a shock in your neighbourhood. However,



Mr. Kyrle Bellew, in his celebrated imitation of the late Charles Kean as Louis dei Franchi, with a dash of the present Henry Irving.

done. Next I didn't believe that a good Play could be made out of the novel; and this hasn't been done. As your partner JOHN HARE would say, with all the fun of the Fairs, "It may be *Called Back* or *Called a Tale*, but it can't be called a really good Play."

And, mind you, JOHN HARE would be, as I need hardly say he always is, correct. Those who have read the book will go to see the Play, just to "see how it is done," and those who haven't read the book will see the Play and then order the novel,—so it's good for the bookseller anyhow; but neither the first nor second division of the above-mentioned Playgoers will, I fancy, pay it a second visit, because there is nothing whatever to attract them either in the acting or in the *mise-en-scène*. Between ourselves, I don't think much of your *Ironmonger* as a Play. It was better left as the *Maître de Forges*. But there is acting in that which people would go twice to see,—need I say to whose acting I allude? No, I need not. So, don't blush as you read this.



Miss Lingard as Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni,"—without the music.

is the Prologue, which, though it will not bear critical examination, is thoroughly dramatic, and so whets the appetite for sensationalism that the audience, like *Oliver*, "asks for more," and, also like *Oliver*, doesn't get it. With the Prologue the interest virtually ceases, and it says much for Mr. COMYNS CARR's dramatic craftiness and for Mr. BEERBOHM-Tree's ability, that Author and Actor are able to detain a far from enthusiastic audience in their seats, up to the fall of the Curtain on the final situation in the last Act, for the

sole purpose of seeing what becomes of *Paolo Macari*, and whether he is killed by a determined little conspirator of the name of *Petroff*, who goes about like a Guy Fawkes out of work, in a very bad hat, and with a long carving-knife gleaming from out of the folds of a regular *décrochez-moi-ça* conspirator's cloak.

If little *Peter Petroff*'s character were only half as bad as his hat poor *Paolo Beerbohm Macari* wouldn't stand a chance. But—will you believe it?—*Petroff* doesn't kill *Macari*. No!—the audience has waited for this to be done—it is all they ask, it is all they want, and then they will go home satisfied to bed,—but no!—*Peter Petroff* only glides in from behind a pillar,—he has been visible to every one except poor *Beerbohm Macari* for about half an hour before, or at least his shadow has, on the tops of the trees (somehow) in the garden below,—and slowly producing his inconvenient carving-knife, he utters in a sepulchral tone some strange word sounding like "Walk-ar!" which makes poor *Paolo* shrink and stagger, and then—down goes the Curtain, and that's all.

The audience, certain that this can't be the finish, or, if so, "they'll know the reason why," applauds, for the sake of getting the Curtain up again,—when they expect to see the Stage cleared of such encumbrances as the Ladies must be on such an occasion, and to hear *Paolo*'s death-cry, as he sinks on the ground, while little *Peter Petroff* shall be seen wiping his knife on the old Guy Fawkes hat, as he once more mutters the awful word "Walk-ar!" and turns on his heel. That is the sort of Tableau that you and JOHN HARE (even



Last Act.—Dumb-Crambo Entertainment, as given by the celebrated Anson-Ceneri Troupe before a very select audience. Evening parties attended. The subject is "March Past—a Review."

without our dear old Sir ANTHONY PINERO) would have arranged at the St. James's, eh? But Messrs. COMYNS CARR and CONWAY and BRUCE, and the whole lot of 'em, have missed the tip (which, if you show them this letter, they will now seize with avidity) and, even when the Curtain rises again, that stupid little *Petroff* is as far off as ever from killing *Beerbohm Macari*, who is shrinking and squirming with all his might and main, there being nothing else for him to do except bolt, and COMYNS CARR and CONWAY won't let him do that.

At that supreme moment no one wants to see Mr. KYRLE BELLEW, Miss LINGARD, Mr. LETHCOURT, and Miss TILBURY. As long as the Ladies are present, little *Petroff*, who, though a bloodthirsty conspirator, is evidently innately polite, is completely paralysed. As long as those Ladies stay there, *Macari* is safe. In fact, he would be all right, if, taking advantage of their presence, he were to bolt by the side-door, locking it after him, or if he jumped down into the garden; as the chances would be against *Peter Petroff* making anything of a shot at him with his carving-knife from a great distance, unless he happened to be well up in the Japanese dagger-throwing trick, of which proficiency, however, no mention has been made in any earlier part of the piece.

So much for the finish, which is nearly as weak as the commencement is strong. There is plenty of comic relief in the piece, however, in the Second Act, when Mr. KYRLE BELLEW calls on Mr. ANSON, who, as *Dr. Ceneri*, has been sent to prison in Siberia. Of this place Messrs. CARR and CONWAY have evidently made a close study,—it would have resulted in a closer study had they been caught. They probably adopted Mr. BANCROFT's admirable plan of going to the place where the scene of your piece is laid, and bringing back with you the local colour. Mr. BANCROFT, to produce *The Ravals*, went to Bath; Messrs. CARR, CONWAY, and BRUCE went of course to Siberia, and brought back a fortress and prisoners, a Prisoner's Comic Song and Chorus, some old shoes, warm coats, and plenty of "padding" for an entire Act.

The pantomime business in this scene reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. Mr. ANSON is admirable, and the way in which he won't tell anything, and has spasms and something to drink, and then more spasms, and then more something-to-drink, and so contrives to eke out the Act, until he dies with the secret of the fifth Act still about him, is highly praiseworthy.

But you ask me what is the interest of the piece? Well, there it is; that's just it. After the First Act, hardly any. A blind man recovers his sight, a girl goes crazy only to get all right again, and Mr. BELLEW travels from Hampstead to Siberia, *via* Soho, to learn something from Dr. Ceneri, whom he has no more reason to believe than he has *Macari* or *Petroff*, or any of the lot; and as he was far more likely to have trusted *Miss Pauline March*, he had better have waited for her recovery,—for he couldn't marry her as long as she was a lunatic, unless he had lost his own senses just to keep her company,—or made use of the supernatural thought-reading which is useful in its place in the book, but is absolutely valueless except for exhibiting a sort of *tableau vivant* of the talented *Anson Ceneri rroupe*, in their clever drawing-room entertainment, entitled *Mad as a March Hare*—all in one scene, with no one except *Pauline* and *Macari* as audience to guess it!

Have you seen Mr. KYRLE BELLEW lately? No? Well, then you would be delighted with him. So would partner HARE. Do you

remember CHARLES KEAN? Just. Good: then I never saw anybody more like CHARLES KEAN as *Louis dei Franchi* than Mr. KYRLE BELLEW in evening dress, in the Second Act of *Called Back*, that is, as long as he is standing still; but the instant he moves, he is HENRY IRVING compressed. Yet—what can you want more? two single Tragedians rolled into one, *i.e.*, the late CHARLES KEAN and the present HENRY IRVING all in one pocket-companion Artist! Then his impersonation of blindness! my! that *will* thrill you! If it be true that “none are so blind as those who *won't* see,” you can just imagine how hopelessly stark staringly blind is Mr. KYRLE BELLEW. I think your Mr. HENLEY could do all the Irving business just as well, but not the Charles Kean department.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's is a remarkable performance as the Italian Squirmer, *Paolo Macari*. He is an instance of how one may “smile and smile, and be a villain,”—only he couldn't be a villain unless he *did* smile and smile. He gets on in life, and is an example of “Self-Help by Smiles”; and he is more and more squirmingly villainous every time I see him. Authors, when you're writing a part for this gentleman, “spare that TREE,” and don't give him another foreign villain to play. But that Dr. *Anson Ceneri* and the other conspirators are the simplest creatures possible, *Beer-bohm Macari* would have had no sort of chance of being trusted as a brother-conspirator, though he might have very easily got an engagement as one of the *Girard Troupe*, and have gone round the country in his celebrated “Corkscrew Contortionist Act” most successfully.

*Au revoir!* Strike while the Ironmonger's hot, but hear,—from

NIBBS.

### BOOTIFUL OR BOOTHIFUL.

THE following extraordinary Advertisement appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*:—

**BOOTSHOP.**—WANTED, a YOUNG LADY for the above for Hastings. A thorough Christian. Salvation Army preferred. Wages about 25s.—Apply by letter, Temptation Warehouse, —.

We are by no means certain that a Salvationist Young Lady would be an acquisition to the trying-on room of a boot-shop. She might be seized with a desire to play the concertina or thump the tambourine, or exhort her customers when she had either taken off their own shoes so that they could not leave, or put them into a pair of tight boots so that they were unable to move. And what, pray, is a “Temptation Warehouse”? Eh?

### A CHAT WITH THE KING OF THE MAORIES; OR, HOW THEY INTERVIEW NOWADAYS.

IMMEDIATELY on hearing that TALKAWAYO, the Maori King, was coming to this country, we sent off—as we usually do—a Member of our Staff to have a quiet conversation with him. The result of the interview, as far as we can gather from incoherent sentences dropped by our Correspondent, is as follows; but as he is at present in the Plymouth Hospital, and is only at intervals conscious, it is difficult to extract a connected narrative out of him. If he ever gets well again, he intends to prosecute King TALKAWAYO for *trying to eat him!*

#### APPEARANCE OF THE KING.

TALKAWAYO is a singularly athletic monarch. His agility in jumping on a prostrate adversary and his development of biceps are, I should imagine from recent experience, quite extraordinary. When I entered his Cabin the New Zealand King was lying on a sofa, and I had the opportunity of observing the singularly mild and benevolent aspect of his countenance. When much excited, the tattoo-marks all over his face become absolutely livid. The sole remnant of barbaric display that I noticed about him was an overcoat made of dried scalps stitched together, and fastened on the breast by a couple of bones, which the King sometimes detaches when he desires to practise a new tune on his favourite musical instruments. He carries a rather thick club ornamented with sharks' teeth, which at an early moment of our interview I managed to hide in a convenient corner under pretence of admiring it, and I attribute my subsequent escape from sudden death entirely to this innocent stratagem.

#### WHAT HE HAS COME TO ENGLAND FOR.

“What is your object in visiting our shores?” I asked him, in my choicest New Zealand *patois*.

The Native Interpreter here interposed somewhat nervously, and told me I had better not pursue that line of interrogation. He had known TALKAWAYO skin people alive for calling him an “object.” I hastened to assure the Interpreter that he had misunderstood me, and continued pleasantly—

“Do you expect to have a satisfactory interview with the Authorities at the Colonial Office?”

I was gratified to find that the King understood *this* question, as he smacked his lips, and said something about “liking them boiled best.”

“Ha, ha! A good joke!” I replied, thinking it as well to humour him; “but you mustn't let people mistake you for the King of the Cannibal Islands, you know,” I added, thinking that a harmless jest might tickle his Royal fancy.

The next moment I regretted my imprudence! Seizing me by the hair of my head—But the Editor requests me to draw a veil over the ensuing scene, so I will merely remark that I am convinced TALKAWAYO would have lunched on me raw if I had not been rescued by the combined efforts of the Steward, the Bo'sun's Mate, and the Cabin Boy.

#### TALKAWAYO'S RETINUE.

After having brandy and other restoratives administered to me in the State Cabin, I managed to crawl on deck. There I found the Chiefs who had accompanied the King to England. Their names, as pronounced to me by the Cabin-Boy, are TOPIA COPIA, HURRI UFA-CUPA, PATTERA TEACAKI, and HI TALLYHOAWOA, all of them, so I was assured, being household words in New Zealand.

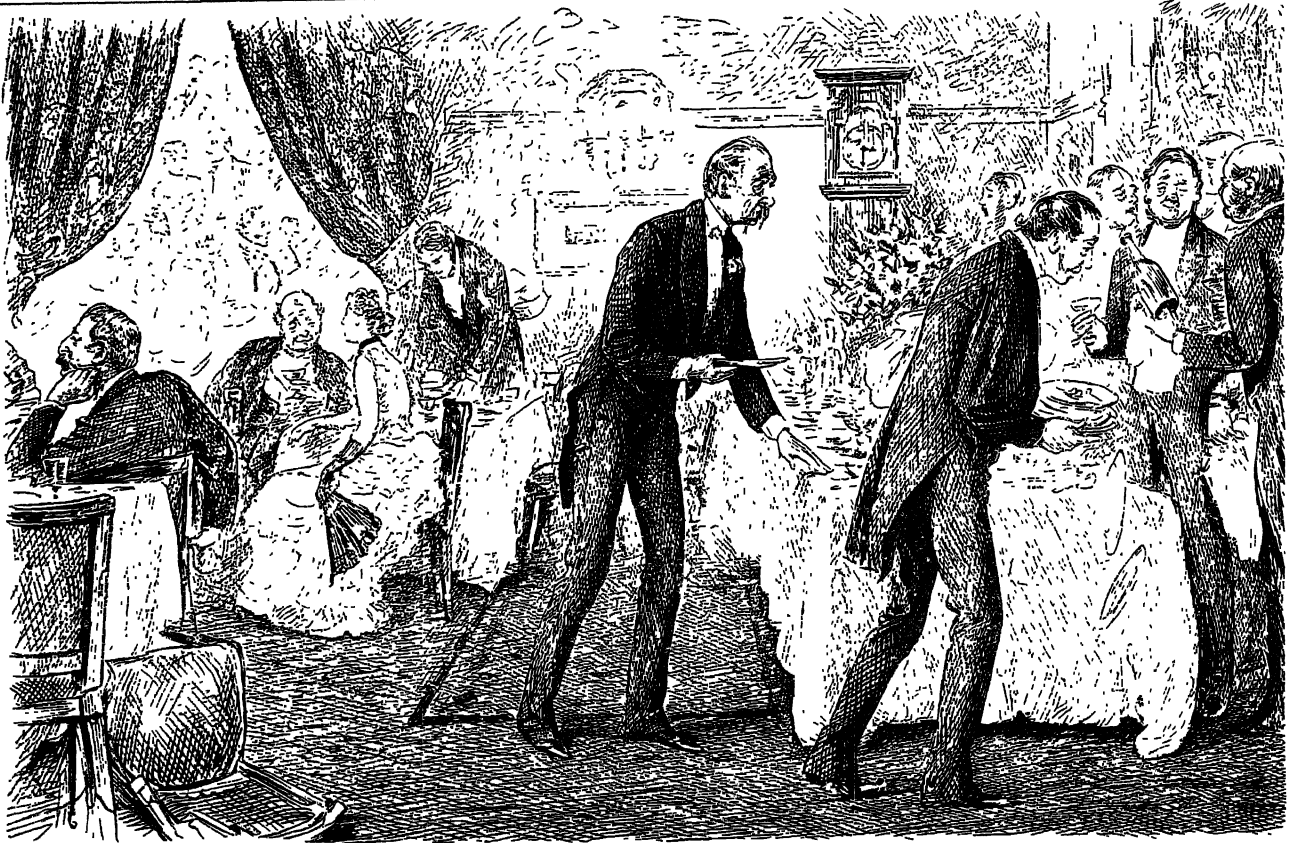
“How do you like England as far as you've got?” I asked of one of these noble savages.

His reply, couched in the vigorous vernacular, is difficult to reproduce in English, but is practically equivalent to “Kind out!” I may mention that I experienced at once a friendly feeling towards PATTERA TEACAKI, as he had been the Editor of the New Zealand newspaper, *Hookeyoi*. He told me, however, that he had given up journalistic pursuits since his type had been smashed and most of his compositors scalped by the Editor of a rival paper called the *Walkeroi*.

#### HOW THE INTERVIEW ENDED.

I could not, as you will see, gather from this remarkably taciturn band their object in visiting England, but the Cabin Boy informed me that it was connected with an error in the number of kegs of whiskey which had been given the monarch fifteen years ago by the “New Zealand Nigger Expropriation Company” for the whole of his territory in fee simple.

Since that time TALKAWAYO and suite have all taken the Blue Ribbon. Intending to make myself pleasant to poor old TEACAKI, I asked him in a jocular manner, “whose Blue Ribbon it was that *he* took.” It must have been my pronunciation of the Maori language which irritated him; for before I knew where I was, I found myself, by an incredibly adroit movement of TEACAKI's foot, hoisted over the side of the vessel. Since then I have felt both morally and physically unable to gather any more information about the Maori King and his companions.



### THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns at Home—"Early and Late.")

Mr. P. de T. (to the Waiters). "WOULD YOU MIND, ONE OF YOU, BEING SO VERY KIND AS JUST TO GIVE ME THE LEG OF A FOWL, OR SOMETHING. I'M—I'M THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE."

### THE TALKING OAK.

(Not Tennyson's.)

"MR. GLADSTONE, at Hawarden, on Wednesday last, assisted in felling an oak eight feet in circumference. The PREMIER threw off hat, collar, tie, coat, and vest, and his braces hung by his side in true woodcutter's style. A large number of spectators were present, and many of them carried away chips as mementoes of the occasion."—*Newspaper Report.*

WELL struck! I totter to my fall.

You're still in prime condition,  
Turned seventy-four! Here's  
what I call

The true "Health Exhibition."

An exhibition—lend your ear,

You take a hint with meek-  
ness!—

Of wondrous strength, but still

I fear

Of just as wondrous weakness.

I hear no malice for your blow,

No, bless your flying braces!

But how about the public Show

Your grand old figure graces!

Graces? Well, is it quite the  
word?

And does there not steal over  
you

A sort of sense of the absurd,

When people thus discover you?

Aught stagey you could never

brook,

But garments chucked at ran-  
dom,

And garnered chips, do they not  
look

A little *ad captandum*?

Those chips, those braces flying  
wide,

Would irk, had you a touch of  
That large praise-spurning Roman  
pride

Great MARCIUS had too much of.

They say I type the English realm,  
Slow-growing, stout, and steady,

At least the steersman at her  
helm

Should not be vain or heady.

I would not say you are so! No!  
But though there's good in  
clearances,

There's more in making timber  
grow,

And something in appearances.

To seem on show is *infra dig.*

For Statesman sage and sober.

Wilt take the hint, brave man and  
big,

From falling *Quercus robur*?

### THERE WE WERE AGAIN!

(By a Wits-untied Holiday-Maker.)

WHAT a mad time for a holiday is just past! The very name is suggestive of lunacy—"The Wits-untied Holidays!" As the poet, no matter what poet, sings—

Be Christmas, Easter, Midsummer enj'y'd  
But give us still our madcap Wits-untied!

And so naturally off I went. Where to? Where is there so much change to be obtained (and parted with) in a short time as in Paris? That's the place. An easy stage, *per* London, Chatham and Dover, at 10 A.M. from Victoria, with forty minutes of first-rate *buffet* at Calais, and then arrive in Paris at 8 P.M. By nine you are ready to saunter out of the Grand Hotel, and to give to the Parisians a treat on the Boulevards. If a fine and warm night, and all the world merry-making, as *tout le monde* must be at the Wits-untied season, you will take a *voiture*, drive to the Elysian Fields, and dine there *à fresco*. If wet, you will go to your favourite Restaurant and restore yourself.

*Notes En Voyage.*—If you want to thoroughly enjoy a holiday, *always take work with you, and—don't do it.* No matter what work it be—accounts to make up, letters to answer, studies, literature, sketches to make, take all the materials with you, and unpack them if you like; look at them every morning if you like; but—use them? No.

*En Voyage.*—In a private cabin. Here I retire, in case the stormy winds should blo-o-ow. Here I lie, full length, and wonder whether . . . or if . . . ah! well, it may not be so bad, after all. But what mockery when I am in this state to read this notice:—"Messieurs les Voyageurs sont très instamment priés de NE POINT FUMER dans les cabines." *Ne point fumer!* and printed in capitals, too! *Fumer!* I'd as soon think of asking for boiled pork and a raspberry-jam omelette. The idea of "smoking" here . . . and now . . . Ugh! I must look so like smoking at this moment. Oh!!

*Proverbial Philosophy in the Grand Hotel.*—The Lift, like Love, makes all places alike.



## THE DYNAMITE SKUNK.

MR. BULL. "HI! BROTHER JONATHAN! CAN'T YOU PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN ON *THAT BEAST?*"





The different ways visitors have of entering a *salle à manger* are well worth noting. Some come in as if quite surprised to see anybody there. Some always appear to be looking for a friend, and others enter frowning and grasping a walking-stick as if they were trying to find someone who had insulted them, or were prepared to lay violent hands on a seat, turn anybody out, and have a row there and then. Some come in timidly; some come in curiously; some disdainfully, these generally are elegantly-dressed Ladies with *pince-nez*, who survey the company as if to see whether it's good enough for them, as, if not, they'll demand their five francs back again. Some come in merrily, chattering all the time,—these are French people out for a holiday; some come in heavily, but all come in hungrily.

I like Manager BLUM's Babel Hotel. You enter as an individual, and suddenly—you become a number! Yes, a number, or rather, numbered, like a convict, or a song in a Music-hall programme, as it used to be in the good old days of EVANS'S. You are, for example, "No. 372 in the Books," and thenceforth you are left to yourself and to your attendants on your own particular *étage*.

At the Meissonnier Exhibition in the Rue de Sèze.—Open at nine, and crowded immediately. There is only one

way of seeing these pictures, and that is to begin with the first one in the right or left-hand corner, and then, *rasant le mur*, to keep your nose to the frames, and move at the rate of an eighth of a mile per hour. Do



The Work of Art which was concealed.

not, out of any mistaken politeness, give way for one moment to anyone, no matter how fair, how young, how fragile, or how old. *La politesse c'est la faiblesse*. The Old Guard must never yield,

"*Ars est celare artem*," or, Inspecting a Meissonnier.

even at the risk of being considered the old black-guard; that is, if he really wants to do his MEISSONNIER thoroughly, and has only a few short hours to do it in.

I should say that two spooney people would find splendid opportunities for whispering numberless soft somethings to one another;

and were it now the fashion to wear big bonnets instead of high hats—well, in that case, if many such couples visited this Gallery, the Amateur of Art would have no chance of studying MEISSONNIER. Wonderful Art these pictures—so small, and yet so big! Such dramatic force and character, and such rare humour, as in the "*Polichinelle assis*,"—he is very fond of Polichinelles,—"*Le Vin du Curé*," and, among others, the young fellow reading an important letter to his intimate friend, and asking his advice. This last,—I cannot recall the title at the moment,—is admirable in every way. Of course, no one visiting Paris will fail to assist in celebrating "*les Noces d'Or de l'Artiste avec son Pinceau*,"—and the golden results are for the benefit of the Night Refugees of Paris.



Real Art: Two Amateurs (or Amatores) deeply interested in examining a Meissonnier.

Went to see *Le Député de Bombignac* at the Français. New piece in three Acts, with two first-rate parts for the two COQUELLINS; the other *dramatis personæ* being mere "supporters," or "feeders." It is founded on the same idea as *Le Mari à la Campagne*, but is nothing like so good. Who is responsible for the Stage Management of this new piece at the Français? The chairs and tables are placed across the stage in a straight line; the Actors get as often as ever they possibly can into a row, as if they were saying a lesson, their only Stage business apparently being to get out of it again. The poses are theatrical, and overdone. *Les deux COQUELLINS* are excellent, but the art in the piece is too apparent, and you never for one moment are allowed to forget that the Actors are merely acting. I haven't retained the bill nor the names, but the exception to this rule was the Actor who played a Country Gentleman, and he seemed to me to be particularly good. The piece is unnecessarily spun out: much dialogue, little action, and situations not strikingly original or very strong. To make an international epigrammatic pun, the piece struck me as all COQUELLIN and "No GOR."

*Trois Femmes pour un Mari*, at the Cluny, is immensely funny. This out-of-the-way theatre,—where *Le Juif Polonais* was originally produced, which, being translated into *The Bells*, led Colonel BATEMAN to discover IRVING as *Mathias*—was crowded even on one of the most sweltering nights that just preceded the Wits-untied holiday. Well worth a visit.

*Whitsunday*. Paris is very, very full. There is just room enough for me. One more person, and Paris would be overcrowded. As to pace, either on the roads or along the streets, that is impossible. You can crawl or drive, very leisurely, or you can "sit out," with or without a partner; but walking, by way of exercise, is impracticable. Besides it's a holiday, and who wants exercise?

*Philological Note*.—When the English traveller can, in ordinary conversation with the natives, put *dis donc, tiens, tenez, alors, bon, parfaitement, à la bonne heure*, and just a few other words, in their right places and quite naturally, then he may begin to consider that he is in a fair way to acquire some real knowledge of the French language.

*At the Sign of the Golden Lion*.—A wonderful place is M. REIGNARD's hostelry "*Au Lyon d'Or*," the Restoration of a Renaissance of the Renaissance period, occupying the site of the Hôtel du Helder—and something more, but as I only saw it at night, and, it being rainy, got inside as quickly as possible, I am unable to say, from one visit, whether the Lyon d'Or includes my old friend the Helder, or whether the Helder includes the Lion. At all events the latter is the more modern, and the former remains the H-elder institution. Everything in the Lyon d'Or is of the Renaissance time—except the food, which is of the latest and best style, and the drink, which is, some of it, of the oldest or the best vintage. Decidedly *Vive Pommery* of '74! The decanters are of Mediæval pattern, but there has been no trifling with the Champagne bottles, which are of the usual make. A Lafitte first, or a good Pontet-Canet with age on it, and then ask mine host of the Lyon d'Or to give you his Pommery, and not too cold, no matter how warm the weather may be. As good a dinner as you'll get in Paris, and perfectly served, is to be obtained at the Lyon d'Or. I don't say the Lion is a cheap animal. No: to perpetrate an international *jeu de mot*, I should say "*The Lion's cher*." To drop into poetry—

You'll spend some hundred francs and more,  
On dinner for three at the "*Lyon d'Or*."

But it is worth it—even without the tapestry and the Renaissance glass and flagons, and queer-shaped knives. I regret that I have not the details of that simple repast by me,—for I left the bill behind me,—which suggests another song, "*The Bill I left behind me!*"—but it was paid. The Ballads of the Restaurants have yet to be written. But when? After the dinners, or before them?

*Àvis aux Voyageurs*.—When in doubt, dine at the Lyon d'Or. As a rule, order beforehand; this will apply equally to the Café Anglais, Ledoyen's, or the Café des Ambassadeurs. At this latter place, if the weather be as hot as it was just a fortnight ago, select a corner of the terrace facing the stage where the sweet singers and dancers afterwards appear, and you will have plenty of amusement for your money,—and all in the open air. What simple, primitive tastes!

My excellent countrymen, ay, and—ahem! my countrywomen, too, who at home decry the Music-hall entertainments and Music-hall songs, here revel in this sort of thing, and go into ecstasies over the tom-fooleries of the men in women's dresses, and roar with laughter at the vastly witty songs which, I venture to say, not one Englishman in twenty rightly understands.

M. PAULUS is *chez lui* here, and far better than he was at the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square. *Tiens!* what an audience! Crowded, shouting, applauding, and joining in the choruses! but then it was a *fête* day, and a considerable number of them had been to the races; and altogether I should say that His Grace of CANTERBURY and Lord SHARFESBURY would have been highly delighted with this happy termination to the well-spent Sunday that commenced the festival of Our Wits-untied Holidays.



### WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH!

"LOOK HERE, SIRR! OI SENT YE THIS JOKE. IT WAS SAID BY MY OWN LITTLE GIRL!—A LITTLE ANGEL IN BLUE, SIRR! AND YOU'VE GONE AND MADE HER A LITTLE BOY IN A WHITE AND BLACK CHECK! WHAT D'YE MEAN BY THAT, SIRR?"

"I—I—I'M VERY SORRY. I DREW HER A LITTLE GIRL, B-B-BUT IT'S THE ENGRAVER, YOU KNOW. HE WENT AND ENGRAVED HER INTO A LITTLE BOY, AND PRINTED A BLACK AND WHITE CHECK INSTEAD OF A NICE SKY-BLUE FROCK, SUCH AS YOU DESCRIBED." [Gives Engraver's Name and Address.]

### THE GRAND PRIZE À L'ANGLAISE.

From Our Rédacteur Hippique.—À l'Anglaise is the way to do it, and "Down with l'Anglais!" is the cry to take up. Contradictory, but Gallic. Logic is our great gift; that's why it has always been a logic of our own. À l'Anglaise—bien! and I hire my mail-cart, painted red, to be dans le mouvement, and not tricolor, as too ardent patriots like M. DÉROULEDE suggested. Wound a green veil round my white hat, and put some lobster-claws in my pocket, in case I should meet an Englishman who might tell me what to do with them.

Sur la Road.—The worst of it is that it isn't long enough. And we do it every day. We must get that horrid Radical Municipal Council to give us some Ups and Downs for the Grand Prize. There are no Grand Prizes without Epsome Ups and Downs. It is a dangerous pinnacle the boxing-seat of a mail-cart, and I find it difficult to acquire an accurate idea of the odds and evens on Little Duck while holding on with both hands. The green veil makes my lady friends, LOLOTTE (of the Insanités), and POROTTE (of the Insipidités), imagine I am becoming stone-blind—though why "stone," unless it has something to do with rolling—rolling stone, rolling eye, you know—je n'en sais rien. Is it à l'Anglaise to wear one's veil down?

On the Course.—Grand Stand Something to drink—which seems to be the correct description, so far as I can gather from the conversation of the Englishmen about. Where are the Bookmakers?—awfully low people with lots of money, but they don't make books. There's a Milord next me who has made a book, but he doesn't look like a person who would cry out, "Voyez la côte! voyez la côte!" and take your five francs on Leetle Dock, and be half-way to Paris when you come back for your odds, or evens—or stakes—though why stakes, which would seem to be exclusively connected with beefs, je n'en sais rien. I find a real bookmaker, an English one, and I bet with an Englishman against the English horses. Gladiateur was the revanche de Waterloo. Leetle Dock shall be my revanche d'Egypte.

Lonch.—But before you do anything serious à l'Anglaise, you must lonch.

We have made preparations for lonching, lonching à l'Anglaise, in the very pschutt-est form going. And so there is nothing in the hampers but raw beef, mustard, pickles, Extra-Pale-Ale-Ind-Coope-Alsopp (the chic-est brand out, they tell me in the Rue d'Amsterdam, where they have a rude insular habit of [winking behind the Gaul's back], and that, with rhubarb-tart and strong Cheshire fromage, rather startles the untravelled friends who have vulgarly breakfasted at twelve, before coming.

First Course: Beef. It is rosy to look at, but I would vastly prefer bouilli. Still it gives a man stamina, and— and pluck they call it; though why pluck for courage, when plucking is chiefly associated with pigeons, je n'en sais rien. Second Course: Mustard and pickles. They're a retraite aux flambeaux in bottles, but there are other bottles to extinguish them. Third Course: Pale Ale-Ind-Coope-Alsopp. I am at my third, and they say Leetle Dock is running, or Saint Gatien, or—which is the French one? Will somebody hold my head? Oh, plus de courses of any kind, à l'Anglaise, or any other way. For—when you come to think—of it—they're all English—bred—born—ridden—and—put me inside the mail-cart.

### SONG—TO CATARRH ACCOMPANIMENT.

(Dedicated to Morell Mackenzie, M.D., Author of "Hay Fever," by a Sufferer.)

O LEAFY month of June, whom COLERIDGE glorified,  
My hate of thee in verse shall find a sad vent!  
Voicing the woes of many victims, horrified  
At thy black advent!

Oh yes, I know thou'rt green, as songs say, verdant;  
To youth, and larks, and other wild things, welcome;  
But then I'm not a boy or girl, lamb, bird, ant;  
With thy sweet smell come,

To me, long hours of pain and tribulation.  
Praise of thy fragrances is unbecoming  
One whose stern destiny is sternutation  
Unintermitting.

Oh, out upon thy hayfields, and thy roses!  
(Thy victims cry, if Nature kind gave them brains,)  
They only serve to irritate our noses,  
And mucous membranes!

For now we know, thanks to MORELL MACKENZIE,  
MOORE, and the Teuton PHŒBUS (scarce a boon to us!),  
The causes of the paroxysmal frenzy  
That comes with June to us.

Know that what makes each eye a running rill,  
And leaves each nose preposterously swollen,  
Like a prizefighter's after a long "mill,"  
Is simply pollen!

Felix qui potuit rerum—so it goes;  
And gratitude of some sort, I suppose, is  
Due to the savants who subject one's nose  
To diagnosis.

Would VIRGIL though have found perpetual sneezes,  
Headache, and streaming optics more endurable  
From knowledge of their cause, when the disease is  
Found quite incurable?

No prophylactic comes from Dr. PHŒBUS  
For swollen eyes and nose-tip like red coral.  
"Insoluble—like the most Sphinxian rebus!"  
Seems MORELL's moral!

Nor is there comfort much to my poor mind  
In learning that Hay Fever lays its tax on  
Only the folk—poor creatures!—who're refined,  
And Anglo-Saxon!

I love the Rose—oh, passion void and vain!—  
But, though most loyal to the garden's Beauty,  
To die of her in fierce asthmatic pain  
Seems a hard duty.

Hayfields are sweet, but oh, be not deceived!  
For their effects specifics prove all sham.  
Glykaline cures them not, they're not relieved  
By Alkaram!

My case is hopeless; that is now, I fear,  
A MORRELL certainty. I await the issue,  
Which I suspect will be—oh!—ah!!—oh dear!!!—  
Will be—Ah-tiss-hoo!!!!



# PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 15: THURSDAY EVENING AT THE HEATHENRYES.

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday Night, June 5.*—Back after the Whitsun holidays; at least some of us. Our Leaders unanimously concluded to extend holiday.

"Didn't go to the Derby, but shall stay over for the Oaks," GLADSTONE writes to me. "Had regular Haward'n yesterday. Even with assistance of W. H., couldn't manage it under three hours."

At the top of note humorous sketch of W. E. G. with coat, waistcoat, and hat off, shirt loosened at throat, braces hanging down at sides, wielding an axe. Old 'un evidently in high spirits.

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE peeped in about half-past six, just to see if RANDOLPH was there; found he wasn't; joyfully disappeared. RANDOLPH still ruminating in Paris.

"When I take holiday, TOBY," he said on eve of departure, "what I like is thorough rest and change of scene. Life frisky enough in London. When holiday comes, like to retire to quiet place, no distractions, where stream hums through leafy dells, where skies are blue, grass green, and trees leafy, where you go to bed early, rise late, and eat Vienna bread, soothed by murmur of innumerable bees. So I came to Paris."

MR. PARNELL in Ireland buying land for honest peasantry. This greatly reduces number of our Leaders. Scarcely any left except ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and JIMMY LOWTHER. A. B. interrogative as usual. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE wants notice of question, as customary. JIMMY on Front Bench has high old time. Falls naturally into attitude of Leader of Opposition; follows up Lord EDMOND with awkward questions put with childlike blandness. With consummate art seats himself between SELWYN-IBBETSON and SOLATER-BOOTH, who throw around him quite unaccustomed halo of dull respectability. Wish we saw more of him.

Next to Right Honourable Gentleman, PETER enjoyed himself most through long Sitting. Civil Service Estimates on. Question about "Supply of furniture to the various public offices, the Courts of Law in England and Wales inclusive of fixtures and fittings." Here wild field for dissertation through which PETER roved in boundless delight. Hasn't had such a time for seven years.

JOSEPH GILLIS sitting on solitary watch-tower below Gangway, "like a rusty raven forsaken of companions," as HARCOURT says. JOSEPH's gloom deepened as one by one Votes were passed. "£290 for supply of additional racks at the Foreign Office." What do they want with additional racks at the Foreign Office? Isn't ASHMEAD-BARTLETT enough, together with the Noble Baron and WOLFF, not to speak of BOURKE and NORTHCOTE? Here is evidently waste of

public money. JOSEPH moves uneasily, but finds little encouragement. None of his friends and compatriots are near. Earlier in the evening T. P. O'CONNOR had been uttering his plaint of the niggardliness of personal attendance in House. Life-long habitude of luxury made him impatient with the service offered in the House of Commons. No silver bells at tintinabulation of which come with noiseless footfall obsequious Seneschal. The House too cold in one place, too hot in another. No softly gliding bath chairs to take the Sybarite from one chamber to another. No nicely warmed lift with musical box playing "*The Night when Larry was Stretched*," to take him up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber, with the grille before it.

TIN POT having had complaint wrung from his overburdened soul, had gone his way and was now doubtless reclining in apartments more in accordance with his use and wont. JOSEPH GILLIS was abandoned, and sat mournfully silent whilst Votes rapidly passed.

"Oh! Richard, oh! mon roi,  
L'univers t'abandonne!"

JUSTIN MCCARTHY softly sang in his ear.

"G'lang wid yer foolin' and yer bad langwidge," JOSEPH sharply answered, his usually equable temper sorely ruffled.

On the whole a good evening for public business. Begin to think that, after all, we get on better when our Leaders are away.

*Business done.*—Twenty-three Votes passed in Civil Service Estimates.

*Friday.*—Some doubt as to whether there would be House at all to-day. Business not attractive except for CHILDERS and Old Mother HUBBARD, who can't get out of her mind conviction that she ought to have been CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER. Other arrangements having been made, wags her wise old head over schemes of successive Chancellors.

"Believe GLADSTONE's sorry he couldn't secure me as his successor," she says. "But couldn't do it, TOBY. Principles first, and place after. Might have helped DIZZY if he'd come to me in '74. But of course he knew better. These chits always do. However, I may save the country yet. RANDOLPH pays me marked attention of late. Shrewd young man. Makes up his Ministry in time."

Afternoon wore away, Members worn out. At Nine o'clock, House Counted Out. *Business done.*—National Debt Bill read Second Time.

"BITTER" EXPERIENCES.—"The will of Mr. MICHAEL THOMAS BASS . . . the value of the personal estate . . . amounting to over £1,830,000."

NULLI SECUNDUS.—No Second Horse for this year's Derby.

## THE TOWN.

## II.—BOND STREET.

FROM crowded Chepe to Bond Street! Scarce the range  
Of a two-shilling fare, yet what a shift



In the kaleidoscope of Cockney change!

Here lounging dandies negligently drift,  
And damosels, in vesture quaint and strange,  
Languish along, with slow and languid lift  
Of Art-enravisht eyes, each orb a cavern  
As mystical as OMAR KHAYYAM'S Tavern.

Here heat and hurry are as little known  
As in the creed of OSCAR. Bosoms pant,  
Not as in Mammon's mighty gold-chase blown,  
But with Art ecstasy. Aesthetic Cant  
Succeeds the slang of 'Change. At Art's high throne,  
As at Gold's altar, Cant is hierophant;  
But Cit, who "bulls" or "bears," and Scribe, who twaddles,  
Construct their argots upon different models.

Here Art is Fashion; which interpreted  
Means Art's a ruling fad, like pugs or gambling.  
And what is Fad? You've seen, when day has fled,  
A sheep-flock after a bell-wether scrambling!  
The throngs, gregarious soul and empty head,  
Who up and down these oft-paced flags go ambling,  
Are nought but modish Muttons, held in tether  
By "Form," Society's mystical bell-wether.

Observe yon gasping girl! Her pendulous lip  
Bespeaks incarnate silliness. At her side  
A matron waddles; dry as the last chip  
Of some old hulk which long has left the tide  
Her wrinkled face! The girl's affected trip,  
The broad brocaded dame's slow solid stride,  
Seek the last Show, pictorial or plastic,  
Of the effeminate or the fantastic.

The dame has no aesthetic thought which soars  
Above a pattern-plate; the high-heeled maiden  
Feels "dear BURNE-JONES" the dreariest of bores:  
And yet, with catalogue and pencil laden,  
They pass, unwilling Peris, the smart doors  
Of the last-advertised artistic Aidenn,  
To spend two hours within its solemn hush,  
Of groaning weariness and gasping gush.

These FRAGOLINE FITZ-FLUKE, with smiling scorn,  
Remarks, and to young SANDYTOP appraises.  
Poor victims in a sham Art-era born,  
And caught by the most comical of crazes.  
Behold them! Picture: Pale Persephone borne  
From Enna's stiff-stalk'd asphodels and daisies  
By a dun-coloured Dis, dishevelled, flopping  
O'er his broad biceps, all her blossoms dropping.

"How lovely!" GWENDA gasps, and hides a yawn  
Behind her catalogue. "My dear, what is it?"  
Whispers the elder dame, whom Pluto's brawn  
Amazes but instructs not. Ah! why quiz it,  
Her natural ignorance? She is but drawn  
Waif-like by social currents. Every visit  
To carpeted saloon and close-hung gallery  
Is penance, borne with pluck that checks one's railleury:

O myriad martyrs of the idol Mode,  
That Juggernaut of the much-vaunting west,

With what dull patience do ye drag your load,  
Herded and chained! Silent in many a breast  
Burns sullen hatred of the social code  
Which makes gregarious boredom Fashion's test,  
Yet Spartan smiles defy the cynic's scrutiny,  
And mute endurance never dreams of mutiny.

Art must be "done"! Shall FRAGOLINE FITZ-FLUKE,  
Whose second cousin is an A.R.A.,  
And whom the younger son of a Scotch Duke  
Is prosing to before the big Millais—  
Shall she with her slow scornful smile rebuke  
Poor GWENDA's ignorance of, let us say,  
The Great Impressionist's wild show of smudges,  
Art's last evangel: say the accepted judges!

Perish the thought! FITZ-FLUKE, with snowy vest  
And sprawling chain, is posing at the table.  
He means to buy—his purse can stand the test—  
That mystic masterpiece "The Tower of Babel."  
He does the public chaffering with much zest,  
Fingering his broadly-flowing gold-link'd cable;  
His wife, that solid and capacious matron,  
Bridling with pride at playing the Art-Patron.

Shall GWENDA be eclipsed by FRAGOLINE  
And the paternal cheque-book thus paraded?  
Never! Persephone, in pallid green  
Must grace GWEN's Yellow Chamber. Lank and faded,  
FITZ-FLUKE's plump-dowered girl awakens spleen.  
The chit, Mamma perceives, is to be traded  
For that on which her own sharp soul's a-watch,  
And which is precious 'en when young and Scotch.

And so she flutters like a critic-hen  
About the picture; in a stage-aside  
Declares 'tis all the taste of her dear GWEN,  
Which even RUSKIN praised. Papa's great pride  
Is fostering it. 'Tis pleasant when the pen  
Can with four figures even rank o'erride!  
And then she smiles at the FITZ-FLUKES serenely,  
And leaves them with the stride she thinks so queenly.

See her anon o'er chocolate and cream,  
Or cates more solid and more savoury, sitting,  
Her worn eyes lighting with some zestful gleam;  
Whilst Bond Street butterflies, about her flitting,  
Move GWENDA, as no pallid High Art dream  
May move her, with light badinage, slang twitting,  
That unconsidered incoherent cackle,  
Which, somehow, prigs and saps can seldom tackle.

Their horses champ without, their harness glows  
In the May sunshine. Slim, stiff-collared stalkers  
Upon the Bond Street flags slip in: there flows  
An endless flood of those word-clipping talkers;  
Each hat's at the same cock, and so's each nose;  
From caramels at CHARBONNEL AND WALKER'S  
To Private Views, they know their Bond Street well  
As rattling Captain MORRIS knew Pall Mall.

Meanwhile "Mamma" has finished. GWENDA quits  
Her "darling pictures," inwardly quite willing.  
These seek a quarter whither prosperous Cits  
Do gravitate. GWENDA will be quite killing  
To-night on Dis and Enna. What small wits  
Owe what wild talk to the all-opening "shilling,"  
Which Bond Street boardmen advertise, slow-trudging,  
And maybe earn—by a long day of drudging?

Art? Nature? Yes, we babble make-believe  
In both great names. But just deduct sheer flum  
From Bond-Street Art, the struggles to deceive,  
Of those who huckster and of those who sham,  
The "rapture," whose cessation is reprieve;—  
And what's the nett result of crush and cram?  
If solid gain is to be held the test of it,  
'Tis surely Trade, not Taste, that has the best of it!

TWO MEDALS REWARD!—Recently, at Chatham, Sergeant HARRY HART was presented with a second good-conduct medal, after forty-two years' exemplary and meritorious service. The *Telegraph* said—

"The Colonel-Commandant remarked that, in the whole of his experience, he knew of only one other similar case, and he urged his men to let this stimulate them to follow so good an example."

Our surprise is that there should be any other similar case. Forty-two years' exemplary and meritorious service, and to be still a Sergeant with only a couple of good-conduct medals, is hardly likely to stimulate Privates to "follow so good an example."

## THE TOWN.

## III.—KENSINGTON. ART AT HOME.

*Ars longa est*, and long is the array  
Of Art announcements which suffuse the Season



In leaden London with auroras gay  
Of rosy promise. When the Embankment trees on  
Droops the dim greenery of a cockney May,  
Then, borne like swallow chirps October's breeze on,  
Where'er Society's parrots flock and chatter,  
Resound artistic slang and studio patter.

Show Sunday's come and gone. The bores and bored  
Have changed their hunting-ground; the Studio now  
With adjectives prolonged, shrill, double-scored,  
The ecstatic "*Per-fect!*" the astonished "*How!*"  
Echoes no longer. Posters tall and broad  
Take up the tale, and Pictor's noble brow  
Is radiant with peace, with worry pale,  
Ruled by the coy contingencies of sale.

What if poor wayward much-vert HAYDON's ghost  
Could walk in Kensington? Might he not say,  
Watching the opulent artistic host,  
"The hour has struck for the Ideal to pay?"  
And yet to analyse the agreeable boast  
Might lead to strange revealings. Fashion's sway  
And Mammon's still are strong, still Taste runs mad,  
And Ariel Fancy's slave to brainless Fad.

McTHANE and MUMBOSH! Self-made men again,  
But else how different! One his country's pride,  
He who to Art brought earnestness and brain  
As well as palette-magic. Stride by stride,  
With virile mastery, no step in vain,  
And few from fair prosperity's path aside,  
McTHANE advances with the splendid ease  
Of Phoebus driving o'er the Orient seas.

Whither? To that Art-zenith youthful zeal  
Fixed as the goal of toil and vision high,  
The Elysium of large thoughts whose strong appeal  
The shaping force of sovereign phantasy  
Fires to creative splendour? Ah! the steel  
Which keeps heroic temper still must try  
Titanic tasks. Excalibur's high work  
Demands such steel,—not so the knife and fork.

To play the Titan always, straining ever  
Toward the unattainable far heights  
Of pure perfection, calls for stern endeavour;  
Far pleasanter to woo the soft delights  
Of the superbly and serenely clever.  
The eagle-pinion plumed for skyward flights  
May pulse through storm-wrack with a joy ecstatic,  
But there's much comfort in the tame villatic.

Ask MUMBOSH—MUMBOSH of the mummy face,  
Macassar'd much, a fivefold *millionnaire*,  
Whose whisks and wriggings of Whitechapel grace  
And swaggering angularities of air  
Make the nerves quiver. At his "little place"—  
A spacious palace midmost of Mayfair—  
His painted visage proudly dominates  
A millionworth of Art,—at current rates.

The mighty MUMBOSH was a shopman's drudge,  
A hawking Dulcamara smart at "patter";  
Then he "conveyed" a patent,—simple fudge,  
Say for a plaster or a soap, what matter?—  
Its owner he outjockeyed and bade trudge.  
MUMBOSH had potent faith in cant and clatter,  
And cant and clatter, plus a little cash,  
Saved him, though seven times on the verge of smash.

The verge? nay, o'er it. But an oily tongue,  
Shrewd schemes and "no effects" were his protection  
Against extremity. He would have hung  
Blue heaven with posters, spread the foul infection  
Of lying hideousness eve's stars among,  
Or "billed" the dawn, if by such coarse subjection  
Of Nature to the Advertiser's art  
He could have given his wares another start.

But now, his millions sacked by world-spread guile,  
He turns Art-patron on a princely scale;  
Name-led, yet shrewd at market-rates the while,  
Arch quickener, not of genius but of sale.  
His "taste" might move McTHANE's broad British smile,  
But proud Mæcenas might with envy pale  
To find his connoisseurship's bright renown  
Dimmed by the cheque-book power of a clown.

And yet if, like the tasselled falcon, Art  
Stoop to the flattering touch of Mammon's hand;  
If Humbug, having played its huckster part  
To the great golden end, will swell the band  
Of the sham *cognoscenti*, if the mart  
Is reared amidst the Muses' sunny land,  
What help, since Art itself spies no dangers,  
Although its temple swarm with money-changers?

May Satire scourge them thence? Why, Midas now  
Is a sleek gentleman who undertakes  
To gild the laurels on the uplifted brow  
Of Genius. Studio splendour, wealth that wakes  
Philistine wonder, brings blue blood to bow  
Before the easel—these are highish stakes  
In the great social game, which if Art play,  
Even a MUMBOSH serves to pave the way.

Too sour? too sweeping? Well, these mansions proud,  
These studios sultanesque, these halls immense,  
The fulsome cackle of the applausive crowd,  
Are no rewards of dull incompetence.  
When Pegasus with the clown's oxen ploughed,  
He was winged hippogriff, no packhorse dense.  
But Art is false to Art's supremest claims.  
Which stoops with willingness to vulgar aims.

Plasters to please earth's hordes of easy gulls  
Tax only common craft, whose guerdon's gold;  
But Mammon the fine edge of Genius dulls,  
Finds it inspired, and leaves it tame and cold.  
The man who on Town's pavement chalks, and culls  
Scant harvest, smears for bread; his claim is bold.  
But many a canvas on a gilded wall  
Is but superb "pot-boiling" after all.

Immortal Art! Thou proud prerogative  
Of the great weakling, Man, Promethean gift,  
Redeeming the dull round wherein we live,  
Piercing life's cloud-pall with a roseate rift,  
Whence gleams a light great Science cannot give;  
Creative force, which worldly pride and thrift  
School to subservience, till men blindly bless  
The creeping palsy of a low success:

Not *thee* the facile flout, the airy sneer  
Assail successfully! But, fashion-fed  
And lucre-lured, thy votaries, who might peer  
With Art's unbending Abdiels, bow the head  
To social shams, and sleek the Midas ear  
Of any huckster-humbung who has bled  
Fraud-sullied ducats freely, proud to score  
In Genius one blind tributary more!

THE RELIEF OF GORDON.—Next Saturday will be the last appearance this Season of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Geoffrey Gordon* in that most amusing of all Criterion pieces, *The Great Divorce Case*. "We hear them speak of the Better Land"—and this, for Actors, appears to be America. Absence, it is just as well to hunt to Messrs. IRVING and WYNDHAM, does *not* make the London Theatre-going Public's heart "grow fonder." To both our advice is, in the words of the old glee, "Stay, brother, stay!"





## CLASSICAL.

*Æsthetic Hairdresser (to Irritable Customer, who said he was in a hurry). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT I DON'T MIND ANY TROUBLE FOR A HARMONIOUS EFFECT! I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NO OTHER ARTIST IN THIS CITY CAN SO WELL ARRANGE THIS DRAPERY TO IMITATE THE ROMAN TOGA!"*

## OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

## PART II.—"THE EAT-ERIES."

As, seemingly, the great object of nine-tenths of the Exhibitors at South Kensington is to excite the appetite of the passer-by, it is not surprising that by eight o'clock he becomes ravenous. From the moment of his entrance his senses have been dazzled with displays of the most seductively-arranged food. Now his eyes have rested gloatingly upon vast piles of *bon-bons*, now gazed greedily at seemingly uncounted stores of wedding-cake. He has paused for a moment, and some enthusiastic inventor of compressed vegetables or water-biscuits has forced earnestly, nay, almost brutally, a specimen of the "extract of cucumbers" or the "skeleton picnic" into his unresisting mouth. But although these oppressively gratuitous morsels may appease for a moment, they cannot stave off the desire for dinner. As this Handbook is nothing if not practical, the Earnest Seeker after Health shall be told how to proceed in his search for substantial food.

Say, then, it is eight o'clock on a Wednesday evening. The subject of my care has just returned from the Albert Hall, where he has listened to BISMARCK'S Cuirassiers defiantly blowing their own trumpets. He has made mental notes of the remarks he has heard about their broad shoulders, their white uniforms, and their want of medals. He has joined in the burst of admiration that has rewarded their efforts to play music written for the sweetest of strings upon the brassiest of brass. He has grown so accustomed to their *tours de force* that were he told that they were just going to imitate on a couple of dozen trombones the bleating of a lamb or the warbling of a nightingale, he would receive the intelligence without the faintest *souppçon* of astonishment. He has noticed their cavalry swagger and their fondness for beer, and has returned to the Entrance-Hall. Before him is the Southern Gallery. In the distance he sees little groups, composed of the heads of families and their wives and daughters, gravely tasting this and tasting that. One old gentleman is sipping, seemingly much against his will, a new kind of coffee, while another, with no better grace, is gloomily regaling on con-

densed milk. Our Earnest Seeker after Health pulls himself together, and makes for the Dining-Saloons.

His first visit is to the apartment devoted to "cuts off the joint" and "plainest dinners." He knows from experience that here he can usually get a fair meal—if he likes to take pains over it, a very good one. But to-day is Wednesday, and the crowd is what "ROBERT" would call "tremenjus." Every table is occupied. Sad would-be diners stand at the entrance, gazing with savage resignation at those who are feasting. Hungry Dowagers vainly seek for redress—some try to wheedle a passing waiter to get them a place, others attempt to bully the Manager. But neither course brings with it dinner. There is no room for the Public, so no one wants its company. So the Health-seeker gazes with respect at the fortunate possessor of a plate of hot boiled beef, and mournfully passes away. Having left Salon I. he comes to Salon II., where an even more desperate crowd are waiting for food. Were it not Wednesday—a half-crown day—some alarm might be felt at the angry spirit of the crowd. The enhanced price of admission, no doubt, has secured a better class of people than those who usually patronise the place on a shilling day; still there is mischief in the air. It only wants a William Tell or a Masaniello to constitute himself leader of the wild and hungry throng to carry the tables by storm, capture the joints, and possibly massacre the waiters. After pausing in vain for some ten or twenty minutes, to see whether Fortune will smile upon him, and give him a place, the Health-seeker turns his back upon "cuts from the joint," not only in sorrow, but in anger, and continues his promenade along the South Gallery.

Rather roughly refusing the ministrations of a charitable Gentleman, who would feed him with several mouthfuls of some patent food or other, he comes to a crowd of well-dressed people hovering near a turnstile, who are evidently victims to the demon Indecision. Now some of these individuals advance, and peer into an apartment beyond the turnstile, and then hurriedly retire, as if they had seen, like VIRGIL and DANTE in the *Inferno*, some terrible sight; ultimately they all disappear towards the Machinery in Motion, with heads bowed down, glistening eyes, and other symptoms suggesting the mournfullest dejection. But the Earnest Health-seeker is not to be turned aside by the department of these "feeble ones" (as the



## A PARK PUZZLE.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN IS ENGAGED IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH ELDERLY EQUESTRIAN. PUZZLE—HAS HE ARRESTED A FENIAN, OR A HORSE-STEALER?

SOLUTION, GIVEN FOR ONCE.—No, HE IS ONLY COLLECTING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR POLICE ORPHANAGE ENTERTAINMENT—WHICH SEEMS TO BE THE PRINCIPAL OBJECT THE MOUNTED POLICE OF ROTTEN ROW HAVE IN VIEW.

departing crowd would certainly be called in the English translation of the *libretto* of an Italian Opera), so he braces up his nerves, produces a silver coin, which he exchanges for a red token, passes the turnstile, and finds himself in—

## THE SHILLING DINNER!!!

On either side of him are thin bench-like tables, plentifully garnished with crumbs and dirty glasses. There is a bar at one end, and a kitchen, seen through an open window, at the other. When the eyes of the Health-seeker have grown accustomed to the bustle of some Waitresses of uncertain ages, in what appear to be nightcaps, who seem excessively fatigued, he notices that amongst the diners are many well-known faces. He recognises, for instance, that old gourmet, JACKSON of the Columbus Club. In the coffee-room of the palatial establishment just mentioned JACKSON is the master of his slave the Steward, and the terror of all the waiters, from the Head downwards. If his soup is cold, if his *entrée* is overdone, if they have dared to send up mint-sauce with his lamb ("A mistake, Sir! It absolutely ruins the flavour of the meat!"), JACKSON's wrath is so great that its echoes can be heard in Charles Street and St. James's Square. In spite of this, here is JACKSON, with his eye-glass and his white hair, and his hat on one side, eating the Shilling Dinner! He smiles a rolicksome smile as he catches the eye of the Health-seeker, and devours a rather messy plate of boiled fish as if the proceeding was replete with humour, but he keeps his back upon the entrance and the peering crowd beyond! Next he attempts a jocular flirtation with a Veteran Waitress who has brought him some mutton, cut very near the knuckle, and assumes the air of a *Don Giovanni* who is "dog enough" to sacrifice his digestion to his love of adventure. The Veteran Waitress (who probably is the grandmother of other waitresses) is surprised and flattered at JACKSON's unexpected gallantry, and brings him a piece of dry pudding dabbed down upon a plate, with much old-fashioned coquetry, upon which JACKSON orders, with a knowing wink, a penny-worth of cheese. Then the detected and economical gourmet looks round with a glass in his eye and a smile on his lips, on the chance of recognising some face he knows by sight, who, if so recognised, will be then and there invited to assist in the

capital jest of JACKSON detected in stealthily eating, *à la Don Juan*, a Shilling Dinner! By this time the Health-seeker will himself have finished his messy portion of boiled fish, his mutton cut very near the knuckle, and his dry bit of pudding dabbed down upon a plate. He will go out, after putting some pence in a sort of wooden pyramid for the benefit of the Veteran Waitresses, and walk to the end of the Gallery. He will here be attracted by the wax presentment of some food under a glass-case, which will excite his envy. On closer examination, the Health-seeker will find that the viands at this moment so strangely fascinating to him compose the dietary of a convict sentenced to a term of hard labour!

VERY LITTLE "MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM."—In the *Daily Telegraph* we read that, at the Earl of CLARENDON's sale, Pommery '74, realised from 140s. to 148s., and at a sale at CHRISTIE'S, the same wine was sold for 150s. per doz. As JOHN LEECH's Farmer said, "Oi'd loike zum o' that in a moog." And to think that we should have to pay twenty shillings a bottle for this at a Restaurant's, and then—not get it, there being a mysterious process called "blending," which impairs the quality without diminishing the price. A "Blender,"—in this sense, at least, as there is fair blending,—ought to be punished as if he were a "Welsher," or something like it,—at least, that's our view of such a "Blender."

"A CATCH" arranged as a duet for Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE:—

A note, a note, a note from FERRY.  
We have arranged it nicely, very.  
But it is only tempo-erry!

THE REPRESENTATION OF WOMEN.—Plenty of it already—in the photograph shop-windows.

SHOCKING BAD HUSBANDRY.—Baby-Farming.



### HABITUAL OFFENDERS.

Wagg. "I SAY IT'S A WEASEL!" Grigg. "I SAY IT'S A STOAT!"

Wagg. "MY DEAR FELLOW, A STOAT'S SO WEASILY DISTINGUISHED!"

Grigg. "A WEASEL'S STOATALLY DIFFERENT, MY DEAR FELLOW!"

[Proceed unabashed on their Tour.]

### RATHER LARGE AND EARLY.

It is with regret that we found ourselves unable to accept the invitation of Messrs. GEORGE EDWARD AND SONS, of No. 1, Poultry, E.C., to inspect at a private view "the Gold Casket designed and manufactured by them to the order of the Corporation of the City of London for presentation to Earl SHAFTESBURY," for from the printed circular appended to their voucher Messrs. GEORGE EDWARD AND SONS appear to have produced between them quite a unique specimen of this style of art. "The Casket," we are told, is of Gothic design, and displays, among some striking features which include "the City Griffin," "the Arms of Earl SHAFTESBURY," not only "enamelled in their proper Heraldic colours," but, and this is quite a fresh and subtle surprise,—"*flanked by festoons of fruit and other rich ornament.*" The clever mystery which is here suggested appears to be continued in some other portions of the design, modestly described as "very appropriately symbolical of the labours of his Lordship for the well-being of his fellow-men, particularly for those who stand most in need of such assistance."

"The Casket," continues the explanatory Voucher, "is surmounted by the figure of an Angel, representative of that Providence whose instrument Earl SHAFTESBURY has ever considered himself. The figure hovers over a well-clad boy and girl, the latter industriously plying her knitting needles." But with a strange and quite unnecessary limiting of the Earl's practically providential powers, we are told that lower down, "a ragged crossing-sweeper and a poorly-clad female with hunger-smitten children," are to be found "flanking the Casket." This is a grim and rather ill-natured set-off to the attitude of the Angel presiding over the well-clothed youth and industrious maiden higher up. As, however, some broken fetters indicating "freedom from vice and ignorance," are conspicuous on the reverse panel, while "a lighthouse, behind which the sun has just risen above the horizon," giving "promise of a brighter day," and this, too, "in repoussé work," stands in the background, it is to be presumed that the hunger-smitten children can at least feed upon hope, which, by the way, in a manner very amusingly suggestive of a hearty meal, is represented round the corner by a real anchor. Though no doubt a little puzzling to the *virtuoso* without the aid of the explanatory voucher, the whole design of the Casket does considerable credit to Messrs. GEORGE EDWARD AND SONS, and it ought, if he can find a convenient place to stow it, not only to please but even surprise Earl SHAFTESBURY.

### LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL; A STREATLEY SONATA.

Ah! Here I am! I've drifted down—  
The sun is hot, my face is brown—  
Before the wind from Moulstord town,  
So pleasantly and fleetly!  
I am not certain what's o'clock,  
And so I won't go through the Lock;  
But wisely steer the *Shuttlecock*  
Beside the "Swan" at Streatley!

And when you're here, I'm told that you  
Should mount the Hill and see the view;  
And gaze and wonder, if you'd do  
Its merits most completely:  
The air is clear, the day is fine,  
The prospect is, I know, divine—  
But most distinctly I decline  
To climb the Hill at Streatley!

My Doctor, surely he knows best,  
Avers that I'm in need of rest;  
And so I heed his wise behest  
And tarry here discreetly:  
'Tis sweet to muse in leafy June,  
'Tis doubly sweet this afternoon,  
And so I'll land and lunch and moon  
Before the "Swan" at Streatley!

But from the Hill, I understand  
You gaze across rich pasture-land;  
And fancy you see Oxford and  
Praps Wallingford and Wheatley:  
Upon the winding Thames you gaze,  
And, though the view's beyond all praise,  
I'd rather much sit here and laze  
Than scale the Hill at Streatley!

I sit and lounge here on the grass,  
And watch the river-traffic pass;  
I note a dimpled, fair young lass,  
Who feathers low and neatly:  
Her hands are brown, her eyes are grey,  
And trim her nautical array—  
Alas! she swiftly sculls away,  
And leaves the "Swan" at Streatley!

She's gone! Yes, now she's out of sight!  
She's gone! But still the sun is bright,  
The sky is blue, the breezes light  
With thyme are scented sweetly:  
She may return! Here's lunch at last!  
I'm glad enough to break my fast,  
And make an excellent repast  
Within the "Swan" at Streatley!

### BEARDING THE BARD; OR, ANOTHER LITTLE INTERVIEW.

UPON the public announcement the other day that, "Owing to the innumerable Manuscripts and Letters sent to him, Lord TENNYSON wishes it to be understood that in future he cannot undertake to answer the letters or return the MSS.," we thought—writes a certain journal—it might be of public interest to learn from Lord TENNYSON's own lips his views on this and other subjects. One of our Staff accordingly called on the Poet Laureate at his Lordship's private residence, and the following dialogue ensued:—

*Questioner.* Can you give me some rough idea of the number of letters received at your residence every day?

*Lord Tennyson.* No, I can't.

*Questioner.* I represent the Editor of the *Sell-Well Gazette*, and I think it would be likely to be extremely interesting to the innumerable readers of that journal if your Lordship were kindly to favour me with some notion of who your great-grandmother was, the place of your own early education, the number of times you were birched at school (if at all), the different publishers you have employed, your Lordship's method in composing verse, &c., &c. I gathered just now from the attendant, who seemed to be watching me rather suspiciously in the hall, that your Lordship composed standing up. Would you kindly inform me where you usually stood when—

Lord Tennyson (angrily). On my head, Sir.

Questioner. Indeed! That is very interesting. May I further inquire what is the nature of the literary work on which your Lordship is at present engaged?

Lord Tennyson (more calmly). Well, I don't mind telling you that I am bringing out a Political Epic,—composed in the intervals of business in the House of Peers, which is a good deal better than anything in the *Iliad*. Poor old MILTON can't hold a candle to it—but then, you see, MILTON wasn't a Lord, like me. As for BROWNING and all his works, why,—

Questioner. Oh, of course. But this Political Epic? May I ask who are the chief characters in the story?

Lord Tennyson (condescendingly). You may. Mr. GLADSTONE is *King Arthur* naturally, and then Lord SALISBURY stands for *Lancelot*, who's just run off with *Guinevere*—that's the public opinion of the country, you know. Am trying to work in "G" in the *Fortnightly*, but the subject does not lend itself readily to poetry. Think of making *Escort* into *Merlin*, you know. Then the "Passing of *Arthur*" has to be turned into the Passing of the Franchise Bill by *Arthur*—or in other words by GLADSTONE—but it's all rather difficult to manage.

Questioner. Quite so. Evidently the Poem will be highly allegorical. Does your Lordship find claret or champagne the best liquid to take as an aid to composition?

Lord Tennyson. Neither. All my most recent verse has been produced on a diet exclusively consisting of *milk and water*. That was what made *The Cup* so sparkling.

Questioner. Indeed? And now I should be glad to know what the *object* is of the individuals who send their MSS. to your Lordship, as stated in the Daily Papers.

Lord Tennyson. I cannot conceive. There are execrable imitations of my choicest poetic gems—the *May Queen* seems to specially attract the efforts of the emulative poetaster. Then an anonymous person wishes me to express my approval of some *Songs after Sunset*, and, by the hand-writing, I believe them to be the work of Mr. SWINBURNE, who thus wishes to creep into a little notice through my recommendation.

Questioner. And the letters you receive? Would you mind giving me a specimen or two of the sort of correspondence that pours in upon you?

Lord Tennyson. Well, this morning I've received an offer of a "handsome commission" from a firm of lucifer-match makers, if I could say something flattering of their "Unbearable Brimstone Vestas" in verse, in the style of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, if possible. The proprietor of an East-End Music-Hall also wishes to know if I am open to an engagement to produce something startling and melodramatic, in the style of *Maud*, for his theatre; and a travelling Circus asks if I think I could manage to dramatise *The Princess*, so as to make it suitable for their leading equestrienne. Everybody writes to me as if I were completely idle—

Questioner. Instead of being engaged in writing Idylls! They really ought to be ashamed to "vex the Poet's mind" in that way.

Lord Tennyson. "With their shallow wit." Yes. So ought you. Then an American Showman writes to say that there are "thousands of dollars in it" if I were to come over there, like IRVING, and recite some of my poems—*The Revenge*, for instance—*dressed in my House-of-Lords robes*, on public platforms. DICKENS did it, he says, and he had no robes, so why the dickens shouldn't I? He tells me I should be paid liberally, by results. Evidently these poor plebeians don't know what—or how much—is due to a Peer of the Realm.

Questioner. I have only one more question to put to your Lordship. If your Lordship would kindly acquaint me, in blank verse, if possible, with the name of your hatter, the date of your last new shirts, and—

Lord Tennyson. Minion! Am I to be insulted in my own house? FAWCETT has yet to read and writhe under my Lyric about the Parcels Post. But to be asked the name of my hatter! Perhaps you would like to know something about my bootmaker,—because—

[At this point our Energetic Interviewist was compelled to leave, having an engagement elsewhere.]

NECESSARY CAUTION.—An American says that whenever he sees an advertisement of "Raised Pies," he immediately wants to know, "where they were raised." And should he taste them, his first question generally is, "How's that for High?"

## A TALE OF THE DOVER EXPRESS!

How did I do it? Well, sit you down, if you've got ten minutes to spare, And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to me—well, to me and my mate out there.

Don't put it all down to our boast and brag, for I'll take my oath we try We engine fellows, to stick to the rail, if we happen to live or die. It isn't because with filth and grease we are covered from foot to head That we haven't got pluck like soldier BILL in his uniform smart and red. We haven't got bands to tootle to us, nor women, nor mates to cheer, We march at the sound of the station-bell, and the scream of the wind in our ear, We have gals to love us, and children, too, who cling to the face and neck, Though *we're* never called to the grand parade, or march'd to the hurricane deck, A man's a man when he does his work—well, it may be more or less, But in Fenian days you should say your prayers when driving the Dover Express!

We started off—'twas a night in June—and the beautiful moon shone bright Through the silent glass of the station, when our Guard sang out "All right!" He was in charge of the train, the Guard—but me and my mate just then Had taken in pledge, for good or for ill, the lives of the women and men. Away we went at a splendid pace when we'd coupled and left Herne Hill, Behind was the roar of a city on fire, in front was the country still. Then we came to a point where we always turn, and mutter a sort of pray'r For the wife and the young 'uns asleep in the town, from the men in the engine's glare.

It wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did anyone trouble a rap? The honeymoon couples were locked in fast, and the others were playing at 'nap'; Papers, and smoking, and gossip, and chaff; does it ever strike them that a nerve Is required from the men who must drive in the dark an express round the Chatham curve?

I looked at my watch, we were up to time, and the engine leapt and sped To the river we cross as it runs to the sea, with the Rochester lights ahead!

I often think of the train behind and the passengers fast asleep, As we slow on the pace just to tackle the curve round Strood and Rochester Keep. It puzzles those foreigner chaps who cross where the river in silence flows, With the Castle one minute miles away and the next right under your nose. You have felt the jerk? Well, that's no odds, maybe you'd have felt more odd With a mate by your side at the engine-fire, who suddenly cried, "My God! There's something ahead on the six-foot way! Look there!" And I held my breath.

A something! And what? on the rails ahead—we must drive for our lives or death!

There wasn't a second to pause or think, though I saw by the lights of the train The river, the viaduct, scenes of home we never should visit again.

"What shall you do?" Then I turned and saw Tom's piteous face and sad. "What shall I do? Hold fast, my boy! I shall cram on the pace like mad!"

Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—in a second a crash, a leap, Right into the iron the engine tore, with the passengers fast asleep.

It reeled at the shock did their devilish snare, to the rush and the roar and the beat, Before was dear life and the light and the air; behind was the dust of defeat! Away to the rear went Rochester town, its danger, its storm and stress,

We'd taken a pledge, and we kept it, Sir, in saving the Dover Express!

They're sending the hat round! thank you, kind, for me and my mate, you say, Well, the money will come in easy like, when we're laid on the shelf some day. It's only right that the women and men who arrived at Dover town, And were saved that night round Rochester curve should cheerfully "plank it down."

But we don't want money for what we've done—there's something better than gain If a man can earn his Victoria Cross in charge of a railway train!

If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck, and is thoroughly English made, As well in front of a fierce express as in rear of a bold brigade!

But there's something far better than money to me, tho' it's terrible hard in Town To give the young 'uns their annual shoes, and the missus a decent gown, I'd give your money up every cent, and the moment I'd gladly bless When you hand us the villain who wanted to wreck our lives on the Dover Express!

"FIELD EXPERIMENTS AT WOBURN."—Last week the Royal Agricultural Society made their annual inspection of the manurial experiments upon the estate of the Duke of BEDFORD at Woburn. It was all very nice, and the cultivation, as the *Times* reports, "as clean and perfect as possible." We wish we could say the same of that other property of the Duke of BEDFORD's, which *Mr. Punch* was long ago compelled to christen "Mud Salad Market, the property of His Grace the Duke of MUDFORD." What a blot it is in the centre of London! Last Friday afternoon, about four, it was beautiful to the eyes and sweet to the nostrils. The carts were all along Tavistock Street, and well down into Southampton Street, and the threading of the labyrinth by our cabman, who, of course, chose this as his shortest cut to Fleet Street, was as exciting as a N.W. Passage, and as interesting as "manurial experiments" at Woburn, where of course the Duke is Lord of the Manor, and in Covent Garden he is Lord of the — well, we should spell "manor" in a different manner, but we only wish that the Healthier Committee, in one of its Conferences, would just be a little practical and suggest some way of beneficially dealing with the manurial rights of the Duke of MUDFORD in Mud Salad Market.





### 'FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING.'

*Aunt Mary.* "YOU HEARD THE VICAR PUBLISH THE BANNS BETWEEN UNCLE GEORGE AND ELLEN THOMPSON?"

*Ethel (who has never been present at this Ceremony before).* "YES—IT SEEMS RATHER A SHAME TO TELL EVERYBODY HOW OFTEN HE'D BEEN REFUSED, THOUGH!"

### EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

(By a Simple-minded but Assiduous Newspaper Reader.)

CONFUSION and chaos! I yield to despair!  
And stick—metaphorical—straws in my hair!  
That dashed Fifteen Puzzle, the speeches of CROSS,  
And LORD RANDY'S defence, leave my mind at a loss;  
But what are they single, united, or mixed,  
To the tidings from Cairo? No feature is fixed  
In that *fata Morgana* of muddle and lies;  
And now I should hear without any surprise  
That the MAHDI had triumphed, or gone to the wall,  
Or—more probably—never existed at all:  
That GORDON was victor, or caught in a net,  
Or safe home with the chief of the *Pall Mall Gazette*,  
Or gone to the Congo, or Paris, or prison:  
That the Nile had dried up, or abnormally risen,  
And drowned OSMAN DIGNA, or flooded Khartoum:  
That HEWITT had triumphed, or met with his doom:  
That GRANVILLE with ZEBEHR a vile intrigue carries on,  
Having as aim to get rid of each garrison  
Promptly by slaughter; that GLADSTONE will back him,  
Or cringe at his heels, or remorselessly sack him:  
That BISMARCK, to spite the Grand Old One, won't blench  
From sending his army to back up the French!  
The old Plague of Darkness was nought to the new one.  
There's but one "report" I could trust as a true one:—  
That Truth had forsaken the Land of the Pharaoh,  
And the Father of Lies had head-quarters at Cairo.

STARTLING Heading in the *Times*:—"The Emperor WILLIAM on the Poles." As MRS. SIDONS said, when she heard that the French Minister had died in his *bureau*, "And how gat he there?" Was WILLIAM doing German gymnastics? And is BISMARCK following on stilts?

### JUSTICE AND JESTING.

IN his glib and rollicking speech at the Mansion House the other night, the Merry Master of the Rolls warned his hearers not to be too fond of the Judges, and not to go to law at all; adding, at the same time, that the law could not be quick or cheap, and that if it ever became either the one or the other, it would be "the greatest misfortune that could happen to the country."

A certain licence is allowed to the funny man in an after-dinner speech, but this bit of waggery at the City Banquet from the distinguished and learned *comique* of the occasion, is almost a little too strong. That Englishmen, as their miserable legal machinery is now contrived, had best not go to law at all, is obvious enough; for what is known as "going to law" means for them nothing more or less than contributing a ruinous subscription to the support of one of the most bare-faced and grasping monopolies that a comparatively free and intelligent people have ever tolerated. What has the Merry Master of the Rolls to say, for instance, to the costs in the not-yet forgotten case of *Belt v. Lawes*? or, for the matter of that, to the costs of a thousand and one other cases daily cropping up, in which, injustice, no matter how grave, being done, there is no sort of remedy to be had as things stand, save for those who have a purse long enough to make the loss of a year's income or so a matter of comparative indifference. That the bringing of such "law" as this to any man's door is not exactly the kind of boon to provoke a display of grateful fireworks, no one will be likely to dispute.

But with all deference to the Legal Jester of the Mansion House, there is no question but that the sooner the very poorest man in England can get full and entire justice, without paying for it, the better it will be even for such a humorous big wig as the Master of the Rolls.

"GOING to sell the Fountains Collection," says MRS. RAMSBOTHAM. "Well, the pair at Charing Cross may fetch a trifle,—though I should be sorry to have the whole lot of them on my hands at any price!"





## THE EGYPTIAN HASH.

HEAD COOK. "HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT FLAVOURED, SIR?"

MR. B. "WELL—UM—P'RAPS YOU'D BETTER DO IT YOUR OWN WAY,—ONLY DON'T LET 'S HAVE TOO MUCH FR—HEM!—FOREIGN SAUCE IN IT."



## HOW PICTURES ARE MADE.

[\*.\* As the Fine Art Society has recently published the Story of how Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's "*Cymon and Iphigenia*" came to be painted, I feel that I am offering a valuable contribution to Art in reproducing my Sketches and Notes for my great Picture of "*Simple Simon and his Effigy Nigher*," which will soon be exhibited at Walker's Gallery.]



Studies of Simon's Hand. I was uncertain in what attitude to place them. I never do anything in a hurry. Simon's dexter Finger and Thumb—too like Mr. Punch's Nose. Observe the Rabbit on the Wall.

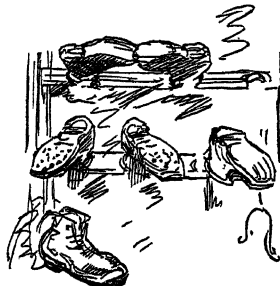


Study for Simple Simon.

Decided to do him without Legs, and perhaps continue Legs in another Picture.



Rejected Legs intended for Simon.

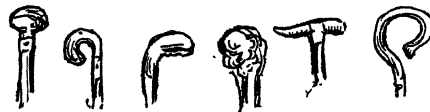


Study of Boot-tree.

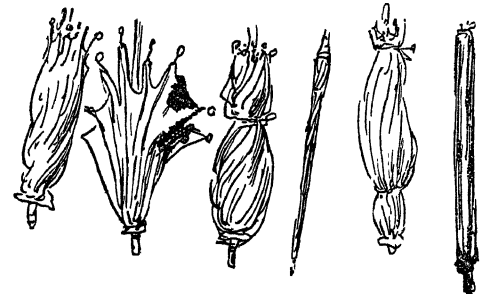
Note.—I rejected these studies, as my Boot-trees were becoming too leathery in colour and texture. I know the saying, "Nothing like leather,"—but there is something very like leather, and that's my Tree in my Picture of Simple Simon and his Effigy Nigher. Mem.—Shall alter this. Why not Cork Tree? Will try it.



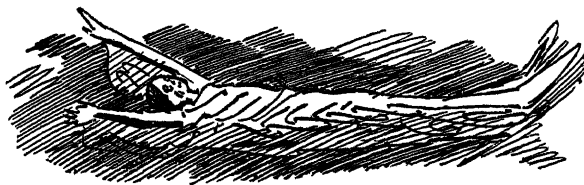
My Studies for Sleeping Figure of Model or "Effigy Nigher."



Studies of Handles for Simon's Umbrella.



Study for Simon's Umbrella—if he is to have one.



Chalk and Water Study for Effigy Nigher.

"How long! how long!" I rejected this because I fancy I must have been unconsciously reproducing the pictorial advertisement of "Claudian."



Study of Drapery.

This I made by careful and personal observation of our Clothes-line in the back garden.



Study for a lot of People asleep. Sort of Pick-and-Choose-'em-where-you-like, for my Picture of Simon and his Effigy Nigher.



The Result—My Picture of Simple Simon and his Effigy Nigher.

## THREE-PER-CENT. CONSOLATION.

*(Song of the Stockholder.)*

CONVERSION of the Nation's Debt,

Oh, what a blessing, what a boon!

The Taxpayers great relief will get

How sensible, how sure, how soon!

Posterity, in after days,  
Will this year's Budget bless and praise.

And oh, ye Fundholders, dear friends

And brothers, what although we lose

A portion of the dividends,  
Some sixth of our accustomed dues?

Our little loss will prove a great Advantage to the suffering State.

And if Conversion we decline  
(Some Reprobates may dare do so),

What if we're told, some morning fine,

To take our principal, and go.

And so be driven, though sore afraid,

To stake per chance our all in trade?

Well, well, in speculations rash

Let us beware how we invest,  
Lest we thereby may lose our cash,

But meanwhile hope, boys, for the best,

And join in cheers, and tol-de-rols

Sung o'er Conversion of Consols.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 179.

[AUTHENTIC.]



THE WRITER WHO SIGNS HIMSELF "G." IN THE FORTNIGHTLY.

## COMMENDABLE LUNACY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Does the following advertisement, which appears in the *Times*, emanate from Colney Hatch? I cannot conceive it is the work of anyone in his sober senses. Look at it! Read it! Reflect upon it! Here it is:—

**MY GOOD FRIEND.**—Have received half-notes of £45. Why persist in such unmerited kindness? I beg you withhold any more.—H.

People are not, unfortunately, in the habit of sending me half-notes for £45, or, indeed, half-notes for anything. If they were, I would reply, through the medium of the *Times* newspaper, thus:—

**MY BEST FRIEND.**—Have received half-notes of £45. Pray persist in such a proper appreciation of merit! I beg you will not withhold any more.—B. B.

Some people never know how to make good use of their opportunities, and those who have this knowledge never have any opportunities to make use of.

Yours impecuniously,  
BENJAMIN BACKBILL.  
221, Stonebroke Street,  
Stumer Square.

AMONGST other taradiddles from Cairo, we were told that the MAHDI had invested Khartoum. This—if true—might have been looked upon as a Prophet-able investment.

## THE SCIENTIFIC SPECTRES.

*(By a Physiologist.)*

[An eminent Physician has declared that apparitions are often caused by the deranged state of the ghost-seer's health.]

HOLLO, old friend, you here again!  
'Tis quite an age since last we met;  
I see you've still your clanking chain,  
And that worn shroud is round you yet:  
But, come, you look uncommon grumpy;  
Is it because the churchyard's lumpy?

You're cross because I'm not afraid?  
But fancy being in fear of ghosts!  
We know the tricks, friend, of the trade;  
Why you come single or in hosts.  
You're supernatural?—Oh, gammon!  
You're simply undigested salmon.

But who's your friend? What, does he rent  
The haunted house in Berkeley Square?  
Well, well, there's no impediment  
Against his coming out for air.  
Some folks might fly, but I don't mind him,  
Although he's left his flesh behind him.

Why don't I shake?—Why, bless your hearts,  
I'll shake my physis. Get your cloaks,  
And vanish now you've played your parts  
You're nought but pancreatic jokes.  
You skeleton I'll bet my hat is—  
Just cucumber and lobster patties.

Now, friends, some other victim haunt.

Go back—I won't say to your fires—

And tell the story of your jaunt  
To Mr. GURNEY and to MYERS;

Their Psychological Research can't question

That ghosts are only indigestion.

## "WHO IS 'G'?" OR, GUESSES AT TRUTH.

*(To the Editor.)*

SIR,—Among the numerous suggestions already made as to the writer of this famous Article, scarcely one has been anywhere near the mark. You may take it from me that THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE IN THE "FORTNIGHTLY" SIGNED "G" IS LORD GARMOYLE.

Yours truly, F.

Sir,—Negative evidence goes for something. The writer who signed himself "G" was not I.

\*\*\* Our limits will not allow of our publishing all the other Letters of the Alphabet on this subject.—[Ed.]

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE Liberals think that Lord KENSINGTON will "walk in" for Middlesex, with the assistance of a good CAINE. The Conservatives, on the contrary, are of opinion that he will have to "cut his stick."

## A (Scott) Free Rendering.

*(By a Misogynist.)*

O WOMAN! Suffrageless, you Shes  
Have made the world a Little-ease.  
But with a vote? Great SCOTT! I vow  
Our daily life would be all row!

A MODUS VIVENDI.—At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, one MARY SKINNER pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing six gloves and a bottle of brandy. From hand to mouth.

## A NUT FOR NEWRY.

Q. How would you define the term "mass-meeting"?

A. Leave out the first letter.

"THAT's what I call *Truite à la Ta-ta*," said a well-known gourmet, when a fine trout escaped from his hook, as he was on the point of landing it.

LYDIA to the Ladies (on the rejection of Mr. Woodall's Amendment).—"Becker luck next time! Keep up your Becker!"

"RACING FIXTURES."—The Horses that don't run.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 16: THE LADIES' NIGHT OR PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 9.*—WOODALL about the House again to-night; back from Aix-les-Bains. Hardly knew him. Cheeks hollow, eyes unnaturally bright, limbs shrunk, shoulders bowed, and one leg fully an inch in girth stouter than the other.

"Don't seem to have left your aches at Aix," I said, with true compassion, for there's not a better fellow in the House than WOODALL, though apt to be imposed upon by Lovely Woman.

"No, TOBY," he said, with weary, listless air. "There are some aches that no baths can wash away. Mine are heart-aches. Haven't had a moment's peace since I took up this conf— I mean this great cause of Woman's Suffrage. Never knew till now the deathless persistency of Woman. Night and day she pursues me. Dread the postman's knock; began of late to go out the back way, but they're round there now. May as well go out like ordinary householder who's paid his taxes. Great mistake for single man to undertake the work. CAINE should have done it, or, better still, JACOB BRIGHT should have stuck to it. He was all right, I believe. In his time question kept strictly on broad political grounds. Good-looking young fellow, unmarried, has no business in this Galley. L. B. does her best to keep crowd off; but begin to suspect L. B. herself. Wish it was over. Couldn't survive another fortnight."

Newry Riots up at Question Time. GIBSON severely asks whether PARNELL's friends in peacefully peregrinating Newry were advised by police not to pass Orange Hall? This too much for TREVELYAN. Orange Hall, it appears, is in main street. Why should Parnellites go by back-way because two ferocious Orangemen waiting for them in hall with loaded pistols? House has suffered a good deal with Parnellites, but loudly cheers TREVELYAN's generous outburst.

Franchise Bill went off to-night in Committee like can of dynamite, only nobody hurt. Little revolt by Scotland: something about payment of Poores-Rates. The MACKINTOSH moved Amendment. On Division defeated by 194 Votes to 9; upon which The MACKINTOSH folded himself up with deftness only acquired by lifelong habit, buckled strap, and got RAMSAY to carry him out of the House. "Put me away for a rainy day," he said, with tear (or perhaps raindrop) in his voice.

At ten minutes past One, CHRISTOPHER SYKES discovered on his legs, curiously regarding SPEAKER through eyeglass; evidently quite surprised to discover someone in the Chair. As he was there, however, CHRISTOPHER begged to move the Second Reading of the Oyster, Crab, and Lobster Bill. Loud cheers from all parts of the House. Cries for further explanation. Rather a bore to explain a Bill, especially with new pair of gloves on. But must be done. Seems

that oysters taken to swallowing each other, which leads to scarcity; crabs no longer walk backward into basket, and lobsters claim to have a voice in the components of salad. "It is, Sir," CHRISTOPHER observed, with a fresh look of surprise in face at discovering SPEAKER still in Chair, "with no shellfish purpose that I move in this matter, but these things must be nipped in the bud. It is enough to have Agricultural Labourer demanding Franchise. Can't permit spirit of revolution to extend to our shellfish." Loud cheers, during which CHRISTOPHER, after solemnly staring all round, resumed seat. *Business done*—Original clauses of Franchise Bill passed through Committee.

*Tuesday.*—Saw WOODALL again at Seven to-night. Looks ten years younger, cheeks filled up, both legs getting same size. "Got my speech over, TOBY," he says, "for which, thank Heaven. Never catch me in mess like this again. Haven't spent quiet night or day for last two months. Free now, and mean to keep so. Got a couple of notices written, one for back door, other for front. 'Back in an hour,' it says. Women seeing that, will have to go away. Of course they'll come back in an hour, but they can't do it for more than day or week at most. If that doesn't do, shall go to some quiet place, and give out that I'm gone to China, leaving full address. Women don't like paying fivepence for postage, and that'll choke 'em off. Perhaps one or two will follow. ONE, I'm sure, will. She can't get out and home under four months, then we shall be in Recess. But it's dreadful work, TOBY, the scheming and dodging for honest and innocent man. Begin now to understand position of *Captain Bunsby*. Can't read some passages in my *Dombey and Son* without tears wetting the page."

"Well, you made a very good speech," I said, seeing he was getting low again. "Best statement of case yet done. But what did you mean by marriage being the 'solitary vocation of woman'?"

"Thinking of L. B.," he said, in hoarse whisper. "Cases where a man, specially of amiable disposition, can't avoid marriage. Still he might like to take it solitary."

Mr. TOOTS MACIVER down at quarter to Nine, peering into recesses of Library, opening cupboard-doors and smiling vacuously at vacancy.

"Don't see many down yet," he said. "Thought there might be one or two got in these places by mistake. Mr. BIGGAR promised me a House at Nine, and I know he'll do it. Great thing for me to have his patronage. Took me up up at Birkenhead, you remember; makes me quite easy about my seat there."

Quite true. JOSEPH GILLIS has highest opinion of Mr. Toots. Came down to-night at ten minutes to Nine.

"Don't you be afraid," he said to T., whose spectacles were dimmed with emotion and excitement. "Put your trust in JOSEPH and he'll pull you through."



But JOSEPH didn't. Notion of coming down at Nine to hear Mr. TOOTS not attractive, even though coupled with opportunity of having a shy at CHAMBERLAIN. So just as Mr. TOOTS had commenced to read his speech, written on backs of letters in own handwriting, addressed to himself, House Counted Out.

"Shall I go for 'em," said the Game Chicken, whom TOOTS had provided with seat in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. "Jest pint 'em out, Master, and I'll show 'em daylight through back of their bloomin' 'eads." Game Chicken turned up cuffs and ominously fixed eye on JOSEPH GILLIS, who was crossing Lobby, and in another moment would have been exceedingly surprised.

"No, no; come away," said Mr. TOOTS, tremulously. "All a mistake. Of no consequence. These are my best friends."

*Business done.*—Franchise Bill in Committee.

*Wednesday.*—"Any news to-day from Egypt?" I asked Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

"Yes," he said, "there's been another rising."

"What is it this time, the Wady-Halfans?"

"No, the Nile."

Don't know much about foreign politics, not so much for example as ASHMEAD-BARNETT; but this sounds bad. If the very rivers of a country rise, things must be in dangerous way.

A very pleasant afternoon with Scotch Members. Something about Ecclesiastical Assessments. Fancy things must be rather gloomy in this respect. Never heard anybody so melancholy as Sir ALEXANDER GORDON, till COLIN CAMPBELL appeared on scene. Emotion so profound could hardly hear him. Seems to be sad case all round. Depression shared by audience. Would have given half-a-crown for one of HEALY's yells or JOSEPH GILLIS's shrill "Hear-hears." Deep vein of prevailing sorrow in Scotch constitution. On the whole would rather attend a funeral than the Adjourned Debate on the Ecclesiastical Assessments (Scotland) Bill.

*Thursday.*—TIPPITY WITCHETT, the Maori King, down to-day with his Chiefs. Seats provided for them in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, usually occupied by friends of Irish Members. Nice intelligent Gentleman TIPPITY, though tattooed.

"Think of having House of Commons of my own when I go back, TOBY," he said. "Rather fun to sit in big chair, and order fellows round. Mean to be my own Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms."

"I trust your Majesty has recovered from your recent indisposition?" I asked. Always respectful to Royalty, though, like TIM HEALY, wouldn't know a Crown Prince if I met him in street. If I had met TIPPITY WITCHETT about Westminster, would have thought he was going to Aquarium, or coming back after performance.

"Yes, all right now. *Court Circular*, I am told, said it was rheumatism. Fact is, TOBY, it was sausages. Saw dish of them, for first time, at breakfast three days after I arrived. Tasted them; enchanted; more like—ah! well, don't you know we never do it now, but there was a time—well, in delicate flavour more like old times than anything. Ate fourteen. Told they're bad things in hot weather. Nobody looking; put two off dish into trousers-pocket. Secretly ate them. That's what did it. Know better in future. Draw the line at fourteen."

TIPPITY rather bored with House. The Great Chief GOBBLY WOBBLY fell fast asleep whilst Lord JOHN MANNERS speaking. TIPPITY chiefly struck by STANSFELD.

"Who's that engaging young thing with hair nicely oiled and parted down the middle?" he asked.

"That's the Right Hon. JAMES STANSFELD."

"Funny ways you English have. Here's a woman spoiled, and a man not made. Suppose he's Member for Middlesex?"

Some difficulty in waking up GOBBLY WOBBLY. Said he hadn't slept much last night; would like to hear another speech.

"Sell sausages?" TIPPITY whispered, as we passed refreshment counter.

"Not in their native simplicity," I said; "might get you one enveloped in thin crust of paste."

"Get me four, dear boy," said His Majesty, a faint blush of eager anticipation showing itself through tattoo-marks. Pressed four sausage-rolls into his dusky hand. Most interesting man. Quite a Child of Nature. *Business done.*—WOODALL's Woman's Suffrage Clause rejected by 271 Votes against 135.

*Friday.*—Franchise Bill taken at Morning Sitting. Seemed to be going right through. But, with object of checking undue exuberance on part of Government, WHITLEY, WARTON, HICKS, TOMLINSON, TOM COLLINS, and CHARLES LEWIS interposed, and managed to get Bill thrown over.

At Evening Sitting that young Sybarite, T. P. O'CONNOR, who last week complained of absence of silver bells, Bath-chairs, and liveried servants in House, now took up question of Egyptian Loans. Revelled in references to millions sterling. In fact, so free and easy on matter that, as GOSCHEN showed, not particular to twenty millions sterling, here or there. Pretty to see GOSCHEN rattling TIN POT and showing how empty it is, except of parched-peas.

*Business done.*—Franchise Bill getting forrader.

## AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

A MEETING of the "Look-a-head" Radical Club, of Chelsea, was held on Monday last, Mr. FROTH presiding. Among the distinguished visitors present were DIGBY GRAND, Esq., RICHARD SWIVELLER, Esq., Mr. DEAL, Mr. JEREMY DIDDLE, Baron NATHAN, SIDNEY BEER, Esq., M.P., Sir BLOWITT WINDBAG, Mr. MICAWBER, Mr. Alderman BADLIE, the Hon. A. HAIRTONGUE, Mr. FLOBBY CARNT, Mr. BUNKUM, Mr. GRAB, and many others.

The Chairman said that this meeting had been called to consider what steps should be taken for the purpose of filling up the many lucrative situations in the Grand New Municipality that would be created by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's magnificent Bill, when it passed. ("Hear, hear!") They had had a long time to wait. They had worked like Niggers, and stuck at no amount of lying and slandering, so they could fairly lay claim to the first choice in the numerous good berths that would be vacant. (*Loud Cheers.*) He should be happy to receive any proposition that might be suggested.

DIGBY GRAND, Esq., said that he cordially agreed with every word of their learned Chairman's eloquent address, and he believed he should strike a chord—not the lost chord—(*a laugh*)—with which they would all harmonise, when he proposed that they should head the list about to be sent to their grateful friend, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, by the name of their honoured President, as Deputy Mayor, at a salary of £4,000 a-year. (*Loud Cheers.*)

This was seconded, in an eloquent speech, by Mr. MICAWBER, who said he would willingly surrender his claim to the coveted position, not doubting but that something would turn up that, as the song says, "would just suit him." (*Laughter and cheers.*) The proposal was carried *nem. con.*

The next office being that of Chamberlain, Mr. JEREMY DIDDLE ventured to observe that, as the principal duty of that officer seemed to consist in borrowing various sums of money, his long experience in that line would seem to point him out as the right man in the right place. This irresistible claim being at once admitted, he was selected unanimously,—salary £3,000.

The office of Principal Trumpeter was at once assigned to Sir BLOWITT WINDBAG. The office of Judge of the Small Debts Court was allotted to Mr. DEAL, his large experience in that direction being his principal recommendation.

The Hon. A. HAIRTONGUE thought that as the office of Remembrancer required a Gentleman of great tact, good temper, and polished manners, perhaps he might be thought to be admirably suited to that important position. (*A laugh.*) He was then selected.

Mr. FLOBBY CARNT begged to suggest, that, as the office of Comptroller was created for the purpose of controlling any exaggerated, or misleading, or untrue statement, made by any of his brother officers, he thought that the Meeting, with their thorough knowledge of his little peculiarities in this respect, and his well-known reverence for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, could not do better than select him for this somewhat difficult position.

Sir BLOWITT WINDBAG said that, on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief—"Order!"—he meant no offence, he would propose that, which was carried.

The President said the next office to fill up would be that of City Solicitor, and as that would, in the future, be an office of very grave responsibility, as the largely-increased rates would, no doubt, be received at first with great dissatisfaction, and would require much firmness on the part of their legal adviser, he should propose that their well-known friend RICHARD SWIVELLER, Esq., be selected for that position.

SIDNEY BEER, Esq., M.P., said he was somewhat surprised to hear this last statement of the President, as he, Mr. BEER, had always declared, and so had his big brother, that there would be no increase in the rates. Could the President say what the rates of the future would be?

The President confessed he could not, as finance was not his forte; in fact, he always carefully avoided it; but it had been publicly stated by the Chief Commissioner of Works for the City, that it would probably be about sixteen shillings in the pound, or about three times the present amount.

The Treasurer was selected for the office of Common Crier. It was objected that he had made a very good thing of his office by the interest received upon his large balances, but he repudiated the charge with indignation, as his largest balance had never reached £300, and nearly the whole of that was drawn out in the following month, to pay the expense of their frolicsome Lambs—(*a laugh*)—for attending their bogus meetings.

The Club sat till a late hour, but, before separating, every member present was able to join heartily in their popular chorus:—

"I think in the new Municipalities  
I something have found that will just suit me!  
And that was why I came here, my boys,  
That was why I came here!"

## THE TOWN.

## IV.—MAYFAIR. A THING OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY in Babylon? As a butterfly  
Lit on the horn of Behemoth, it seems  
Incongruous! Yet Boeotia hath  
an eye,  
Like Polyphemus, and indul-  
geth dreams  
Of Galatea. Passion's lyric cry  
Upward through London's  
brumous welkin streams,  
As through the Athenian blue,  
in burning praise  
Of the strange modish *Charis*  
of our days.

A Fashionable Beauty! 'Twere  
a text  
For LUCIAN or for HEINE.  
Lesser lyres  
May try it, but the ear of  
wisdom, vex  
With much hysteric thin-  
toned twangling, tires  
Of expectation; whose'er the  
next  
Town twitterer boudoir love-  
liness inspires,  
The Mayfair manufacturer of  
trioletts

Will hardly win the Ionian crown of violets.  
Yes, Beauty's fashionable, and to-day,  
Like other modes, is just a branch of trade,  
Self-advertised in as serene a way  
As soaps or corsets; lavishly displayed  
Like coarser "goods." 'Tis not the modern way  
For AMARYLLIS to affect the shade;  
The nymph has turned a bold, unblushing boaster  
In photograph, trade-circular, and poster.  
Fair AMARYLLIS! She at seventeen  
Was sweet and fresh as her own Devon lanes,  
But greed hath eyes ubiquitous and keen,  
And Beauty to the mart is brought like brains.  
An English Cressid? Nay, restrain your spleen,  
THERSITES! Greek device no longer reigns.  
Beauty is made a marketable toy,  
But scarce in the frank fashion of old Troy.  
How? Mothers, husbands, *chaperons* may reply.  
The many-mystery'd art hath various phases.  
Beauty that poses in the crowd's coarse eye,  
Or panders to Society's daintier crazes  
Must sacrifice the sweets of privacy,  
Show open, common, cheap as summer daisies,  
But hath she not reward when each quack bill is  
Bright with the beauteous bust of AMARYLLIS?  
Trade subsidises Art. MUMTHRUMBO's braces  
Are blazoned to the world by an R.A.,  
And why should womanhood's seductive graces  
Not serve the counter Croesus? Trade can pay  
For its commodity of pretty faces;  
A Duchess in artistic *negligée*,  
Or loose-robed star of Stagedom's light o' loves,  
Both help to push the sale of hose or gloves.  
So AMARYLLIS moves, Queen, not of Love,  
But the queer realm of quidnunc Cockneydom;  
In its strange fame some few degrees above  
A skipping stage chit. Little lyrist's strum  
Her praises, proud to play the Paphian dove  
About her car of triumph; painters come  
To do her canvas-homage, all as hollow  
As neo-pagan pæans to Apollo.  
HELEN, ASPASIA, CLEOPATRA,—these  
Were Passion's frank, unfaltering ministrants;  
But 'tis not ANTONY or PERICLES  
Whom AMARYLLIS charms; her postulants  
Are modish mannikins, the dregs and lees  
Of the effeminate coteries and cants,  
Who swell the silly legion, never scanty,  
Of the *homunculi* and the *dilettanti*.  
Poor Beauty! Handmaid of this cackling herd,  
Star of the social pageant hired for show!



What *Puck*-like tricks the Imp of the Absurd  
Plays in this world! Beauty perforce must go  
Where'er Society's languid pulse is stirred,  
Shine at a race, or pose in a *tableau*,  
To please the Argus mob whose gloating eyes  
Gleam praises which are veiled indignities.

Theme of the Club-room's cold and cynic chatter,  
The Peeping-Toms of Pressdom gush and gloat  
Upon her published charms, her graces flatter,  
Appraise her lips, or eulogise her throat.  
The common quarry of the Cad! What matter  
If he display a starred and brodered coat,  
The counter-jumper's oily hirsute twist,  
Or the smart frock of the smart journalist?

Hail, conquering Cad! Thy spirit widely rules,  
Late risen from its native home, the gutter.  
The CLOTENS of the Senate, Press, Clubs, Schools,  
Thy bald brutalities now boldly utter.  
Who now of courtesy or candour pules?  
The cleverness that Cockneydom would flutter  
Is blatant, self-assertive, rancorous, rude,  
The ape of 'ARRY's every mode and mood.

The chuckling churl, who flattens his snub nose  
Against the window where the flaunted charms  
Of AMARYLLIS glow in graceful pose,

With Lady LIMPET's white bewitching arms,  
And Mrs. MERLE, the sumptuous southern rose,  
Competing conqueringly, thrills not nor warms  
Like rustic CYMON to a higher sense,  
Quickened by beauty's calm omnipotence.

He grins and gloses as they glose and grin  
In courtlier sort in gallery, stall, or stand.  
There is no touch of inspiration in

The pitiful parade that makes the land  
Accomplice in destroying what should win  
Defence of every honest heart and hand,—  
That privacy of home which vulgar bribes  
Leaves at the mercy of Society scribes.

And Beauty's self? To paint her inner war  
Of hope and fear, ambition, shame, disgust,  
Needs divination. But a Social Star  
Shines for its season only; PHARAOH's dust  
Is not more dead than banished World-Queens are,  
If Beauty be not shrewd to make the lust  
Of the crowd's curious eye yield solid gain,  
Than memories of past triumphs what more vain?

Of Beauty and the many-headed Beast  
A later legend phantasy might frame.  
Who'll try the task? The Poet or the Priest?  
Nay, zeal is honey-tongued, and satire tame;  
But the fierce Prophet of the fervid East  
Might strike in London homes the trail of shame,  
Though wide the difference, as 'twixt flames and lilies,  
Between AHOLIBAH and AMARYLLIS.

## Most Inappropriate.

THE commemoration of the Tercentenary of the murder of WILLIAM THE SILENT will take place at Delft on the Tenth of July. The *Times* says:—

"Professor DE VRIES, of Leyden University, considered the most effective speaker of Holland, has consented to pronounce an oration over the splendid tomb of 'The Silent' in the New Church of Delft."

Fancy commemorating WILLIAM THE SILENT with a long speech! The proceedings ought to be in dumb show, and his health drunk in solemn silence in a glass of Mumm all round.

## Black or White?

"Here is a bit of news. I don't know whether I like it or not. White stockings are coming in again."—*Girl's Gossip in "Truth."*

THOSE symphonies in black, Brave in their silken sheen, The graceful sable hose, With creaseless fit and clock- ing: They're doomed, alas! alack! The flying skirt I ween No longer will disclose The dainty black silk stocking!	The laughing Tennis lass A hint of ebon limbs, For ten years, I suppose, Has shown 'neath frills and frocking: But now, when o'er the grass She fleetly trips and skims, She deftly hides and shows A spotless snow-white stocking!
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[Any colour (we say) that the Ladies like best; but let Blue-Stockings disappear entirely.—Ed.]



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 17. THE LOBBY: No. 5. HATS OFF FOR THE SPEAKER.

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 16.*—Full attendance in Lords to-night, to hear lecture by the MACULLUM MORE. The Duke in high feather. Smashed around at Irish Land Bill. Greatly delighted Conservative Lords. Even Markiss smiled grim approval. "MACULLUM ought to be one of us," he said. "Give 'em CAIRNS and RICHMOND in exchange."

Duke very hard on late colleagues, but manages this thing better than FORSTER. Doesn't excite same feelings of resentment, though not less dangerous as candid friend. General sense that the Duke is a little late with his warning. Useful speech before Land Act passed, trifle out of date to-day. Still, a fine fiery speech, full of that wisdom which comes with knowledge of accomplished events. Sat down at end of two hours and quarter.

"Any More, MACULLUM?" I asked.

"Not to-day, TOBY," he said, wiping his massive brow with pocket-handkerchief embroidered with family motto—"Ne oblivis caris." (LORD MAYOR tells me this, being translated, means "Dinna forget.") Suppose this is what's called elliptical sentence; full meaning, "Dinna forget this is Dook of ARGYLL's pocket-handkerchief. Observe it with respectful eye. Touch it not with desecrating hand.") "But this only first of series. Mean to take all Acts of Parliament as far back as Magna Charta, deliver lecture on each, showing how much better they'd have been if I'd drafted and carried them through. Working backwards, like one of CHRISTOPHER SYKES's crabs, I'm timed to reach Bill of Rights, August, 1885."

In Commons Mr. TOOTS MACIVER still active in spite of discomfiture of Tuesday night. His mission is to put down CHAMBERLAIN. Feels pretty certain of success. Asks abstruse questions about composition of Board of Trade. Conservatives wickedly cheer him on. Liberals roar. A sudden terror seizes Mr. TOOTS, sits down on PULESTON's hat.

"It's of no consequence," he said, seizing PULESTON's hand and warmly shaking it. "Of no consequence at all, I assure you."

Education Estimates on. Capital speech from MUNDELLA.

"Think so?" asked STANLEY LEIGHTON. "You wait a bit. See me make mincemeat of it."

MUNDELLA down. The Man from Shropshire up, waving arms, talking in excited manner, just as he used to in the Chancery Court. Unfortunately no ushers here to put him out. Their services reserved for BRADLAUGH and Irish Members.

"Nice, well-meaning man, LEIGHTON," said Dr. FARQUHARSON,

eyeing him with professional air,—“but don't you think he's—ah!—hem—a little—? Over-pressure at school, I fancy, is working out results. Curious how excited he gets on questions relating to Lunacy. Remarkable case. Shall watch it.”

*Business done.*—Education Vote taken.

*Tuesday.*—Encouraging rumours of Count Out to-night. WARTON came down to do it. Surprised to find over forty Liberals in their places. Chiefly Gentlemen accustomed to ballot for Wednesdays. Bring in every year Sunday Closing Bills, Burial Bills, Extraordinary Tithe Bills, and the like. WARTON, or FOLKESTONE, or TOMLINSON, when half-past Five reached, and Division imminent, get up, and talk out Bills. Determined to put stop to this; so STEVENSON brings in Resolution, declaring that Bills reached before Two o'clock on Wednesdays shall be divided upon, WARTON NORTON, *volens volens*, at Five o'clock.

Very small House except for cluster of Radicals, and thin black line of Parnellites who have some dirty linen to wash. Suddenly PREMIER appears. Just looked in in dinner-dress, makes brief speech in support of Motion, and goes back to dessert.

"Good Heavens!" cried BERRSFORD HOPE, who shared Front Bench with LBBETSON. "This will never do. Shall have these fellows passing all kinds of things on Wednesday afternoons. Perhaps disestablish the Church between lunch and five o'clock tea."

Only six Conservatives present. Rest scattered far and wide. Even ROWLAND WINN presumed to dine. Great routing out of Ex-Treasury Messengers. Boot and spur and Hansom cabs, and off to Clubs and dinner-parties. Conservative Gentlemen roused by cry of "Obstruction in danger!" leaping across the walnuts and the wine, rush down to House. At doorway throw off appearance of haste, and stroll listlessly in, as if there by accident. Original six became a dozen, twenty, forty, eighty. Still they came with charming aspect of having dined leisurely, just looked in, hoping didn't intrude. NORTHCOTE in new and glossy opera-hat, HICKS-BEACH, and SMITH, and Lord JOHN, and the rest. CAVENDISH BENTINCK more rumped than ever. Grand CROSS, in dinner dress, boldly walked full length of House. Evidently no quotations from PRIME MINISTER to-night.

Ever seen tide run up on level strand, filling wrinkle here and hole there, silent, irresistible, till where sand was water shines? So Conservative benches filled up. Every man in dinner-dress, and everyone with same determined look of accidentally turning up. Irish Members consulted. Would they vote against Government? JOSEPH GILLIS rather thought they would. So Motion for Adjournment suddenly moved, and Resolution which, an hour earlier, seemed certain to be carried, rejected by 115 Votes against 92. *Business done.*—At Morning Sitting progress of Franchise Bill stopped.



## EARLY PREJUDICE.

"OH, MAMMA! WHEN BABY BEGINS TO TALK, WHAT A DREADFUL THING IF WE FIND OUT HE'S AN IRISHMAN!"

*Wednesday.*—House adjourned at Three this morning. Met again at Noon, or should have met, but couldn't get forty men till One o'Clock. Have written to one of the Factory Inspectors. Get him to come down and see how many hours we work, and then shall enter upon prosecution. Not sure whom to prosecute. Think I'll try the SPEAKER. BRADLAUGH didn't make much out of Sergeant-at-Arms when he went for him. SPEAKER sure to say he can't help it; but can't hear these personal pleadings. If it isn't him it's somebody else. Every respect for Mr. PEEL, but law must be vindicated.

Church Patronage under discussion this afternoon. LUTHER MCLANCHTON LABOUCHERE gave his views on Church Reform, going to root of matter in pleasantly direct way. Incidentally mentioned that whilst not desirous of prolonging existence of State Church, didn't particularly love landlords. They also to be swept away. Man of singular directness of mind, Mr. LABOUCHERE. Would have made a figure in Paris in 1789-82.

*Business done.*—Church Patronage Bill read Second Time and referred to Select Committee.

*Thursday.*—Serious business at Question-time. GLADSTONE in incautious moment recklessly challenged accuracy of statements by ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. This of course can't go unnoticed.

"If there's one thing I pride myself upon," ASHMEAD says, "it is perfect accuracy on matters of detail."

Questions over, ASHMEAD rose. Loud cheers from Conservatives.

"I suppose," said CHAPLIN, with air of disgust, "he's going to put some more of his questions."

"Not at all," said CAVENDISH BENTINCK, who had been cheering till his astonished hair stood straight up, and surveyed the scene in search of cause for the turmoil. "Not at all. He's going for GLADSTONE. Hear! hear! hear!"

"Oh, that's another thing!" said CHAPLIN. "Hear! hear! hear! hear!"

ASHMEAD's bearing of unusual solemnity. Not accustomed to be cheered in this way. Recognition come at last. Not surprised at it, but must hear himself calmly in hour of triumph. When ASHMEAD sat down, PREMIER discovered excitedly holding out right hand.

"No no," said ASHMEAD, shaking his head with stern resolution.

"He must apologise first. Bear him no enmity. Can well understand he would rather have me as friend than enemy; but before I shake hands with him he must make the amends honorable."

"It's your papers he wants, man," said MACFARLANE.

"Oh!" said ASHMEAD, a little crestfallen. Walked across the floor, and gave PREMIER his manuscript. PREMIER couldn't read it, so ASHMEAD sat beside him on Treasury Bench, and pointed out quotation. Quite touching picture to see the two great men thus hobnobbing. Truce only temporary. ASHMEAD scarcely safe back in seat, when PREMIER opened fire, shrivelling up ASHMEAD, and blacking his Eye.

Truthful JAMES looked on with keen delight. "We must keep this going," he said, and rose with genial intention of casting oil over spreading flames. But SPEAKER ruled him out of order, and he subsided. "Regular marplot," JIMMY muttered. "Spoilt best bit of fun offered for months."

Got through Franchise Bill by Ten o'Clock. At Eleven, leaving few old fogies to discuss Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, House adjourned to Smoking-Room. LABBY got up little entertainment with STUART CUMBERLAND. GLADSTONE came along and joined in sport. No one, to see him with his legs on table, long clay pipe in mouth, hat tilted on back of head, and pot of shandy-gaff at his elbow, would have recognised in him the magnificently wrathful man who six hours earlier had eaten up ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

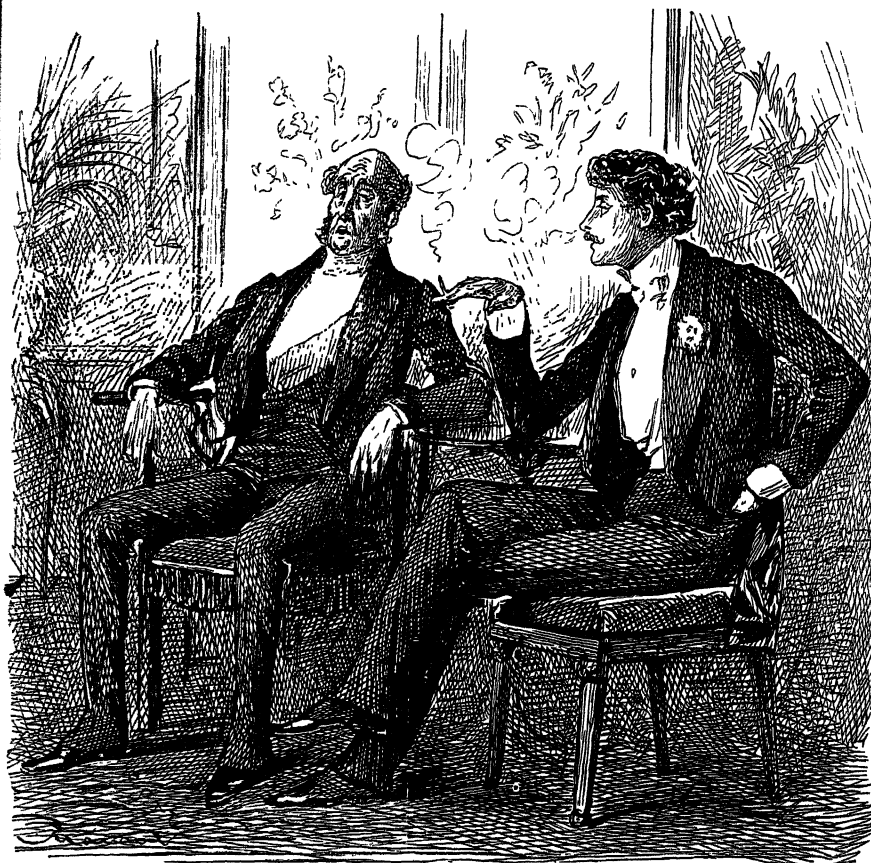
Entertainment very successful; mean to have a series. Two end-men Christy Minstrels engaged for next Thursday. Arrangements for Thursday week not yet settled. Either be TOOLE in *Paw Clavdian* or DAVID JAMES in *Reminiscence of Middlewick*.

*Business done.*—Franchise Bill passed through Committee.

*Friday.*—ROSEBERRY takes the floor in Lords to-night. Calmly states opinion that House is capable of improvement. At very time Peers preparing to throw out Reform Bill in other House, here's a young Earl, who's been travelling in America, Australia, and other low countries, suggesting that they shall reform themselves! Cold shudder ran through House. By two Divisions, Motion emphatically dismissed. STRATHNAIRN so overcome that twice in succession voted in wrong Lobby.

*Business done.*—Sunday Closing Bill talked out in Commons.





### THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

"AND PRAY, DUKE, WHAT POSSIBLE OBJECTION CAN YOU HAVE TO MY BEING A SUITOR FOR THE HAND OF YOUR DAUGHTER GWENDOLEN? I—A—THINK I MAY FLATTER MYSELF THAT, AS A LEADING GENTLEMAN AT THE PARTHENON THEATRE, MY SOCIAL POSITION IS AT LEAST ON A PAR WITH YOUR GRACE'S!"

"I ADMIT THAT TO BE THE CASE JUST AT PRESENT—BUT THE SOCIAL POSITION OF AN ACTOR MAY SUFFER A REACTION, AND A DAY MAY COME WHEN EVEN THE LEADING GENTLEMAN AT THE PARTHENON MAY SINK TO THE LEVEL OF A BISHOP, LET US SAY, AND BE NO LONGER QUITE A SUITABLE MATCH FOR A DAUGHTER OF THE—A—HOUSE OF BEAUMANOIR!"

### NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

OUR important occupation, allers a werry resposnerbel and diffyult one, becums more diffyult at this festive seasoning, by reason of our large amount of travelling. We are litorally here to-day and gone to-morrow. Wat with Cristel Pallises, and Stars and Garters, and Obern Restaurants, and Epping Forestes, we reelly are quite ellergibble for The Travellers' Club. Last week, we had a large party at the old "Maypole" at Chigwell, that everybody knows as has red *Barnaby Rudge*, and a nice jovial party they was. They was, I spose, from their conversation, the Directors of a Semetery Company, and a werry good time they seems to have had on it lately, bisness being partickler brisk. They seems to keep two parsons, one for the Churchers, and the other for the Chapellers, and they was both there, and was both drunk, as usual, and both returned thanks in neat speeches. The reel Chairman, and a old worn-out Chairman, was both werry late, and didn't set down till the Lam was hup, but jest to see 'em set to work to make up for lost time, was a site to see, and they aeshally owertook 'em at the custads! The wines was partickler good, considering as we was in the Country, some nice torney Port being speshal nice. The speeches was short and full of fun, so I spose as they'd bin a-paying a jolly good dividend out of the Semetery. Brown told me as they sumtimes, when times is bad, does the same as the Horficers does in the Indian Army, that is, drinks success to Scarlet Fever! but Brown is so romantick in his untruthful stories! They had some music in the drawing-room after dinner, but the only songs as I herd was "*The Burial of Sir John More*," and "*The Death of Tom Bowling*," both of which I spose is considered perfeshnal. It's a nice little place is the "May Pole," and though they do jest a little gammon the litory people about which was *Mr. Chester's* room, and when the poor Raven died, and

setterer, for a nice little dinner in the nice little old-fashioned way, and a nice little drive through the beautiful Forest, with everythink as clean as a wissell, and as wholesome and as happytising as can be, and for being made artily welcome, I don't no where you can beat it.

Praps for gents who loves wariety as well as high living, there ain't no life as beats an Ed Waiters, excec praps a Prince's.

To only think that 24 short hours shoud see me transfurd from simple old fashioned Chigwell to the helegant Hall of the Washupfool Company of Wintner's! Ah wot a change was there, my Countrymen! Everythink that Hart, and Taste, and Culshur, and Money could perduce, was perduced there and dooly appriciated. The Menew was suburb; and that's wen I allus feels quite in my glory, for I have really a great delight in waiting on a Gent who gives his hole mind to his dinner. There's sum peepel on whom a scrumptious Maynew is quite wasted. They shakes their pore heads, which must be even emtier than their pore stummocks, and says, no thankey to amost all the richest ontrays. It would quite brake a Sherf's art to see 'em, and amost brakes mine. This egstrornary display of hignorance is werry common among the werry ighest classes, such as Princes and Dooks, but werry rare among Liverymen and Common Counselmen, excec wen they've got a touch of wot BROWN sorcasically calls the Livery complaint. On this werry occashun I waited on a well-seasoned Common Councilman, and did he say no thankey to anythink without looking at it? Suttently not. "Oh contrary," as the French says, everythink was well examined, and my egsperienced opinion asked of most of 'em.

Won thing rayther surprised me, he didn't take not no sauce with his sammon! "Wot, no sauce, Sir?" says I. "No," says he, playfully, "nor no cheek neether, Mr. ROBERT!" Wen I took him a dellycate slice of Saddle of Mutton, which seemed amost lost in the middle of the plate, I says, "Shall I get you a little more, Sir?"

### FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

WHAT chatter of names that have handles,  
What cackle of those that have not,  
What keen repetition of scandals,  
Served up, like the muffins, all hot!  
What high reputations bespattered,  
What flaws found in each pedigree,  
What characters sadly are shattered  
At Five o'Clock Tea!

What sneers come with each innuendo,  
What laughter at every *faux pas*,  
What talk of what women and men do,  
To shock e'en a worldly mamma!  
Your ears, my friend, surely would tingle  
If ever you happen to be  
The theme of the *mondaines* that mingle  
At Five o'Clock Tea!

They prattle of worldly enjoyment,  
The duty of woman and man,  
You soon find their only employment  
Is seeking what pastime they can.  
They bow to the Goddess of Pleasure,  
Unceasingly bending the knee,  
Their only luxurious leisure  
At Five o'Clock Tea!

We know how in *SHERIDAN's* pages,  
When *Candour* and *Crabtree* appear,  
*Sir Peter* it sadly enrages  
To hear each malevolent jeer.  
Egad, if he'd lived to the present,  
A new *Mrs. Sneerwell* he'd see,  
And hear things as piquant and pleasant  
At Five o'Clock Tea!

AT THE CHRISTIE-MANSON'S ENTERTAINMENT.—How Art Collectors must tremble when they see the most valuable and delicate china cup under the hammer, knowing that in another minute it will be "knocked down!"

IN ROTTEN ROW.—Hot day. In the shade. "Should like to have a small table and lunch here," said *DICK DRAWLER*. "Nice choice of horse-flesh for outlets," observed *CHARLES* his friend. "I don't go in for that," returned *DICK*; "but there'd be a very good selection of 'trotters.'"



"No, ROBERT," says he, "if it were an air's breadth bigger I couldn't ha' touched it!" And wen I said "Duckling or Ginny Fowl?" he said, "I will look at the Duckling first!" Ah, that's the sort of Gent for my money, though I wasn't the sort of Waiter for his, for he didn't give me nothink when I asked him if there was anythink more I could do for him. But its a pleasure to wait on such as him, for one feels as his efforts, and the Shef's efforts, has been properly appreciated, insted of being wuss than wasted.

I allers likes to offshyate at the Jolly Wintners, cos I allers gits a glass or two, or ewen three, of my old favrite '47 Port, (not "'74 Port," Mr. WORLD, who shoud have seen it was a meer lapsus lingy on the part of the Composer, by putting the horse before the cart), which, I am truly grieved to say, seems somehow or other to be a gitting scarcerer and scarcerer, and nicerer and nicerer every day.

Arter Dinner I had a werry serious talk with the Butler upon this werry pint. "ROBERT," he said to me, in his most sollemest tones, "Sir WILLIAM ARCOUET little knows all the mischief as he and his colleegs is a doing by their silly threats of egstinguishing the Gilds and the Copperashun. Why, praps you'd hardly beleive it, but even my governors is acshally a hesitating in laying in the usual stock of the werry finest wines, and then wot's to become of us all a few years hence?" It was a question too arrowing for a mere werbal anser, so, almost without knowing what I did, I tossed off a bumper of, never mind what, rung his honest hand, and wanished.

ROBERT.

### THE DUKE OF SEVEN DIALS.

OUR Special Comic-Song Writer says:—"I could not help thinking 'The Duke of Seven Dials' was a capital title for a humorous song, but I have been most awfully bothered about the rhymes. The correct rhymes would be 'trials,' 'vials,' or 'denials,' but I could not bring them in anyhow. The only other I could think of was LYALL. I know some people named LYALL (at least, I used to know them), and, of course, I could bring them in—in the plural—say, 'the family of LYALLS.' I tried it, but it really spoiled the song. I then got desperate, and, in submitting the following verses, I offer an abject apology to Mr. Punch's sensitive readers for the rhymes I have been positively compelled to supply."

#### "THE DUKE OF SEVEN DIALS."



The Duke of Seven Dials.

I fell in love with DOLLY on the Twenty-  
First of June;  
I asked her when she'd wed me,—she  
replied, "Oh! very soon."  
I introduced her to my Ma and to my  
Uncle GILES,  
And I ventured to introduce her to the  
Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I shall never forget my DOLLY,  
I shall never forget her smiles;  
But I'm sorry I introduced her to the  
Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

Our courting days were happy—ah! as  
happy as could be.

My DOLLY was most charming and affectionate to me.

She gained the best opinions of my Ma  
and Uncle GILES;

And one of her great admirers was the  
Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I shall never forget my DOLLY,  
I shall never forget her smiles;

Yet I'm sorry I introduced her to the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I took a little villa on the Bedford Park Estate,  
But shopping is a process that I positively hate.  
I did not then foresee the future, or my DOLLY's wiles,  
Or she shouldn't have done her shopping with the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I shall never forget my DOLLY,  
I shall never forget her smiles;

But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

The wedding-day arrived, but DOLLY never came to Church.  
I hunted for her high and low—(we all joined in the search).

A party said he saw her getting over country stiles,  
And enter a Registry Office, with the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I shall never forget my DOLLY,  
I shall never forget her smiles;

Yes, I'm sorry I introduced her to the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I really felt inquisitive about this noble "Dook."  
In vain I hunted Burke and Dodd and every Peerage Book.

I ascertained at last His Grace's proper name was BILES,  
And he'd purchased for eighteenpence the title "Duke of SEVEN DIALS."

I shall never forget my DOLLY,

I shall never forget her smiles;

And I'm sorry I introduced her to the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I hurried to my villa on the Bedford Park Estate,  
But every stick had been removed at quite a recent date.

I meant, of course, to find a home for DOLLY and her smiles,  
But I'm hanged if I meant to find a home for the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.

I shall never forgive my DOLLY,

I shall never forgive her smiles;

But I'm sorry in future I must cut the Duke of SEVEN DIALS.



Dolly elopes with the Duke of Seven Dials.

### LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

MY DEAR DAVID,

"It's 'Ot!" and that makes me think of you in *Our Boys* delighting a perspiring audience, and yourself unable to visit either the Healtheries of an evening, or the Theateries, or the Music-Halleries, or the Germany Reedy Galleries, where they have a new entertainment, which I must see, in order to relieve your anxiety, as you won't go to a *matinée*, and you can't go to a *soirée*.

How about the French plays? you say. Well, Madame JUDIC must find it rather 'Ot, too, I should say, when working as hard as she does in *Mamzelle Nitouche*, which is a funny piece, with very taking music, and might have been so very much funnier. You see, Madame JUDIC, sylph-like though her form be, can hardly look the school-girl, and the audience are required to "make-believe very much" in order to realise the fact. M. CHRISTIAN is very good as the Commandant,—but he plays a Russian Prince in *La Cosaque* in precisely the same style, which is against him as an actor,—and LASSOUCHE is droll as a drunken Brigadier, which seems a bit of character written to order. He only appears in the Second Act. I am sure you will approve of this self-abnegation of this French "Character-actor," who is satisfied with just coming on and "getting his laugh" two or three times in one Act, and then being "heard no more"—for that night. Don't you know some of our "character" men who might probably have asked the Author to bring them in earlier in the piece and once more in the last Act,—and so ruin their part and the piece entirely? *La Cosaque* is a stupid piece, but LASSOUCHE is very droll in it, and JUDIC sings charmingly.

I should like to have heard that you had been going to play *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* in the forthcoming *Twelfth Night* at the Lyceum. Years ago, when you were in frills and shorts, were you taken by your parents to see *Twelfth Night*, as produced by CHARLES KEAN, at the Princess's? I was. KEELEY played *Sir Andrew*, and My!! how we all roared,—aye, even before he had uttered a word. What a stolid, fatuous, booby his *Sir Andrew* was! Not a merry *Andrew* himself, but the cause of immense merriment in others.

The *Malvolio* was DRINKWATER MEADOWS, not a great Actor, but a very dry one,—and therefore well christened "DRINKWATER." Is *Malvolio* so wonderful a character? You know best, but certainly he was swamped on that occasion by KEELEY, ADDISON as *Sir Toby*, Mrs. KEELEY as *Maria*, and either ALFRED WIGAN or HARLEY as the Fool. Still, I can quite anticipate what HENRY IRVING will do with him, and I expect his *Malvolio* will be a palpable hit. Miss ELLEN TERRY's *Viola* in boy's costume ought to be a companion to her picture of the Rising Junior whom that unprincipled old leader *Bellarion* sent to "devil" for him in the celebrated case of *Shylock v. Antonio*. I am afraid you won't see this present revival of the old *Twelfth Night* which we saw when we were *Our Boys* together,—early-hour-Boys in those days,—and you will have to trust to the report of your ever faithful

NIBBS.



## TO SUPERSEDE LAWN-TENNIS—THE BUBBLE-PARTY.

LES GRANDES EAUX;  
OR, NEXT TIME THE FOUNTAINES PLAY.

THIS was the fifteenth day of this remarkable and now historic Sale, and the excitement, instead of showing any signs of abatement, on the contrary reached almost to fever heat, the appalling and exhaustive prices touched yesterday appearing to have merely stimulated the public frenzy to madness. A strong body of police was again in attendance. On the Auctioneer entering the room a few minutes late, an angry howl from the impatient but distinguished and densely-packed throng clearly showed that the contest for the day's lots would be both eager and sharp. A violent Duke or two, and a celebrated Viennese Collector having been felled by the official hammer and removed by the police, after a brief contest, in which the world-famed Gubbio Candlestick, a rare gem of Art, covered with blue strawberries intertwined among leopards, Titans, and water-cresses surrounding a recumbent figure of PHILIP THE SEVENTH, had been used as a weapon and shivered to atoms, the proceedings commenced.

The general result of the Sale is furnished below; but the following are a few of the most interesting objects of this afternoon's instalment:—

1769. Urbino Safety-Match-Box. A very fine specimen. Lustrous sides, arabesques, and pile of arms, fruit, asparagus, Florentine tinned meats, with the tomb of St. Brithold, dated 1501, tumbling out of a *cornucopia*, set in enamel, and backed by figures of Venus, Marshal BEAUVAIS, FRANCIS THE FIRST, Hercules, several members of the talented RIVOLTI family, and a Spanish Gentleman (name unknown), held on to the back of a tame hyæna by a figure of Fame in a bishop's mitre and beautifully-finished blue boots. 39½in. £17,621. (SWALLITZ.)

1952. A Deronda soup-plate, very grotesque, bottom out. Subject, —MONTMORENCY pursued by wheelks, panthers, and the Constable of France. Masks, griffins, and luggage-labels. In a corner, THEOBALD THE THIRTEENTH on his head, Cupid hiding his face. 1yd. 9½in. £21,397 10s. (SCAREM.)

2401. A fine Grisaille Kennington Oval Dish. Gate and money in foreground. Eleven figures on field, watching (supposed) VULCAN and HENRY THE SECOND at the wickets. Allegorical figure of Roman

Umpire looking on. On the reverse, the Legend, "Not Out, 16." 13½in. (Bought by the Syndicate of the Marylebone Club.) £27,136.

3981. A very fine Gubbio lustrous night-light shade. Nymphs sporting with Railway Promoters. Eagles' claws, curtain-rings, and Perseus, Andromeda, and PHILIP THE NINTH, disguised *en garçon*, with some acrobats in the distance. 32½in. £11,204 6s. (SWALLITZ.)

4913. A Faenza pickle-fork. Design,—the Battle of the Gods and Centaurs. HENRY THE SECOND, the Duke DE GUISE, and a Lady (age unknown) seated on a dolphin in the prongs. This unique *article de cuisine*, which brought at the Washford Sale, only thirty-five years ago, but one bid of one shilling and eightpence halfpenny, was knocked down together with the successful purchaser, after a severe physical contest, in which the Auctioneer was badly hurt, for the really handsome offer of \$45,090 10s. The announcement of the sum, which had risen slowly for two hours-and-a-half, by bids of 21s., from £15, at which this *chef d'œuvre* was started, was received with frantic yells of delight; several well-known *connoisseurs*, who had been too tightly jammed against the table, going into such hysterics that they had, by common consent to be let down through the window, and taken to the nearest fever hospital.

Several other celebrated lots followed, the prices ranging from thirty to ninety and even a hundred thousand pounds, according as the temperature of the now suffocating room stimulated or depressed the ill-temper and obstinacy of the rival bidders; but the climax was reached when the one and notorious great *pièce* of the splendid collection was put up, the beautiful patent self-cleansing Cistern of ANDREA DEL ROBBIO & Co.

The appearance of this gigantic masterpiece, together with its taps, waste-pipe, ball-cock (Florentine), and enamelled directions for use, was the signal for an outburst of ruffianly enthusiasm that was only quelled by the vigorous expulsion of another batch of Dukes and noisy *virtuosi* in the immediate vicinity of the hammer.

The bidding, however, soon, amidst a deadly hush, commenced in grim earnest and was worthy the magnificent specimen that elicited it. The details of the famous Cistern are too well-known to need recapitulation here; but a short summary of its salient points may be interesting. On the arabesques in the reverse panels the gods, in blue enamel, are taking tea, DIANA of Poitiers, HENRY THE SECOND, and a few friends (names unknown), dropping in on dolphins, amid a clever scroll-work of suspended archbishops, cucumbers, and



## THE CHALLENGE.

SENTRY SALISBURY. "WHO GOES THERE?"

FRANCHISE BILL. "FRIEND!"

\* \* \* \* \*



preserved fruits. Curiously intertwined with these, in pink majolica, are a bevy of startled bankrupts bathing, while Agamemnon, who has on his helmet the initials D.C.L., is chasing the Emperor MAXIMILIAN THE SEVENTH and HENRY THE BOLD (in effigy as GUY FAUX) over an arabesque of dessert-knife handles, affidavits, open oysters (seconds), and Italian irons (1501).

Started at £94,000, this costly *objet d'Art* soon reached £570,300, when, by a few rapid jumps of ten thousand at a time, it ultimately touched merely the miserable and paltry figure of £970,510 10s., and it had scarcely been knocked down, amidst a fearful howl of indignation at this sum to a gentleman who declined to give his name, but was supposed to be an agent of the Army and Navy Stores, when a furious onset was made by disappointed bidders upon the cistern itself, and in a few moments fragments of the priceless domestic treasure were flying about all over the neighbourhood.

The military being called out, after the auctioneer and several well-known European buyers had been freely immersed in the Charing Cross fountains, the proceedings of the day terminated.

The Sale will be continued as usual to-morrow, and its progress is awaited with considerable interest.

## OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

### PART III.—THE "LAMPERIES."

HAVING disposed of the "Eateries" (for really the Vegetarian Dinner is scarcely a subject for experiment), one naturally comes to the Gardens. Scoffers have declared that the Fisheries of last year enjoyed their enormous popularity almost entirely on account of the grand evening *fêtes*, which became of such frequent occurrence towards the close of the Season. Certainly, this Summer, the Great Establishment at South Kensington has been particularly well-attended after nightfall. The rival bands at the Kiosks, the thousands of Chinese lanterns, and the display of fountains have all had their influence in emptying the Exhibition and filling the Grounds—which are sufficient grounds for continuing the Exhibition as a permanency. No doubt a Grand International Walking-Stick Contest, or a Cosmopolitan Collection of Cotton Night-caps, if wedded to "bands in the Grounds, and concerts in the Albert Hall," would do just as well as Fish or Biscuits. Next year we are to have Inventions (with "bands, &c., &c."), and in 1886 Colonial Exhibits (with "bands, &c., &c."), and probably by 1890 we shall have come to Toothpicks (with "bands, &c., &c."), and then, most likely, it will be time to think of repeating once more Fish and Biscuits. But, whatever may be the subject of inspection inside the building, outside, in the Grounds, Lights and Music will hold their sway. Happily, the propensity of popular science in this country is to run to skittles. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham (where, by the way, a most admirable International Exhibition is at this very moment being held) commenced its career with the highest aspirations. The British Public were to be shown the architectural glories of the Alhambra and Pompeii, and soon found themselves watching the evolutions of LEOTARD and BLONDIN. In like manner the Westminster Aquarium was inaugurated by the Duke of EDINBURGH, as a sort of supplement to "the mission of ALBERT the Good," but soon had to fall back upon ZAZEL and a "Variety Entertainment." So it should not create astonishment if, to "strengthen" the attractions of South Kensington, next year there are found amongst the "new inventions" a *troupe* of performing dogs and monkeys, and a talented Gentleman who publicly drinks, at advertised intervals, beer while balancing himself on the top of a pole upon his head. But, assuming, to avoid argument, that everything about South Kensington this season *must* be in the cause of health, then "the Lamperies" may be taken as a sort of "constitution tester." To more fully explain my meaning, say that you have a wealthy but unreasonably hearty maternal grandmother, and you wish to test *her* constitution. Regarded from this point of view, the night *fêtes* have a special interest of their own.

Let us assume that your maternal grandmother has been lured up to Town with red cheeks, born of country air. She is very rich, and you know that you benefit considerably under her will. In common kindness, you are forced to ask her to the Healtheries, and once get her past the turnstile, and the game should be in your own hands. Of course, you will give her dinner. Be generous, and do not attempt to starve her, although you may think that it is within the resources of Brompton civilisation (especially with the aid of "the shilling meal") to effect that object. No; let your hospitality be all but limitless, in fact, let it be only bounded by a cut from the joint on one side, and a portion of cheddar cheese on the other. Get her, moreover, into a proper frame of mind for undergoing your experiment, by plying her with large quantities of low-priced "Beaune." If these preliminaries are properly managed, the dear old Lady, accustomed only to weak cider and one o'clock dinners, will become quite frisky by eight o'clock, and inform you that she is then ready to "enjoy herself thoroughly." You will now lead her into the Grounds, pausing for a few moments to admire the crystal burst of illuminated loyalty on

the part of the Water Companies, which you will find in a sort of back-yard not far from the Entrance Hall. Your maternal grandmother will at once give a proof that the temperature of the Grounds differs from that of the building by sneezing. This should encourage you to take her to have, *al fresco*, a cup of India tea, which will be served to her on damp grass by maidens, chiefly garbed in pocket-handkerchiefs. Her constitution may be further sounded, at this point of the treatment, by the administration to her of an Australian chop, eaten in a gusty passage near "Old London."

By this time she will have become more or less acclimatised, when increased tests will be necessary. A chair should be secured for her close to the big drum in the Western Kiosk. When she is once seated, she will be unable to get up for some little time, on account of the promenaders accidentally converting her toes into a temporary door-mat. Any inconvenience, however, occasioned by this mistake will be forgotten in the pleasure she will derive from listening to the bangings of the big drum, and watching the extinguishing effects of the East wind upon the candles in the lanterns. As nine approaches, you will invite her to follow you, to see the fountains illuminated by the electric light. Unless a martyr to acute rheumatism, the dear old soul will assuredly accept your invitation. You will now pause every dozen steps, to admire the view. Your venerable relative will conjure up recollections of Vauxhall (and Influenza), and pass on. Again and again will you stop, pointing out the beauties of this gas trophy and that oil design. With tears in her eyes (caused by chronic sneezes), your grandmother will hurriedly acquiesce in your approbation, and try to break into a trot. Do not thwart her—by all means let the old Lady run, but choose your own route. Having carefully ascertained the direction of the wind, you will place yourself (wrapped in your mackintosh) and your now shivering ancestress in such a position so that it (the wind, not the mackintosh) blows full in your faces as you stand by the brink of the basin devoted to the fountains. And now comes your final test. Nine will strike, and in a moment the water will rush into the air, assuming, under the electric light, a number of different colours. It will rise, I repeat, in the air, and then descend in tons of spray upon—the head of your unfortunate relative! But why pursue the theme further? At this stage the story may conveniently break off. The remainder can be divulged—at the inquest!

### "TO ARMS! TO ARMS!" AT ISLINGTON.

ALL London last week was rushing to the Agricultural Hall to see the Military Tournament. The audience rose like one man, and shrieked with enthusiasm when two mounted warriors whacked one another over the head with single-sticks in the cause of charity, and were equally delighted when the same sort of operation was performed (only on foot and with bayonet-prods in the chest) all for the sake of our "old and disabled soldiers." The Musical Ride of the Life Guards quite explained the gallantry exhibited by the representatives of the Cavalry Household Brigade at Kassassin; and as for the "display" of the Hussars, nothing has been seen half so good since the days of Astley's. The Musical Ride might be introduced in Rotten Row from Twelve to One, while the Band plays. But the performances, taken all round (and they *were* taken all round—in the ring), were too long. They wanted relief—in fact, the Circus required a Clown. No doubt, had H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE thought of it in time, with his ever-readiness to oblige he would have entered the arena, and amid the cheers of the spectators have given a few War Office witticisms. Perhaps next year the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief will act upon the hint. In the interim he might undergo a course of "wheeze drill," under the experienced direction of that worthy successor to GRIMALDI, Mr. HARRY PAYNE. The Duke interrupting the Driving competition of the Royal Artillery to ask "Number One" of the leading detachment "what he should go for to fetch for to carry?" should be "immense," and if he can only train a charger (with a table-napkin tied round his neck) to take a cup of tea with him, the popularity of the Tournament would be doubled. "Our Only General" might appear as "Ringmaster," with a brilliant Staff closely following in his footsteps, after the fashion of "the real thing" at SANGER'S. Then the Battle of Waterloo, or some other well-known "Military and equestrian spectacle" might be revived, with the genuine guns, soldiers, and colours, "the new and appropriate uniforms" being "kindly lent by the Secretary of State for War—from the Tower." But, seriously, the Military Tournament, in every respect, was admirable, and for the future must be considered as one of the most popular "features" of the London Season. Captain TULLY managed everything perfectly; and as to Captain TROUT, who had to call out the names,—well—it was wonderful how his voice lasted; at all events, though dismounted, there was no sort of doubt as to his being a hoarse-soldie

SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION.—The Psychical Research Society in want of ghosts.





### PICKWICKIAN SCENE IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

LORD ROSEBERRY AS THE FAT BOY BECOMES VERY WIDE AWAKE, AND STARTLES THE ELDERLY MAIDEN AUNT. "I WANT TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP!"

### A HAPPY THOUGHT-READING SÉANCE.

MR. IRVING BISHOP certainly had a success last Wednesday night when I saw him at the Westminster Palace Hotel,—after several failures. He was unsuccessful in finding hidden pins—a proceeding almost as difficult as discovering the whereabouts of the proverbial needle in the bottle of hay,—but he certainly did give the correct number of a bank-note under circumstances which seemed to me to preclude all suspicion of collusion.

The Séance lasted about four hours; and I daresay it struck Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Mr. MILLAIS, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, and a few other eminent gentlemen, that, as they were not entirely idle men, it was just possible their time might have been better employed elsewhere. However, the PREMIER went in for it the following night, and he and Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL and a few other great thinkers were all thinking of numbers and setting Mr. STUART CUMBERLAND to tell them what numbers they had been thinking of while the dull work of Legislation was going on upstairs.

After all, *Cui bono*? It is of no use for the detection of crime, as the thinker, be he a great or little thinker, must put himself unreservedly in the hands,—literally in the hands—of a thought-reader; and, to commence with, it is so very likely that a gentleman, who has just hidden dynamite somewhere, would step forward and allow Mr. CUMBERLAND, or Mr. BISHOP, to ascertain where the combustible packets were, specially as the thought-reader would probably be accompanied by a Detective with handcuffs for immediate use.

The Bishop Séance was hot and dry work. "Think of some imaginary pain," said Mr. BISHOP to Mr. HEALY. "Sham-pain" occurred perhaps to more than one mind, but Mr. IRVING BISHOP didn't offer to read their thoughts. Fortunately there was an interchange of confidences on this subject. We read one another's thoughts, and the finish of that entertainment, long after Thinkers and Thought-Readers had left, wasn't by any means the worst part of that Séance; and, to a certain extent, the result answers satisfactorily my own question, "*Cui bono*?"

### PLAYHOUSE AND PLATFORM.

THAT a prominent metropolitan figure like Mr. SPURGEON should find himself at the fresh and vigorous age of fifty enjoying the honours of that elastic piece of festivity known as a "Jubilee," can neither astonish his heterogeneous admirers, nor occasion serious cavil among his less obsequious critics. He has worked with no little energy in his day; and the "beautiful letter" from Mr. GLADSTONE, "which being private, he regretted he could not read to the Meeting," no less than the handsome cheque for £4,500, presented to him on behalf of the Committee by Mr. T. W. OLNEY (which he immediately distributed in charity), testified sufficiently to the public feeling that Mr. SPURGEON has had the power to evoke. It seems almost a pity, therefore, that in the midst of all this hearty jubilation he should have run across that always pleasing, but sometimes dangerously alluring person, the ever enterprising and watchful representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Such, however, has been his fate, and he has been induced to part with some unnecessary confidences that, for the sake of his reputation for sound sense, he had far better have kept to himself.

Mr. SPURGEON is not wise when he begins to talk about what he does not in the least understand, and he does not in the least understand "the Theatre." Assuring his interlocutor that they will never "get it" from him, he went on to inform him that his aim "was to raise men entirely above all that, to elevate them to a higher level, where they will not feel the want of that kind of recreation," adding, at the same time, the rather unfair and inconsequent piece of information, "that he had too often seen the trail of the Theatre across the Christian hearth to have the slightest doubt as to whether it is an institution that makes us righteous men or the reverse."

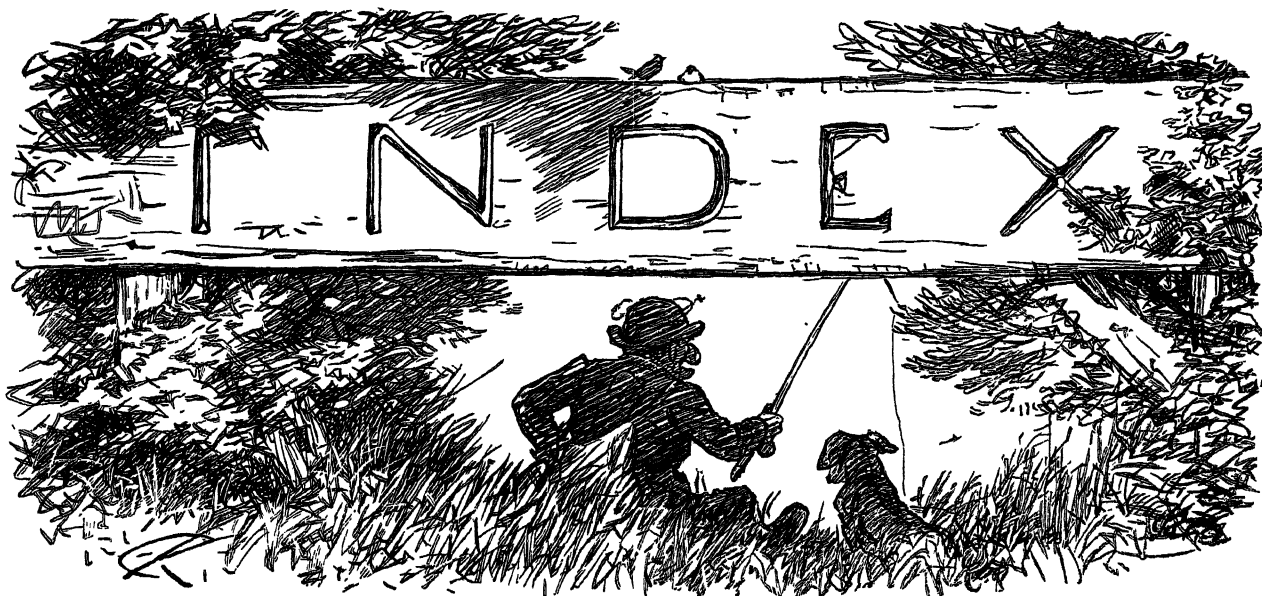
What the popular preacher means by the "trail of the Stage" he does not say, but he furnishes rather an unpleasant idea of the Christian hearth, for he proceeds to point out that attendance at a Play, which may be the highest and purest known form of intellectual recreation, is incompatible with such Christian life as he wots of on the hearth with which he is familiar. This is nonsense, and it is something more. It is mischievous nonsense. It is just this bigoted and hackneyed condemnation of a great and noble artistic institution, by well-meaning, but uninformed men, that has drawn a hard and fast line between recreation and religion, and has drawn it by no means to the advantage of the latter.

### Lincoln, Mid-Surrey, &c.

SIR,—I thought Sir HENRY JAMES had abolished all chances of bribery and corruption. If so, what is the meaning of a "Buy-Election"? We've had three "Buy-Elections" lately. Who was bought? I know which Party was "sold" at Mid-Surrey, but that doesn't answer the question of your generally well-informed Correspondent. THOS. N. ODDY.

*The Nook, Noodleshire.*

LAST Saturday, ten of Her Majesty's Judges, in full costume, sat all in a row in one Court. It was at first supposed that they were going to give a Christy Minstrel Entertainment, but, owing to the absence of the Chief, and the difficulty of deciding who should be the "corner-men,"—Mr. Justice HAWKINS and The Last of the Barons having the prior claim,—the idea was abandoned, and their Lordships proceeded to discuss a first-rate Crown Case (*Cuvée Réservee très sec*), out of which each Judge had a full legal pint all to himself.



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